

September 26, 1962

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The Australian

Over 800,000 Copies  
Sold Every Week

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

1/-

**HOW TO MAKE  
YOUR PARTY  
(for 4 or 40)  
A SUCCESS**

*Pages 45-52*



*Australia in color*  
**PUBLIC GARDENS  
IN SIX CAPITALS**



# Canned Peaches, Pears and Apricots

## Orchard-fresh from tree to table!



**HAND-PICKED FRUIT.** Fruit for canning is ripened by golden sunshine in Australia's finest orchards. At the peak of the season the fruit is perfect. Teams of pickers move in to strip the trees.



**NO TIME WASTED.** No delays, no waiting around, no chance for the freshly-picked fruit to spoil. In the quickest possible time, the fruit arrives at the cannery.



**CANNED ORCHARD-FRESH.** Canneries work a 24-hour day during the picking season. Huge machines peel, core and slice the fruit. Quickly it is washed and weighed into cans. Syrup is added, and the cans are sealed.



**PRESSURE-COOKED IN THE CAN.** Each sealed can is pressure cooked for just the right time—not too long, not too short—to capture all the goodness of the fruit. And every canning process is laboratory-checked.



**VALUE FOR MONEY.** When you buy canned fruits, you pay only for perfect fruit. No peels, no cores, no "bad" fruit! And canned fruit is actually fresher than the fruit you get from your green-grocer!



**SO QUICK AND EASY.** Keep a stock of canned peaches, pears and apricots in your pantry always. They're so wonderfully handy—because all the messy work is done for you! Simply open a can—and serve.



**ALWAYS IN SEASON.** Imagine—orchard-fresh peaches, pears and apricots in mid-winter! That's true luxury! And there's no end to the exciting dishes you'll dream up—when you start with a can of fruit.



**A FAMILY FAVOURITE.** All the family enjoy the cool, refreshing flavour of canned peaches, pears and apricots. And remember—canned fruits are a nourishing family food—all the orchard-fresh goodness is sealed in.



This advertisement was paid for by the growers of peaches, pears and apricots through their Sales Promotion Committee. It is one of a series of colourful pages designed to tempt you to serve canned fruit in new and exciting ways.



FROM SIX AUSTRALIAN CAPITALS

# City gardens in bloom

*Five pages in color*



● Spring is here and the flowers are out. On this page and the four following we show springtime pictures of botanical and other city gardens, where great beauty has been achieved by fine landscaping and expert choice and care of plants and trees. Pictured on this page is a full-flowering bougainvillea reflected in the Waterlily Lake in Melbourne's Royal Botanic Gardens. More pictures are overleaf.

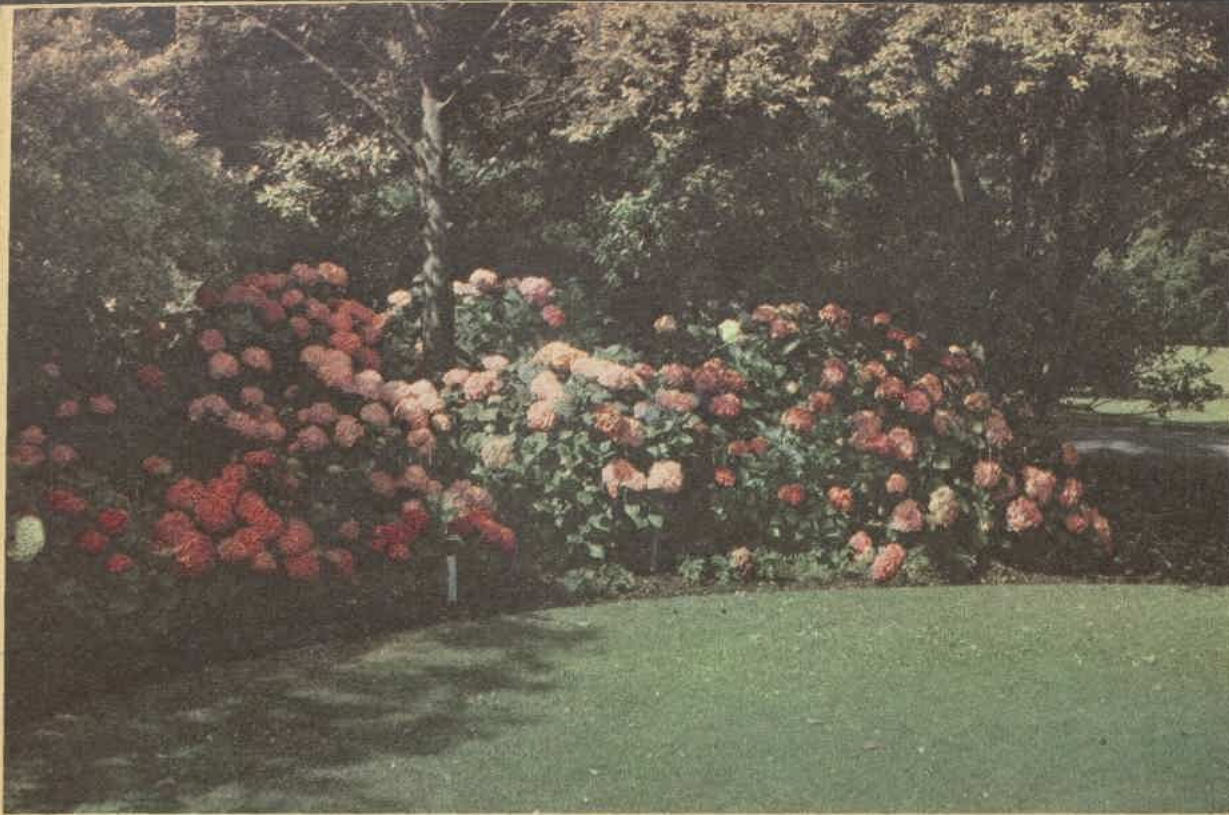
*Contents index for this issue, page 10*



## Gardens in bloom

### Hobart

**T**HE 134-year-old Botanical Gardens of Hobart (opposite on page 5) now cover 30 acres near the 150-year-old Government House. They were established by Governor Arthur, who appointed his superintendent at £100 a year—plus the stone house in which superintendents have lived ever since. Among the hundreds of trees is an oak grown from an acorn from a tree in Sir Winston Churchill's garden at Chartwell, in England.



*HYDRANGEAS in brilliant display in a nook of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Melbourne.*

### Melbourne

**T**HE famous creator of Sherlock Holmes, author Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, described the Royal Botanic Gardens in Melbourne as "the most beautiful place I have ever seen." And indeed the 88-acre gardens are rated among the finest landscaped parks in the world. Waterbirds and flowers give endless delight to visitors, especially in spring. The Gardens have many a link with the history of the city, such as the Separation Tree, an ancient eucalypt which to this day commemorates the separation of Victoria from New South Wales in 1851. The Queen, the late George VI, the Queen Mother, and Princess Alex have all planted "royal" trees.

*FLAME TREE in Melbourne's Royal Botanic Gardens is backed by a S. American tipu.*



### Perth

**P**ERTH has been called the Garden City and is famous for the brilliance of flower colors. Queen's Gardens, pictured opposite, is one of many beautiful parks and was built upon old, disused claypits 60 years ago. A big lake where numerous black swans swim is a big attraction. Also famous is King's Park on Mt. Eliza, 1000 acres of bushland full of wildflowers in spring. Hikers caught picking them, however, face a stiff legal penalty.

*Pictures on this page and on page 3 by Jonathan Evetts.*

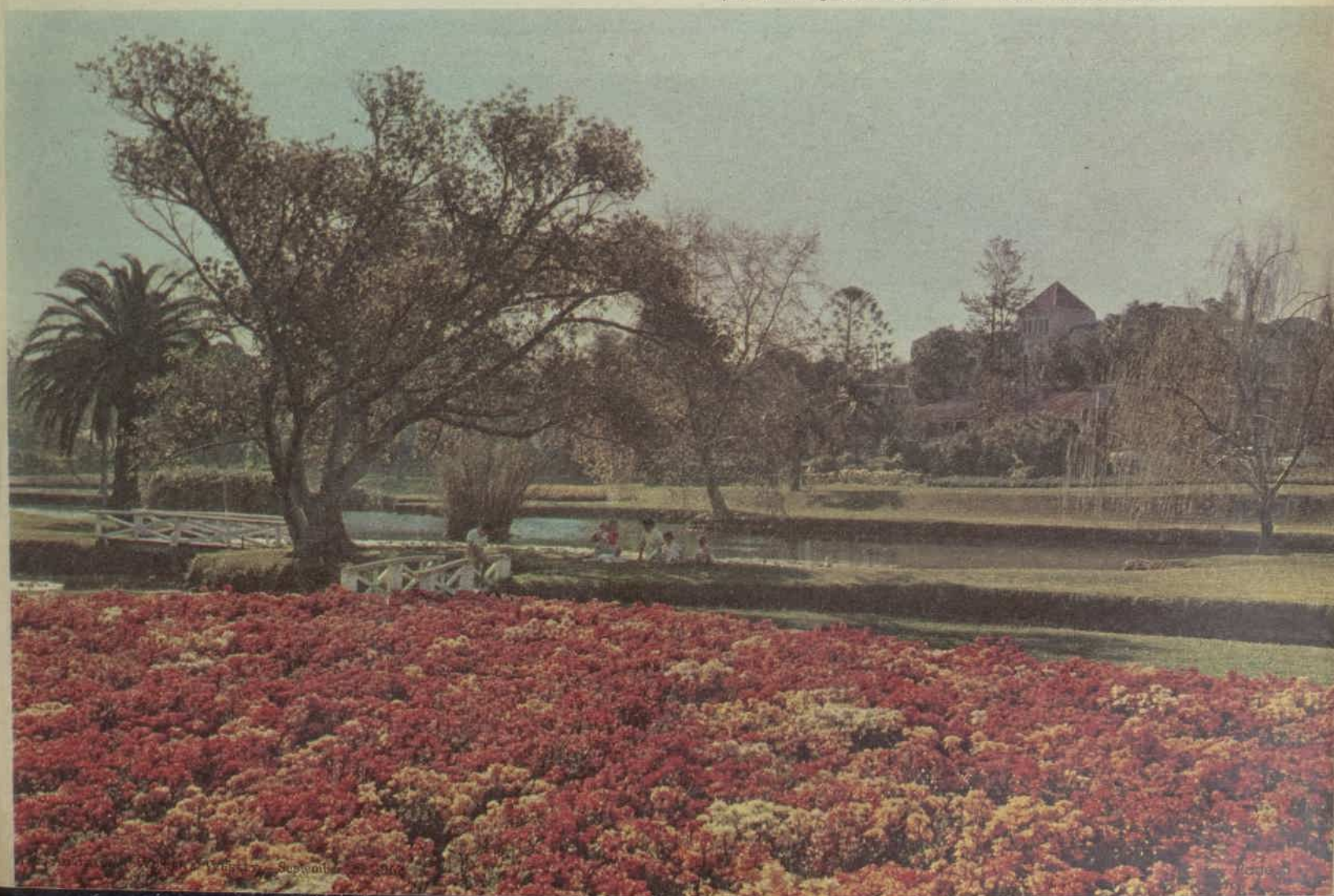




*HOBART'S* gracious Botanical Gardens were established in 1828. Picture above, by Mr. Don Stephens, of Hobart, shows pretty blooms near the lily pond.

Continued on page 6

*PERTH* is ringed with noble gardens. The picture below shows a striking bed of calendulas in flower in Queen's Gardens. (By Michael Baker.)





## Gardens in bloom

Continued from page 5

### Sydney

THE Royal Botanic Gardens, Sydney, established in 1816, cover 66 acres and include the site of the first farm, which Governor Phillip established in 1788 with seeds brought with the First Fleet. The "first farm" gardens are kept, even today, the same as they were originally. In the early days there was constant wrangling with Governors Phillip and Macquarie, who wished the Gardens to be part of Government House grounds and told the staff to plant fruit and vegetables for the Vice-Regal table.

The Gardens now have a larger variety of outdoor plants than any other botanic gardens in the world. They overlook Sydney Harbor.

**PIONEERS' MEMORIAL GARDEN** in the Botanic Gardens, Sydney. (Right.)

*Sydney pictures by Adelle Hurley.*

**AZALEA WALK**, planted over 100 years ago, in Botanic Gardens, Sydney (below).



**SPRINGTIME** picture taken near the entrance to Adelaide's Botanic Garden. (Picture was taken by Vic Grimmett.)





## Brisbane

**B** R I S B A N E ' S Botanic Gardens cover 49 acres on the Brisbane River, near Parliament House. They were established in 1855, when the N.S.W. Government appointed Mr. Walter Hill as Colonial Botanist and gave him £500 to buy rare and valuable plants. Open-air concerts are often held and carols sung at Christmas.

*LUXURIANT foliage in a nook in Botanic Gardens, Brisbane. (Qld. Tourist Bureau picture.)*

## Adelaide

**E** S T A B L I S H E D in 1855, Adelaide's Botanic Garden now has 9000 species of plants from all parts of the world. Of special interest is a very fine collection of Australian plants from dry areas (under 16-inch annual rainfall), including Mallee gums. There are also interesting orchids, ferns, begonias, and some giant water-lilies.





PURE WATERMELON

PURE STRAWBERRY

PURE PUMPKIN

COTY

PURE HONEY

PURE APRICOT



PURE PEPPERMINT

PURE MANGO

# 'PURE BRIGHTS'

PURE MUSHROOM

CLEAREST, FRESHEST, MOST VIBRANT  
FRENCH LIPSTICK LOOK. Shadowless

colours. They sing with Summer  
light; look radiant with 1962's  
full-of-light fashion colours. Wildly  
successful in America's and  
Europe's Summer. Loved by  
Pam Quinn (model of the  
year) who wears them in  
these pictures. Echo the  
sunlight of 'Pure Brights'  
lips with Coty's new

'Pearl Brights' for  
your  
nails.



# COTY

'PURE BRIGHTS' LIPSTICK, 8/9 AND 13/9. 'PEARL BRIGHTS' NAIL POLISH, 12/6.



Wherever Margo travels she enjoys  
Ryvita—famous all over the world.



*"The way I stay slim is no secret!"*  
...says lovely Margo McKendry

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"Strict dieting is out for me," says Margo, "I keep slim the easy way. Lots of exercise, a sensible diet and Ryvita every day."

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Always fresh, because Ryvita is sealed in packets. Make Ryvita your daily bread.



**RYVITA**



Margo wears to perfection a delightful white sharkskin suit teamed with a stitched taupe and white sou'wester by Moray Millinery.

**MAKES YOU FIT - KEEPS YOU SLIM**

## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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SEPTEMBER 26, 1962

Vol. 30, No. 17

### CONTENTS

#### Special Features

Fashions to Sew for Summer	42, 43
How To Entertain At Home — 8-page pull-out	45 to 52
Pregnancy Calendar	74, 75

#### Fiction

The Last Rendezvous, Robert Standish	29
The Days of the Heroes, Eileen Herbert Jordan	30, 31
Change of Scene, Dorothy M. Rose	33
Murder Beyond The Pale (serial, part 5), Margot Neville	35

#### Fashion

Dress Sense, Betty Keep	40
Be Summer-Pretty in Chiffon	41
Fashion Frocks	62
Fashion Patterns	85

#### Regular Features

Social	11
It Seems To Me, Dorothy Drain	22
Television Parade, Films	27
Worth Reporting	32
Letter Box, Ross Campbell	37
Stars	82
Mandrake, Crossword	85

#### Home and Family

Prize Recipes	55
Home Hints, Transfer	56
Collectors' Corner	61
At Home with Margaret Sydney	67
Gardening	77, 79
Home Plans	80
Modern Family Homes	88 to 93

## THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Among the many unusual plants in Australia's capital-city gardens (color pictures, pages 3 to 7), one of the most fascinating is the giant Amazon water-lily in the Adelaide Botanic Garden.

NAMED the Victoria Amazonica — after Queen Victoria — the lily was introduced to Adelaide in 1867 by the garden's second director, Dr. Richard Schomburgk, who had seen it growing along the Amazon's tributaries and side waters.

The lily is remarkable for its huge flat leaves with turned-up edges (the leaves often grow to 6ft. in diameter) and for its beautiful, highly scented flower.

It begins to flower in November or December, flowering at intervals of about two or three days until the end of April. Each plant has only one flower at a time.

When the plant is six months old, it produces a bud about the size of a fist.

The bud rises above the water before opening.

The flower opens at night, from about 7 o'clock. It is then pure white and heavily scented. It closes in the morning, and during the day turns pink.

The following evening it opens again, and during the night becomes a deep carmine. The next morning it closes and sinks beneath the water, where its seeds ripen.

#### Our cover

● A boy and his dog — four-year-old Johnny McClaren and three-month-old Saidie, a spotted greyhound with unusual bright blue eyes. Johnny is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. McClaren, of Robe, S.A. Picture is by staff photographer Adeline Hurley.

And, naturally, it's a sight to be seen by visitors to the garden.

★ ★ ★

WHEN it comes to a story by Robert Standish, you never know quite where it will be set.

He lives all over the world; lately, mostly in Europe.

His dramatic new story, "The Last Rendezvous" (page 29), takes place in a small English village.

Robert Standish recently had the pleasure of living in luxury in Yugoslavia.

All the proceeds from his considerable sales in Yugoslavia had been frozen, and he and his wife had to go there to spend the money.

This they managed to do by taking suites of oriental grandeur in the most expensive tourist hotels and eating caviare for every meal, including breakfast.



# SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

At the  
week's  
art shows

● With the current vogue for ownership of original works of art (sometimes as a financial investment), attending art exhibitions is now a feature of Sydney's social life. As well as paintings and sculpture by noted artists bringing fabulous prices at recent sales—younger artists, using old, new, and even zany methods of expression have never had it so good. Last week five new art exhibitions opened in one day! — MARY COLES.



ARTIST Michael Shannon, of Woollahra, discussing "Babylon," one of the exhibits in his one-man show at the Macquarie Gallery, with Mrs. Tom Brown, of Facluse, who was accompanied by her flaxen-haired daughter Vanessa. The exhibition is open until September 24.



ABOVE: Mr. David Wilson (at left) chatting with Miss Christine Lee and Mr. Lyle Dunlap at the Spring Exhibition, which was opened by Mrs. H. V. Evatt at the Dominion Art Gallery, in Castlereagh Street. The exhibition includes paintings and sketches by 15 artists.



MING dynasty pottery studied by Miss Ruth Alexander and Mr. Ron Feast, who were among enthusiasts at the opening of the exhibition of Oriental Art at Newmans Gallery. The exhibition also features ancient Chinese scroll paintings, ivory carvings, bronzes, and jades.



AT LEFT: Pictured at the Anniversary Art Exhibition, which was opened by author John O'Grady at the Blaxland Gallery, were (from left) Mrs. Julia Feldman, artist Michael Brown (who exhibited "subterranean imitation realist" works in the show), Mrs. Bryan Kelly, Mr. Daniel Thomas, and young art student Miss Jennifer McKenzie.



"CROSS" (priced at 200 guineas), viewed by Mr. and Mrs. Helge Larsen at the opening of Clement Meadmore's exhibition of metal sculpture at the Clune Galleries, Potts Point.



## NEXT WEEK

### ● Toys to make for Christmas

Delightful inexpensive gifts for your children or grandchildren, nephews or nieces, with explicit directions.

Use up bright scraps of wool yarn and fabrics for very interesting dolls. Pieces of felt will make finger puppets of "Alice in Wonderland" characters, including Alice herself and the White Rabbit.

The section also tells how to paint pegs into toy soldiers.

There are graphed patterns and instructions for making "soft toys" — a mule and a giraffe, a severe-looking cat in spectacles, and some frivolous kittens.



"Soft" toys from next week's big toys-to-make section.

### ● Dream of summer

The enjoyment of Australian beaches in summer — surfing and sunbathing.

A four-page feature with dazzling color pictures which you will like to send to friends overseas.

### ● New Alistair MacLean serial

Beginning "The Golden Rendezvous" — a serial men and women will enjoy — by Alistair MacLean, world-famous author of "The Guns of Navarone."

An action-packed story, supercharged with tension, "The Golden Rendezvous" is set on a luxury Caribbean voyage.

In it Alistair MacLean weaves a delightful romance between scenes of breathtaking excitement. Don't miss the first instalment.

### ● Pretty parfais

In the cookery section, summer recipes, many based on ice-cream and served prettily in glasses — with four different recipes for homemade ice-cream. Delightful for hot-weather dinners.

### ● Home and Family

Are you a good parent?

Get your rating — just for fun — from a novel quiz on parenthood. There are questions for both mothers and fathers, plus a scoreboard.

### ● TV pin-up

A color picture of James Arness, who plays the part of Marshal Matt Dillon, in "Gunsmoke."

## Doreen

outwitted the concierge

## Jasmine

painted bird on ceiling

## Elisabeth

left the dirty dishes

IN AN

# APARTMENT IN PARIS

THE first thing to do when you arrive in Paris is look for a furnished room or a small apartment. Even a good inexpensive hotel will do — unless you are rich.

If you are rich you can stay at the Georges Cinq or the Crillon, but most of the people I know live on the Left Bank.

They are always asking, "Do you know of a room?" or "Have you found a place to live?" It's like winning the lottery. Sometimes you hear of a lucky person.

In all great cities you will find an "artists' quarter," where people live in bohemian fashion. They don't always like living like this, but they have to, so they make the best of it. Some of them do it in a spirit of rebellion.

A friend of mine lives like this in Paris partly because she can't find any other place to live and partly because she loves it. Her name is Doreen and she's English. She paints.

Doreen makes friends very quickly. She came to Paris, and after a few nights of sitting in a cafe she became one of a group of talkative artists and writers and other odd people who talk a lot but never seem to do anything.

Some of them lived in an ancient condemned house somewhere in Alesia, which is not far from Montparnasse. It is a respectable quarter and it seems dull. Once some quite famous artists lived there, and indeed the painter Braque has a house not far away.

One of Doreen's friends, an American painter, had a room in the condemned house, which was once a great mansion. When he returned to New York Doreen quickly claimed the room.

### Flaking nymphs

She pulled off a "coup d'etat" and got in before the concierge knew anything about the whole business, for when a concierge knows someone is leaving she often tries to get her own friends into the place.

Living in a house like this is so impermanent! You know all the time that someone is going to come along one day and pull the place down, and there is always the danger that it will fall down, anyway.

The house has the usual courtyard and high doors. There is a stone wall which you can climb over if you are agile. The door has a great clanging bell to summon the concierge.

The concierge sits like a spider in her little room near the gate, but she is a very cross concierge and is always laying down the law about something or other.

She says they can't have late visitors and they can't make a noise (which doesn't really matter, as all the tenants make the same kind of noise at the same time, living as they do a sort of community life).

She sometimes calls in the gendarmes to settle disputes when the tenants fight among themselves and steal each other's paints or canvas. Everyone shouts and argues, and the gendarme makes a few notes and reprimands the culprit and then goes away.

When Doreen took the room it was almost empty. A single bed, with sawn-off legs, stood lonely and uncovered like a prison cot at one end of what must have been the grand "salle a manger" or reception-room.

The ceiling of this palatial room was high and cracked and a painted nymph still flitted beneath the dust, searching perhaps for her sister nymphs who had long ago fluttered to the floor in flakes.



Doreen sat looking helplessly at the emptiness. The American painter had his few belongings out on the landing ready to go.

The other boys looked in to welcome her and told her that a house nearby was being demolished and there were "pickings" among the ruins. (The agreement is that whatever you can carry away is yours.)

Some of them did find an old chair or stool, and one boy found a bed which he was able to drag along. There was a rather fine door which could be turned into a bench, and some picture frames.

But Doreen found a treasure—a large marble tabletop. She sat squarely on it, saying, "This is mine. I saw it first."

Everyone was envious and coveted this marble tabletop, but they turned nasty and, joining forces against poor Doreen, said: "Sure, you saw it first. It's yours if you can carry it away."

She couldn't lift it, let alone carry it! So she sat there among the rubble, knowing that if she stood up for a moment and moved away someone else would claim it.

At last one boy, who was more gallant than the others and who admired Doreen's long straight black hair (which makes her look like Juliette Greco), offered to help her drag it home. They got it into the house and up the stairs and fixed it up on two wooden trestles.

Doreen used it as a palette at one end, ate off it at the other end, and the middle section was her drawing-board.

She bought a rug and a plastic baby's bath, but otherwise didn't bother much about furniture because of the impermanent feeling.

She went about with a worried expression, saying, "Do you know of an apartment . . . they're going to pull my house down soon." Other people thought her lucky to have a house, even for such a short time.

Some very strange things go on there which suggest that primitive passions are sometimes let loose when you live a bohemian existence.

● They say that one of the Americans had a dispute with the husband of the concierge and bit him on the arm. The concierge's husband bit back. Both had to get first-aid.

● The husband of the concierge has a shotgun and says that he will shoot if he sees anyone climbing over the wall at night, which makes it awkward if you have forgotten your key and they refuse to answer the door bell. (The concierge refuses to answer it after 10.30 p.m. Apparently it is easier to shoot than open the door.)

● The concierge occasionally switches all the lights off and says heartlessly, "Use candles." She is afraid they will stay up all night painting and use too much electricity. She barricades herself in, and her husband fingers his shotgun when tenants approach her window.

● Someone tried to molest Doreen and she hit him on the head with her only saucepan, denting it and breaking the handle. Her would-be attacker went to a gendarme and said he had been assaulted. The gendarme took notes and said, "Get a doctor's certificate stating the nature of your injury and how many days you have been off work." As far as anyone knew he had never had any days on work.

Everyone said Doreen was within her rights, although the French boy living in the house said that it was very strange—why should a young lady not wish to be molested?

I have another English friend who paints. Her name is Jasmine. When I first knew her she lived in a "maid's room." In most large apartment houses in Paris there is a row of maids' rooms in the attic.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 26, 1962





## AUSTRALIAN

Eileen Cramer, who wrote this amusing account of housing problems in Paris, has been ballet dancer, costume designer, mural artist, and artists' model.

In Sydney she studied ballet with Madame Bodenwieser, became a member of her ballet corps, and also designed stage costumes.

She spent three years in India, where she studied Indian dancing and painted hotel murals.

She visited Morocco, England, Italy, Spain, and Greece before going to Paris, where she was voted one of the six most beautiful artists' models of Montparnasse — the Latin Quarter of Paris' Left Bank.

Miss Cramer is now in New York "meeting people and learning how to write..."



EILEEN CRAMER

**IT'S LIKE** winning the lottery, finding an apartment in Paris. Colonies of artists occupy attic rooms in quarters of the city like Montmartre, pictured at left.

Not everyone has a maid, so some people lease these rooms, or let girls have them in return for a little housework done several mornings a week. This was the basis of Jasmine's tenancy.

Hers was a long, narrow attic with sink with hot and cold water, a small electric cooker, a bed, and a table all crammed into it.

Most of her living had to be done seated on the bed—we talked, ate, drew, sewed, and I even dried the dishes on the bed.

It makes me think about Picasso's early days at Montmartre. He shared a room with another painter, and as the room was so small and filled with a large double bed they took turns to paint, one sleeping by day, the other by night.

But Jasmine didn't really have to live so frugally. She only thought it was good for her. After a while she decided to buy a small apartment of her own.

In Paris you buy an apartment and it belongs to you as long as the building lasts. It seems funny to own an apartment in space as it were, on the fifth floor, and not own the ground the building rests on, but that's how it is. The stairs belong to everyone.

Jasmine chose an apartment in an old building not far from Notre Dame in the Rue Maliface. Black Magic! There is a ghost in the street, as well as a lot of Arabs and Algerians, and some of the old clochards (tramps) gather there at night. Yet just around the corner is one of the most expensive restaurants in Paris!

### A bird in the hand . . .

Jasmine, too, had to get furniture for her new apartment. Since the place is hers for life she has chosen with more care than Doreen did.

First, though, she painted the walls and the ceiling herself. Then when it was all finished a friend came and said she should have something painted on the ceiling, so he painted a bird which looks like a Viking ship.

It is a very nice bird as Viking ships go, and amusing to look at when you're lying in bed. Underneath it he has written "A Bird."

Then Jasmine said I should do something, so I painted her as a sphinx-bird on a space in the kitchen.

I also have a friend who composes music. He, too, lives in a "maid's room" on the top floor of a building near St. Michel.

Larger than Jasmine's attic-room, it holds a piano, a three-quarter bed, bookshelves, large trunks, and a table. Behind a screen there is a wash-basin (the water tap is outside in the corridor) and his miniature kitchen. When he wants a bath he goes to the public bath and pays a franc (2/-).

Here he composes what may one day be immortal melodies. His music is very oriental, for he is an Algerian Jew. He has dark curly hair, soulful eyes, and a romantic beard.

I have rich friends, too. An old friend of mine lives in a luxurious apartment furnished with costly rugs and rich curtains. The walls are perfectly clean. They are hung with original paintings, and around and about on shelves and pedestals are objets d'art brought from the East, where he worked for some time as a diplomat.

There is even a painting by me, which I did at the Emperor's pleasure house and bathing tank just outside Delhi. I gave it to him, since it was he who took me there.

He says it is a great success and that people who consider themselves knowledgeable about art have pronounced it to be an "Indian Primitive—very rare!"

But the bathroom in this apartment is something to dream about, especially in a city where bathrooms are so rare. He is a fortunate man!

I know a negress, a nightclub singer, who lives in a hotel in St. Germain des Pres. She is warm and hospitable. In her room you will always find negro musicians and

lovely young dancers laughing, gossiping, eating out of a saucepan, and drinking beer.

She lies on the bed with her coffee-colored arms under her head, lazily chuckling and occasionally shouting out to someone not to "break the place up." Her guests do most of the talking and take turns to have a bath in her bathroom.

One day she took me to an Ella Fitzgerald concert and afterwards we went to Ella's dressing-room. The famous singer sat there in hair curlers and a dressing-gown, handing round champagne while fans clamored at her door.

Her maid was turning them away, but Ella heard an Italian photographer asking to see her. Her eyes opened wide and then she said dreamily, "Oh, well, if he's Italian—well, why, let him in."

When I first came to Paris my Australian friend Don let me have his place while he went away for his holidays (he has moved since then). It was like a railway carriage with three compartments in a way, because there were three rooms all the same size with a small corridor running alongside them. On the other side of this corridor there was his kitchen and shower-recess. The three rooms were furnished beautifully, and there were lots of valuable vases, candlesticks, and odd things Don has collected since he came to Paris, as well as original paintings on the walls.

Outside the front door, nailed to the wall, was a box with electric switches in it. On top of this box Don always left his key so that any friends who came before he arrived could let themselves in. It was not unusual to come there and find several strangers introducing themselves to each other and helping themselves to the drinks Don had left out for them.

While I was there, though, I kept the key inside.

While there I also did some paintings, which I left for Don as a parting gift. In his large new apartment he has hung two of them beautifully framed.

Don is very fond of clothes. When he was going on holiday we went together and chose some mohair wool fabric. If I would make him a big loose garment to wear in the snow Don promised to buy enough of the same stuff for a coat for me, too.

So I made him a wonderful garment with wide dolman sleeves and a deep hood like a big chunky sweater. It looked terrific on him.

Then he came home with two black fox tails and we constructed a hat. In this dramatic outfit he set forth to brave the blizzards (in some alps somewhere).

When he got there he found he was too hot, so he contented himself with having his picture taken in the snow, posing beside an old car that was half covered by snow. It looked like a still from an early Russian film.

"You should have been an actor," I told him.

Before he returned I decided to tidy up.

I came across a suitcase containing some large pieces of leather—big enough to make a jacket. Behind the suitcase there was a jerkin of the same leather stuffed carelessly against the wall. It looked like a Greek tunic and had a lyre sketched on the front. It was clumsily made, and I supposed Don must have made it for himself as a fancy-dress costume.

Don will never use this again, I thought. It seemed a pity to let it lie there in the dust.

So after struggling with my conscience for a while I made myself a hat out of the unpainted side. It was a good hat and I wore it with success.

When I had finished tidying up and moved out I left a list of everything and where I had put things. A week later Don came to my hotel about nine o'clock one morning. I was hardly out of bed, but I was flattered to think he should call on me.

"How nice," I said. "Do come in."

"I haven't much time, Eileen," Don said, sitting on my only chair.

"But, you see, I found all the things you so kindly tidied for me, all except one thing—my Orpheus costume. I want to wear it to a fancy-dress ball in Brussels tomorrow night."

I was horrified and covered with confusion. The hat lay on the table and I couldn't help looking at it. He saw it and his mouth fell open, because knowing me he knew at once, you see.

"I was even having the costume improved—I'm getting a wig and a gold laurel wreath from the wigmaker," he told me sadly.

"Look," I said coming to what I thought was a rather generous decision, "I'll give you my precious silver tissue from India. I'll make you a new tunic today."

"But I liked the leather one," said Don. "It's a nice pale creamy color, and, besides, I'm also having a gold cloak, so I can't have a silver tunic, can I?"

"Well, it wasn't a very good tunic, Don," I told him with authority. "The stitching was bad and the lyre was too sketchy. You have all those pieces of leather in that suitcase. Why not let me make you another one?"

"I'm leaving for Belgium tonight," said Don. "Can you come into my office and sew it there?"

So that day I went to the big firm where Don works, and cut and stitched him into his Orpheus tunic. A messenger boy came with the wig and the wreath, and a girl came with the cloak of gold.

Don tried them all on and conducted his business thus arrayed while I painted the lyre on his manly chest.

After that I never took anything from his apartment without asking him first.

A fashion model I know came to Paris and was expecting her fiancé to follow her quite soon. She wanted to find an apartment.

One day as she sat drinking coffee in a pavement cafe a man sitting near her tried to strike up an acquaintance. She was not responsive until he mentioned that he was an estate agent. Then she became quite attentive.

He showed her a vast and rather ugly old apartment in the Avenue de l'Opera.

With 12 rooms, a gloomy kitchen, and a wide entrance hall, it was unfurnished except for some depressing floor coverings. The rent was equal to about £100 a month.

Naturally she couldn't afford this, but she made another appointment with the man, who was looking at her with longing eyes for two reasons—one of them being that he wanted very badly to let the place, which was rather a white elephant.

### One man and a dog

The fashion model, whose name shall be Elizabeth, had a wonderful idea.

"If I could find £100 for the first month," she thought, "I could take the apartment and let all the rooms."

She and her fiancé, who were getting married, anyway, could have one room and they could let the other 11 at a profit.

She would have to convince the agent that she intended to stay and he would want her to sign a lease. She told him that first he must instal some furniture.

To convince him, she got her fiancé to send her a letter from her "wealthy sister" who would soon be arriving in Paris with a large family. She and her new husband scraped up money for the first month's rent and moved in.

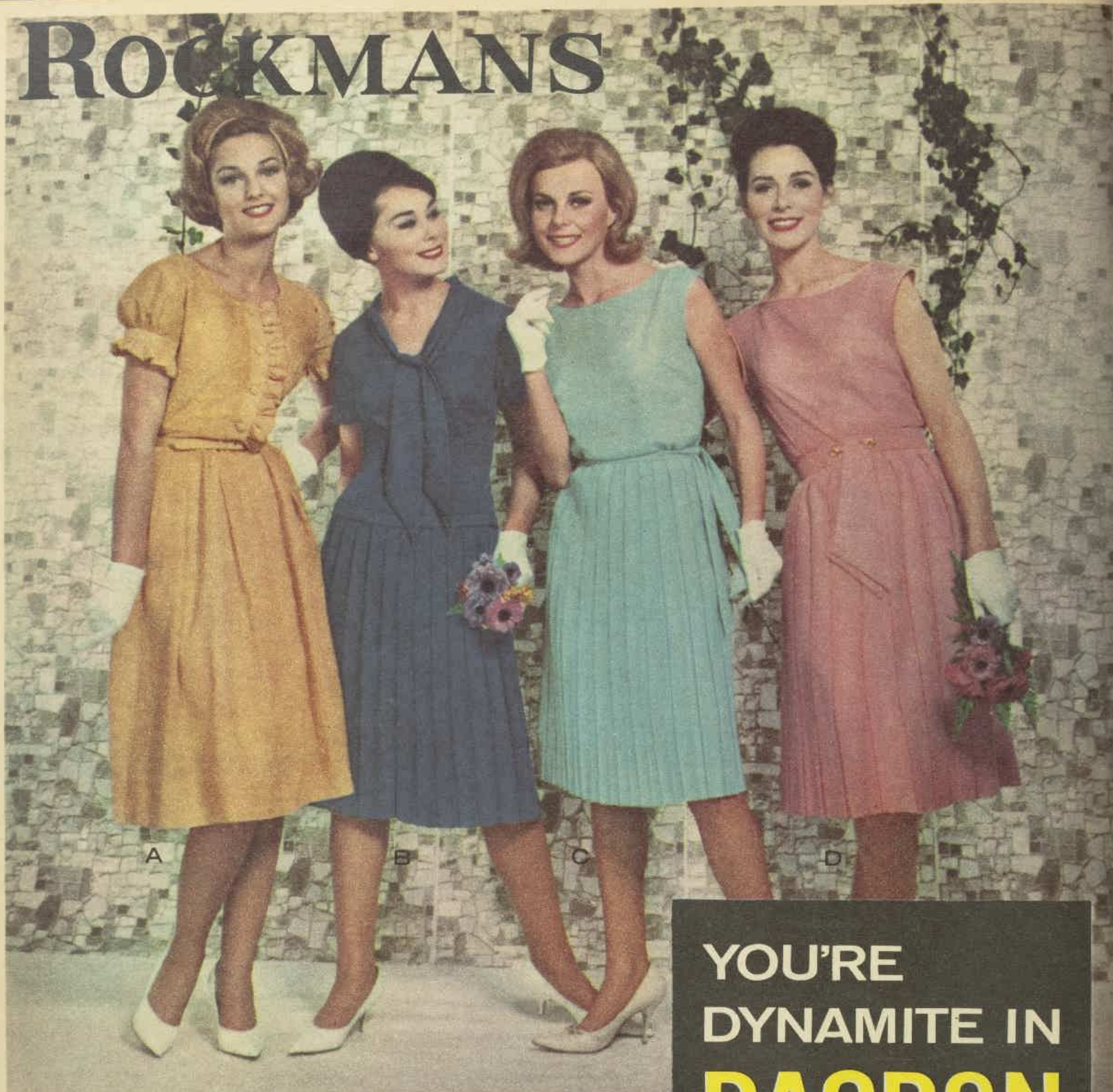
By the end of the first month no furniture had arrived, except for a few beds, and she had not signed the lease. They had one tenant, a man from Ceylon, who owned a large poodle.

On the first of the month the agent rang to say he would call at 2 p.m. to collect the rent. He had chosen some very nice furniture which would be arriving soon. He was looking forward to meeting her wealthy sister and getting the lease signed.

Continued on page 17



# ROCKMANS



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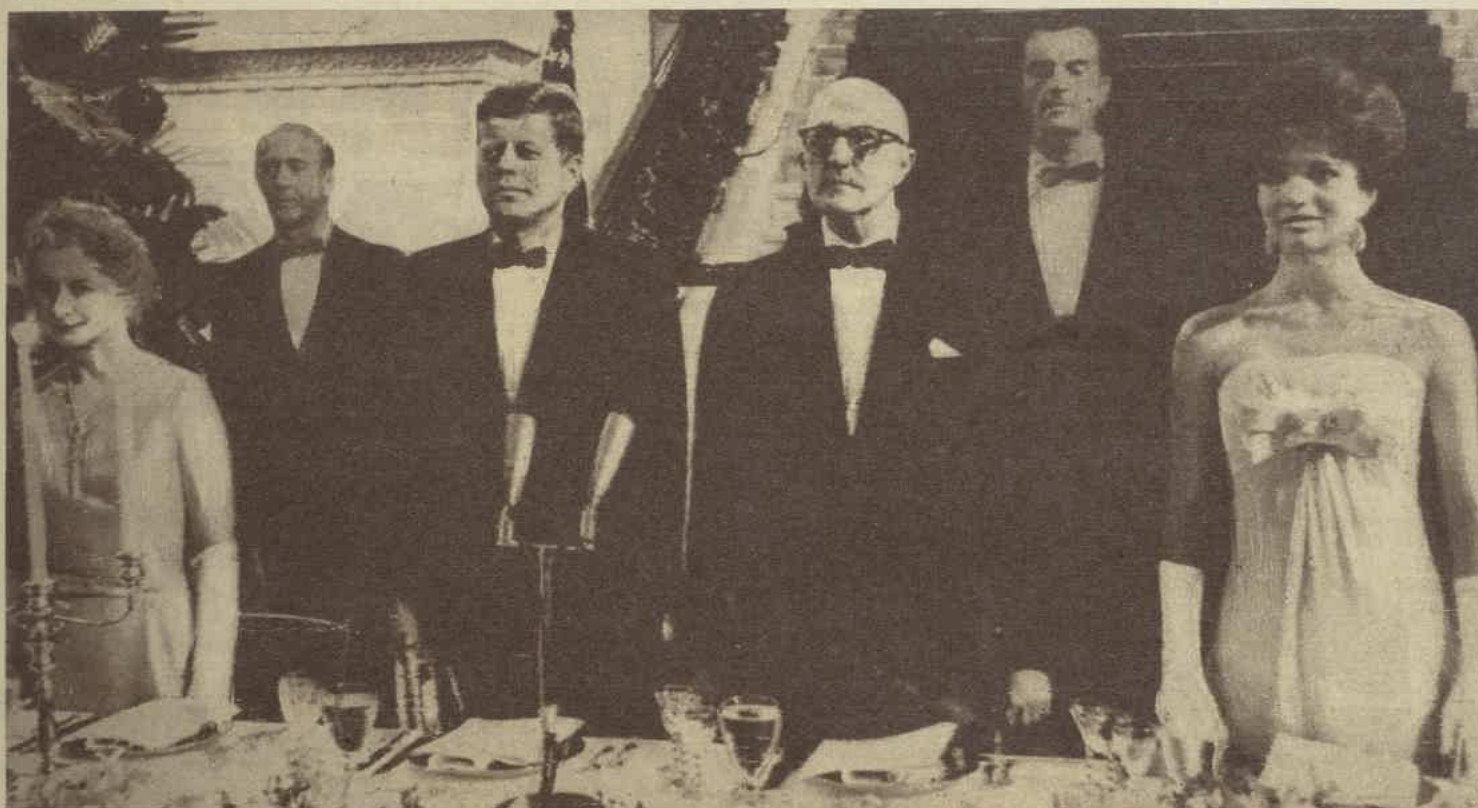
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# GLITTERING DINNER ON AMERICA'S CUP EVE

WEATHERLY

GRETEL



HOST Sir Howard Beale (second from right) and Lady Beale (left), with the United States President, John Kennedy, and Mrs. Kennedy, stand while the national anthem is played at the dinner at The Breakers on the eve of the America's Cup races.

A GROUP of 76 excited Australians found themselves atop the Everest of high society on the eve of the America's Cup races in Newport.

Inside the great hall of America's largest and grandest private dwelling, The Breakers, they dined elegantly with the cream of American society and watched the American President, John F. Kennedy, and his wife, Jacqueline, savor the all-Australian menu chosen specially for their taste.

Despite the stately surroundings of the old Vanderbilt house, with its Italian Renaissance splendor, the 300 guests found themselves more dazzled by the women's fashions.

Mrs. Kennedy's Oleg Cassini strapless gown of cerulean-blue chiffon had severe Empire lines. She added drop earrings and one large diamond pin.

Among the American women silk chiffon was the dominating fabric, and colors were vivid and summery.

Because of the heat, furs were rare.

Mrs. Herbert May, one of America's richest women, wore jewellery estimated by the editor of the U.S.

"Jewellers' Review" to be worth nearly one million dollars.

By contrast, Australian women were plainly, though attractively, dressed.

The 76 Australian guests were spaced out so that at each of the 28 round tables two or three Australians were with seven or eight Americans.

As a result, table talk was unusually lively.

Mrs. Magnus Halvorsen, wife of the Gretel crew member, was asked by an American woman if she were going to the races on Saturday.

"Oh, certainly not," she replied. "I'm going to watch the yachts, you know."

Host Sir Howard Beale, Australian Ambassador to the U.S., and Lady Beale greeted their guests at a reception starting at 7.25.

The dinner tables were decorated with Australian wildflowers flown in by Qantas.

Other air cargo included, besides the flowers, Australian lamb, New Guinea coffee, and nuts and fruits.

During the dinner an eight-piece orchestra played such tunes as "Waltzing Matilda," "Botany Bay," "Click Go the Shears," and "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport."

The glittering affair

brought together the cream of society, politics, diplomacy, industry, and the world of sport from both Australia and America.

Australian Treasurer Harold Holt and Mrs. Holt were seated next to their opposite numbers, U.S. Secretary of the Treasury Mr. Douglas Dillon and Mrs. Dillon.

Australian Minister for External Affairs Sir Garfield Barwick and Lady Barwick also occupied places on the dais, along with ranking American statesmen such as

in Texas and the Northern Territory in Australia; and three families of Roosevelts, including Franklin, jun., Commodore and Mrs. George E. Roosevelt, and Mr. and Mrs. Julian Roosevelt.

From the sporting world came Commodore John Nicholas Brown, Captain John Matthews, the owner of Vim, chartered to the Challenger Association; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mercer (he is a member of the Weatherly syndicate); Captain

George Bryant, of Sydney; Captain I. H. Carthwright, R.A.N., and Mrs. Carthwright (he is Naval attache to the Ambassador).

Australian Consul-General in New York and Mrs. A. R. Cutler; Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Dickson, (he is Commodore of the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron); Hugh Eaton, of Melbourne and London, and Miss Eaton; T. J. N. Foley, of Sydney, a member of the Gretel syndicate; Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Gittoes, Sydney; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Halvorsen (he supervised Gretel's construction); and Dr. Eric Hull, Commodore of Tasmania's Royal Yacht Squadron.

Commodore and Mrs. A. J. Linacre (he is Commodore of the St. Kilda Yacht Club, Melbourne); Mr. and Mrs. John Marks, of Sydney; Mr. and Mrs. Keith Martin; Commodore Otto Meik, Commodore of the Royal Melbourne Yacht Club; Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Menzies (he is the Australian Trade Commissioner in New York); Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Moray (he is a committee member of the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron); Sir Charles Moses, general manager of the A.B.C., Sydney.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren McDonald (he is chairman of

the Commonwealth Banking Corporation); Air Vice-Marshal I. D. McLachlan, R.A.A.F., attache to Sir Howard, and Mrs. McLachlan; Mrs. Brian Northam, wife of the Gretel squad member; Mr. and Mrs. William Northam (he is a Sydney yachtsman and member of the Gretel syndicate); Mrs. Tony Oxley, wife of the Gretel squad member; Mr. and Mrs. Jock Pagan, of Sydney.

Alan Payne, Gretel's designer; Sir Ian and Lady Potter, of Melbourne; Mr. and Mrs. Melville Pratt (he is director of the Australian News and Information Bureau in New York); Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Purves, of Sydney; Adrian Quist, of Sydney, the former Davis Cup star; Peter Reid, of Sydney; Mrs. Beryl Ross, of Sydney; Mr. and Mrs. A. Burton Taylor, of Sydney; C. O. Turner, general manager of Qantas Empire Airways; Mrs. Florence Vincent, of Sydney; Mr. and Mrs. Ralph von Kohorn, of Melbourne; Mrs. Ouida Wagner, of Sydney; Mr. and Mrs. William Walkley (he is a member of the Gretel syndicate).

Norman Wallis, of Sydney; Mr. and Mrs. Graham Warner; Mr. and Mrs. Norman Wright.

## From ROBERT FELDMAN, in Newport

Secretary of Defence Robert McNamara and Mrs. McNamara.

Ambassadors came from Peru, Portugal, and Britain.

Celebrities of the social world at the dinner included Mrs. John Payson Adams, the former Muriel Vanderbilt, who is a famous breeder of horses and long-time resident of Newport; and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss, Jackie Kennedy's mother and stepfather.

Also there were President Kennedy's current protocol chief, Angier Biddle Duke, and Mrs. Duke; Howard Cushing, the famous sportsman; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kleberg, of the King Ranch

Carleton Mitchell, the yachting writer; Commodore and Mrs. Henry Sears, and Commodore and Mrs. Harold S. Vanderbilt. (Commodore Vanderbilt is a former defender of the America's Cup.)

The Hon. Catherine Sidney, daughter of the Governor-General of Australia, Lord De L'Isle, attended the dinner.

Australian guests included Sir Frank Packer, chairman of the Australian America's Cup Challenge Association; Mr. and Mrs. Peter Baillieu, of Melbourne; Julian Beale, son of Sir Howard and Lady Beale; Mr. Lennox Bode, of Sydney; Mr. and Mrs.



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# SKIN CANCER

Warning by  
specialists

● Because of the risk of skin cancer, young and old Australians should wear a hat more often when they are out in the strong sunshine, especially in the northern districts, doctors say.

**S**KIN cancer is influenced by the intensity of the ultra-violet rays from the sun, and the complexion and thinness of the skin that absorbs the rays.

According to visiting foreign doctors, quoted by a Sydney expert, this form of the disease is probably 20 times more common in Australia than in Europe.

Switzerland is an exception because in the high altitudes of mountainous regions the blanket of air is thinner than at sea-level, and there is less filtering out of ultra-violet rays.

In America skin cancer is more prevalent in the dry States of the west than the eastern States, where rainfall is higher, which indicates that the amount of ultra-violet filtered out is less in a dry than in a moist atmosphere.

Queensland has by far the highest incidence of the disease among the Australian States.

Cancer specialist Dr. Lurleen Perrett, of the Queensland Radium Institute, said it had been known for a long time that there were more cases of skin cancer in Queensland than in any other country.

"That is because we have a white population living in latitudes which elsewhere are peopled by dark-skinned races," she said.

In midsummer the sun is directly over the Tropic of Capricorn.

## Thin-skinned

Countries in the same latitudes both north and south of the equator have mostly dark-skinned inhabitants.

"Our type of skin was developed in northern Europe—thin skin which absorbs a lot of ultra-violet light," Dr. Perrett said. "Ultra-violet is 'the fly in the ointment' cancer-wise."

"It is very foolish to expose oneself unnecessarily to intense rays of the sun over

a long period in Queensland's climate.

"In Queensland we are closer to the sun than the people of Tasmania. The intensity of the sun's rays decreases gradually as we get farther from the equator."

"Hence people in northern N.S.W. are almost as susceptible as those of Brisbane."

"Adelaide can get very hot in summer, but it is not the heat that matters. It is the closeness to the rays of the sun."

"The people of Townsville are in greater danger, as the figures show."

"Blue-eyed blondes are more susceptible than brown-eyed brunettes."

"Redheads are most susceptible of all—a factor which probably keeps many of them out of the sun in self-protection, though others will allow themselves to burn repeatedly."

Some very sensitive young people have been advised to move from Queensland to other States, Dr. Perrett said.

As added protection, vocational guidance officers should help children with susceptible skins to choose careers which do not involve outdoor work.

"More than 150 minors have been treated for cancer of the skin in Queensland in the past 20 years," Dr. Perrett said.

"This is more than seven a year, and the figure is rising with the population."

"This is far too many, because these young people are likely to live 60 years or more—and they will go on developing skin cancers."

"The damage is irreversible; the skin cannot be restored to its original perfection."

Dr. Perrett warned mothers to be very strict about their children wearing shady hats all through summer.

"A shady, wide-brimmed hat affords 50 per cent. protection to the face, except at the seaside, where ultra-violet rays are reflected," she said.

"Swimmers (wet or dry), fishermen, and boating parties are exposed most to this.

"On the seashore ultra-violet light is more intense, due both to reflection and the clearer air and absence of smog."

"The most dangerous time of day is when the sun is directly overhead—10 a.m. to 2 p.m. The ultra-violet rays are also very intense on high mountains, but there are none in Queensland."

Precautions Dr. Perrett recommends are:

● For schoolchildren, an ordinary wide-brimmed panama is as good as anything. Berets and caps give no protection.

● Children should wear hats when playing sports. Games lasting any length of time should be played in the shade if possible, or all concerned should wear hats. It is logical, however, to run a race lasting a few minutes without a hat—one must not ask the impossible.

● Signs of damage may appear very early. The little child whose nose reddens and peels after only a short stay in the sun should never be allowed to go out in the sun without a hat, and should wear protective cream

**THE following figures compare the number of skin cancer cases per million of population in two Queensland cities and four widely separated American cities:**

Townsville . . . . .	8000
Brisbane . . . . .	3500
Dallas, Texas* . . . .	1400
New Orleans . . . . .	1290
Pittsburgh . . . . .	370
Detroit . . . . .	240
*Texas approximates to Queensland conditions.	

on the beach. It is impossible to make him develop natural protection by constant and prolonged exposure.

● Use protective sunburn cream on the beach. Sunbaking is unwise, but those who must should always use creams.

● Never laugh at people who cover their noses with cream. Protective lipstick is a good idea; colored lipstick also affords some protection.



● From childhood on, fair-skinned people especially should wear hats.

● Skin cancer is most common on the face, but extra-sensitive people should protect their arms by wearing long sleeves.

Dr. Perrett said that people who tan easily have a natural protection against burning, but they are the ones who are liable to overdo exposure and may still develop skin cancer.

## Sad "Apollo"

"It isn't the dark skin itself which offers the sole protection; the thickness of the skin is very important," she said.

She deplored the cult of tanning to mahogany. She described the case of an elderly, ginger-headed man who now has sun spots and skin cancers all over his arms, face, legs, and chest.

"In his youth he wished to be a bronzed Apollo, and lay on the beach unclad, with corks between his fingers and toes to get an even tan all over," she said.

"When he was 17 his doctor warned him of the danger, but, like many young people, he took no notice."

"Now he says, 'If only I could get that message over

to the young people of today!'"

"Although he keeps well out of the sun now, he continues to develop more skin cancer, and nothing can prevent this."

Dr. Perrett summed up: "It is common sense to take all precautions against exposure. HATS—big shady ones—are a must."

"Skin cancer can be treated, but once the lovely texture of a child's skin is marred it will carry the scars to old age AND will continue to develop more cancers."

The late Dr. E. H. Molesworth, of Sydney, eminent Australian skin specialist and author of a textbook on skin diseases, devoted much study to skin cancer.

He found the disease was more prevalent among farm and outback workers who are continuously in the sun, as well as among sun-worshippers who lie on the beach at weekends.

Ideally, farm workers, if fair-complexioned, should cover their arms, neck, and head as much as possible, he wrote.

Dr. Molesworth believed in the old "cabbage tree" hat with a brim wide enough to shade the face and lips.

Skin cancer is common on the lips, and he had noticed it occurred oftener on the lower lip than the upper, which he attributed to the greater amount of shade on the upper lip.

An Australian Medical Association spokesman said when a doctor recognised a skin cancer he had no means of telling how long it had taken to develop, so it was almost impossible to say how much exposure was dangerous.

Australian doctors possessed such wide experience of skin cancer that they were particularly skilled in treating it, usually with X-rays and radium, he said.

Skin cancer was one of the most amenable to treatment, which should always be sought as soon as a mark seemed to enlarge or become irritated.

It was dangerous to treat the disease without medical advice. Ordinary medications were useless for it.

From page 13

## APARTMENT IN PARIS

**I**T was twelve o'clock. They were sitting in the gloomy kitchen eating their lunch. The sink was blocked and they had been unable to fix it. They had no money and they felt depressed.

Elizabeth said: "Really, I just can't face him. Let's get out of here."

In an hour and a half they had packed and were ready to go.

"What will we do about the dishes?" asked the gentleman from Ceylon.

"Leave them," said the husband.

"That's right, they're not ours, anyway!"

So they packed the dishes neatly beside the sink full of water, phoned a taxi, and left quietly at a quarter to two, considerably putting the key in the keyhole so that the agent would be able to let himself in.

Fifteen minutes later they were sitting in Jasmine's apartment with the poodle (which the gentleman from Ceylon gave them, saying he would collect it later and never did) and all their luggage.

"Do you think it quite fair to the agent?" Jasmine asked.

"I really don't know, I'm too tired to think. Anyway, it serves him right for picking up girls on the Champs-Élysées," said Elizabeth.

That evening they left for Rome and gave the dog to Jasmine.

Before I end this story about apartments I would like to mention another friend of mine, a clochard.

Clochards are tramps who live in the streets of Paris. It's their traditional way of life.

This one lives on a piece of old matting in a corner of Rue Maliface. The footpath widens out just near the end of the street, and there is usually a car parked near the kerb just where he places his mat, so he's sort of closed in and has a little privacy.

Jasmine and I went down in search of the dog, which had escaped.

"Have you seen our dog?" we asked the clochard.

"He went that way," he said, pointing down the street. "Now that you know where I live, drop in some time," he added.



# Those LUCKY

● The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk's daughters are, by any standard, four of the luckiest girls in the world.



**THE DUKE OF NORFOLK** outside the ancestral Arundel Castle (above) and the nearby Dover House, the family's recently built home in Sussex. The Duke uses the castle only as a business office. The family have seven dogs.



**N**OT because they have titles, good looks, wealth, an impeccable family background, are much-travelled, and excel in sport.

Nor even because they are set for a nice long visit to Australia while Father is managing the English Test cricket team.

But because they are blessed with the most understanding of parents.

Any young girl longing for a flat of her own, or even a tiny bed-sitter, must envy the Norfolk girls.

They have a complete wing of their own in the new family home which has been built near famous Arundel Castle. And the eldest, Lady Anne, has been allowed to furnish a little house of her very own at least 100 miles away.

Her mother likes it that way.

"At 24, girls just cannot sit at home," the Duchess told me. What a wonderful mother!

When I went with photographer Alec Murray to the

Norfolks' new house in the parkland in the shadow of the ancestral castle, there was nobody at home. Just nobody.

A red shooting brake had flashed by like a fire-engine as we drove through the beautiful park. "It's the Duke and Duchess," said our taxi-driver.

"Perhaps they are off to the races," he added confidentially. "They've had a win today — one of their horses came in at four to one." He was on it.

Waiting outside the new house, we had a wonderful view of the house the Duke and Duchess have built and furnished with understanding of what four young girls really want in home life.

## Boots, saddles

The complete wing of their own, in this house where the Queen stays during the Goodwood races, is the same size as the servants' wing opposite.

In warm sunshine, sitting on the green sward and waiting for someone to come home, we had a glimpse of bathing towels, walking shoes, saddles, riding boots, cameras, cameras, and yet more cameras.

A young footman emerged from the house. "The young ladies come and go as they please," he said. "But the Duke and Duchess will be back for tea, and I think they will be."

The "fire-engine" reappeared with the Duke and Duchess.

They were all apologies. There had been a mistake. We all agreed that in late summer, the "silly season," when everyone is on holiday, appointments tend to get mucked up.

The Duchess poured tea and rang around the shops in the next town, trying to find the girls for a photograph.

"It's the only possible chance we have of getting all the girls together," she said. "One goes to Italy tomorrow. Another is about to tour Scotland."

At that moment four cars drew up outside the house. A dog jumped from each car, and four girls followed by the four dogs came to the library.

In spite of the old-world air of the butler's announcement, "The young ladies, your Grace," here was no old-fashioned ducal family but a room full of terribly nice girls.

Not the debbie kind of girls who make spicy news in the morning papers. Not the girls one is badgered with such questions about as "Who is she marrying?"

But nice-looking, breezy,

charming, and completely natural girls.

The Duchess lined them up for introductions.

The family name of the Duke of Norfolk is Fitzalan-Howard, but the girls, who all do social-service work, drop their titles and hyphens then.

So Anne becomes known not as Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard but Miss Anne Howard. Even the youngest is "Miss Jane Howard" when, like her sisters, she rolls up her sleeves two to three days a week on a nine-to-five stint in the slums or the district over which Arundel Castle towers.

Said the Duchess: "They all do something. I would not allow my daughters to sit around doing nothing."

Excited about Australia, the Norfolk girls unfolded their plans.

"Mary and I will fly out for about four weeks in October and come back with my father in December," said Lady Anne.

Said Lady Sarah: "Jane and I will fly out after

By  
**ANNE  
MATHESON,  
in London**

Christmas and go on after the tour to New Zealand."

They have many friends in Australia.

The girls will probably stay at Government House in Canberra, since they are friendly with the De L'Isles' daughter Catherine, and at Government House in Brisbane with Sir Henry and Lady May Abel Smith.

Of the four sisters, it is Lady Anne who will probably see the most of country life.

"When Anne returns we are hoping she can run her father's estate at Everingham Park, in Yorkshire," the Duchess said. "That's why we let her have a small house of her own."

The next sister, 22-year-old Lady Mary, lives at home but uses the family flat in London three days a week when she does social-service work in the slum district of Poplar.

Of Lady Sarah, 20, the Duchess said with pride: "Her life is horses."

"At the Dublin Horse Show she was one of the two British women in the show-jumping team. She won the Queen's Cup at the British International Horse Show this year and was the first woman to win the Horse and Hound Cup."

Lady Jane, 17, and not yet out, is the only one of the sisters who has no horse of her own.

But she reached the semi-finals of the Sussex junior tennis championships.

Jane's coming-out dance is to be held this season before she leaves for Australia.

"But times are changing and it is to be a very small dance," said her mother.

Lady Anne's coming-out dance was the event of the season.

The Queen lent St. James' Palace and the Duke planned the occasion, with vanloads of borrowed flower vases, even greater vanloads of flowers from Arundel, and a dance-floor that was specially reinforced.

With his experience of running coronations, there were no traffic problems. All the Royal family were guests.

The Norfolk girls are more at home in a ballroom than a nightclub. Arundel Castle has been the scene of the most splendid charity balls.

And the girls cha-cha, Charleston, and, in the more private rooms, Twist at the dances the Duchess gives to help the many causes the family support.

Mary is head of the Sussex Junior Red Cross. Every Tuesday she supervises a sale of gifts made by cripples.

Lady Anne is on the Council for the Preservation of Rural England and fights their cause against motorways.

As a member of the local branch of the Society for the Abolition of Vivisection, Anne has had to defend her fondness for fox-hunting.

"There is no connection — one is sport and the other downright cruelty," she has told her critics.

## Help for strays

She is also, patron of a lost-dogs' home, and finds homes for up to 125 a year.

Incidentally, her family has seven dogs (the Duchess has two terriers).

Lady Sarah is president of a Roman Catholic youth club, and thinks nothing of kicking off her shoes and getting down with mop and pail to clean the place up after a party.

With the Norfolks' busy working and social life, it is understandable that outside the beautiful new home in which the Duke and Duchess live (and sometimes see their family all together) there are six cars — one apiece.

"We need all the cars," said the Duchess, "because we all seem to be doing something different every hour of the day."



# Norfolk girls

*They're happy with their horses, dogs, cars,  
their work, their friends, and their freedom*



**THE NORFOLK SISTERS**, who will visit Australia while their father, the Earl Marshal of England, manages the touring cricket team. At back, from left: Lady Sarah Fitzalan-Howard, 20, and Lady Jane, 17. Front: Lady Anne, 24, and Lady Mary, 22. TOP: A recent picture of their mother. She was the Hon. Lavinia Strutt, daughter of Lord Belper; married in 1937.



● The benevolent deity that has allowed Mr. Alan D. Mickie, of St. Kilda, Vic., so many of the bonuses of this life — a happy marriage, a hopeful heart, the chance to travel, the ability to write—threw in one last blessing about ten years ago. At 70 years of age he discovered he could paint.

MR. MICKIE had done some drawing before then — even, at cartoonist Armstrong's suggestion, illustrated one of his own books. Now he began painting in oils.

No acceptance of a manuscript has ever given him as much pleasure as did the sale of his first painting for fifteen guineas in 1957.

He had priced it from sheer bravado.

"I thought to myself," he said, "no one's going to pay fifteen guineas for that!"

His work has been compared—with some justice—to that of the famous American Grandma Moses, who painted from the age of 78 until her death last December at 101.

He does not paint from sight but from memory, and his memories stretch back to the 19th century, embracing an Australia that no longer exists.

His favorite subjects are traditional bush cottages — now long pulled down—seen in the moonlight through the loving eyes of a child.

When he was a small boy he used to travel all over the country with his father, who was a telegraph inspector, and on train journeys from Wangaratta to Beechworth his father would tell how he had rushed men to repair wires cut by the Kelly gang.

## At seventy, an artist was born

The hours he spent in trains at night, his ears flapping to tales of bushrangers and his eyes entranced by moonlight glimpses of sleeping cottages and stark white gums, settled in his memory and now, as he puts it, "are demanding this way out."

And the result: a child's vision of a lost, faraway world, depicted with a wistfulness and simplicity that a more sophisticated painter could not achieve.

By **SHEILA SIBLEY**

But Mr. Mickie, who was 80 on August 20, was a writer long before he began painting. His first book, "The Great Longing," was published in 1910 by the Sir Walter Scott Publishing Company.

The whole of his 80 years have been dogged by Sir Walter Scott in a most unusual way. The D. in Alan D. Mickie is for Durward and represents a compromise.

His father was a great admirer of Sir Walter's and wanted to name him Quentin Durward after Scott's novel of that name. His mother also admired Sir Walter, but not to the ex-



● No easel, no palette, but a great deal of pleasure—80-year-old Mr. Mickie paints at his desk, watched by Mrs. Mickie.

tent of calling her baby Quentin, so father settled for Alan Durward, another character in the book.

The Mickies have a personal interest in Sir Walter Scott, who based his novel "Kenilworth" on what he considered to be the best ballad in the English language — "The Ballad of Cumner Hall," by William Julius Mickie.

### Travel books

Last year Mr. Mickie was delighted to discover that he and Sir Walter had been published in the same book — a volume of children's poetry called "Shining Tracks." His father, he thinks, would have been delighted, too.

Mr. Mickie's literary output has included children's verse, travel books, essays, sonnets, sporting memoirs, and literary criticism.

Though he has never been a working journalist (he recalls one editor telling him he had less news-sense than anyone he had ever met) he has been an indefatigable contributor of leading articles, essays, and poems for local and overseas papers.

Perhaps his most popular books have been for children, though he has no children of his own and declares he is frightened of them. They are not frightened of him, and all evidence shows that they bully him a bit.

His own version of the Humpty Dumpty verse — in which Humpty can't be pushed from the wall ("The

Trio from Rio" was based on it later)—was produced at a small boy's peremptory demand.

Mr. and Mrs. Mickie are happy people and grateful for all that life has given them.

"Ida and I have never had any money," Mr. Mickie said, "but we have had a good life."

"We've been abroad three times; we've lived in London, and Brussels, and Majorca, and Dieppe. And I have always been remarkably lucky — whenever funds got very low money has seemed to turn up out of the blue."

His St. Kilda flat is scattered with mementoes of a fascinating life, including a framed letter from playwright Eugene O'Neill.

### "Intuitive"

In 1929 Mr. Mickie wrote "Six Plays of Eugene O'Neill"—it was the first book of dramatic criticism ever written about the playwright—and of it O'Neill said:

"It fills me with the deepest gratification that this book, which expresses such a high opinion of my work, is going to be published, and I certainly hope it will find a public ready to appreciate it."

"I hope this not only from the obvious egotistical motive but also because, considering only the parts that do not deal especially with my plays but with the drama in general, it is a sound and enlightening and keenly intuitive piece of writing."

## OLD HOME

● Operation on a terrace unit shows what can be done



BUILDERS have quickly changed an old terrace house into a modern, attractive residence in the heart of Newtown, N.S.W.

It has been remodelled by the Building Exchange Advisory Service as an example of what can be done to improve and preserve old terrace-style cottages in congested parts of Sydney and elsewhere.

The Exchange hopes to improve living standards and create interest in old homes by proving that they can be renovated and made into delightful residences reasonably cheaply.

The conversion of this house is the first step toward the formation of a Home Improvement Council which will be sponsored by the Builders' Exchange of N.S.W.

The Council's members will include representatives of the various associations in the building industry. The formation of the Council will make it easier for house owners to obtain advice on renovating, extending, or remodelling their homes.

For a small fee, qualified personnel will inspect the house and, if required, prepare plans and specifications and supply the names of approved members who would quote for the work. The Council will also inspect and approve the work in progress.

The Building Exchange Advisory Service (office, 1 King Street, Newtown) will now be open seven days a week. To see the exhibition house shown on these pages and to obtain detailed information about it, phone LA6115 for an appointment.

Cost of renovation of a house depends on the extent of repairs and the locality, and could range between £500 and £2000, the Advisory Service says. The major expenses in most cases are plumbing, electric wiring, and repairing walls and ceilings. It is most important that these are done well.

### Paint and fittings stripped

The exhibition house was first stripped of all ceiling light fittings, old flaking paint, layers of stain and lacquer on skirtings and door frames, plaster ceiling decorations, cupboards, sink, and stove.

Cracks in walls were repaired, broken skirtings and window sashes replaced, floors evened off by covering with hardboard, and roof leaks were stopped.

Doors from kitchen to lobby and from lobby to living-room were removed and a large mirror was added on one end wall of the lobby. All walls in the house were painted in pale tones to increase the illusion of light and space.

A small room off the entrance was converted into a modern bathroom-laundry by the addition of a washing-machine and tub at one end and a shower cubicle at the other.

One room, formerly the second bedroom, has been left in its original condition to show how completely the improvements and repairs have changed the house.

— DAWN RUSSELL



● With some of his paintings on the wall behind him, Mr. Mickie taps out an article on his typewriter. Writing has been his "trade," and he didn't think of painting until ten years ago. Now he's a celebrity.



# TRANSFORMED



**BEFORE AND AFTER:** The living-room before renovation (opposite) and now (above). It has been given an attractive fireplace of stone board. Picture rails were left to "lower" the high ceiling and keep down the cost of wall repairs.



**THE BEDROOM,** formerly shabby, is now bright and comfortable. To give an impression of space, bedroom and living-room are both carpeted in the same color.



**IRON ceiling** of entrance was a problem. It has been cheaply improved in appearance by cement-spray.



**ENTRANCE** has a new door, and one end wall of rough brick has been cemented over. The room off to the left, once used as a very small bedroom, has now been converted into a pleasantly modern combined shower-room and laundry.



**KITCHEN** is unrecognisable, with new sink, stove, cupboards, and refrigerator. Floors of kitchen, entrance, laundry, and lobby are in lino tiles in a linking pattern.



Color pictures by Keith Barlow



# IT'S A WOMAN'S WORLD WITH THE ABC

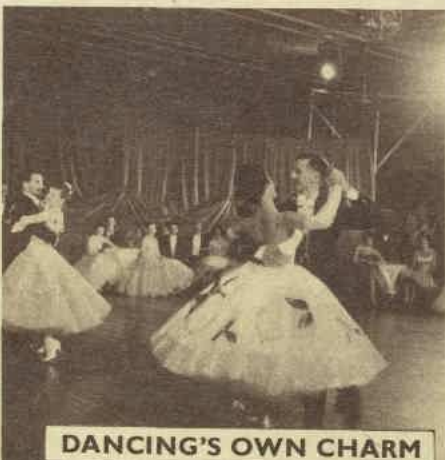
A woman enjoys variety in entertainment; enjoys sharing friendship and information too. These things are yours, very specially yours, with the ABC. Take your choice. A sonata or a salad hint. A serial that goes right into your heart or a merry melody to chase housework blues. The happiest thing about tuning ABC, apart from having so much from which to choose, is knowing that you share your pleasure with so many other women like yourself. For the ABC is Australia's biggest network: 70 radio stations, 6 TV stations. With so many programmes to offer... programmes planned with YOUR needs in mind... it's no wonder so many women find themselves "at home" to the ABC.



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FATHER



"My wife wondered if she could borrow your husband a while—our car's dirty, too."

MOTHER



"Look at the towels we found! Nobody seems to want them."

## It seems to me

I HAVE been worrying about Miss Great Britain ever since she dropped that container of attar of roses, £720 worth, and spilt it all over the floor of the cosmetics factory she was visiting.

The worry may be unnecessary. It is possible that Miss Great Britain is a sensible, philosophic sort of girl.

Maybe she says to herself: "Well, they asked me to visit their old factory. I didn't invite myself. And they gave me the stuff to hold."

In which case her peace of mind is undisturbed.

The firm's managing director did his best, saying, when the accident happened, "It's just one of these things."

But let me be honest. When I express sympathy for Miss Great Britain I am not really thinking of her. I am merely paying the customary lip service to a stranger's troubles.

What bothers me, and probably bothers you, is that it shows these things can and do happen.

We go through life fearing we may drop the priceless object we are invited to hold, and comfort ourselves by thinking that no one ever does.

This belief has always supported me when, after I have admired some pretty coffee-cups, a hostess says, "Yes, aren't they? They were my grandmother's. Quite irreplaceable."

In future I shall refrain from expressing any opinion. Or, if a hostess volunteers such information unasked, I shall simply stop drinking the coffee.

THE Lord Mayor of Sydney, Alderman Jensen, explained at a meeting of the Sydney City Council last week that none of the 2000 suggested slogans for the city's rubbish-bins had been adopted because aldermen could not agree on one.

He was answering criticism of delay in getting a tidiness campaign under way.

Personally I'm happy that the aldermen can't agree and I hope that they never do. The wittiest slogan in the world palls when you see it every day.

A reader told me in a letter the other day about a slogan she saw on a Los Angeles rubbish-bin: "Hey, there, you with the trash in your hand. Don't throw it, stow it."

Such lines are amusing when you see them only once or twice, but they wear thin if they're plastered all over the place.

That's an idea—if all 2000 slogans were printed on different bins the result might be entertaining.

But myself I'd go for a bright color—say, yellow—and the plain word "Rubbish." Or "Litter" if you like it better.



Dorothy Drann

ONE of America's leading authorities on etiquette, Miss Amy Vanderbilt, says that women no longer expect men to give up their seats on public transport, nor should they.

She thinks it would be courteous if both men and women would, when necessary, stand up for people who are very old or infirm, for mothers trying to manage several children.

There's nothing very startling in any of that. What was surprising was Miss Vanderbilt's statement that in other parts of the world "including Britain and Australia" old-fashioned notions of chivalry still applied on trams, trains, and buses.

I do not think Miss Vanderbilt or her informant can have visited Sydney in recent years. If she did she must have strayed on to a bus occupied jointly by schoolboys in charge of a master and a touring party from the over-seventy club.

NEWS that two babies had been born to Moroccan royalty, one to the wife of King Hassan, the other to King Hassan's sister, Princess Lalla Aisna, and her husband, was followed by a statement that there was no rejoicing in Morocco "because both babies were girls."

Just a reminder that we mustn't get above ourselves, must we?

VISITING American beauty expert Mr. Lee Grant suggests that a woman needs three faces during the week—the natural day look, an afternoon look for when her husband comes home, and another for evenings and special occasions.

"Is that new stuff you're putting on your face?"

He'll maybe ask politely, unimpressed. Most wives that I have canvassed round the place

Say that's the comment they'd expect at best.

Others report no notice noon or night, Yet still persist with make-up, undimmed,

Saying "One must, or else one looks a sight."

Which comforts, as it should, the beauty trade.

Forever optimistic, some will try Redecorating as befits the hour, But most will settle as the years go by To show two faces only—sweet and sour.



# Toni floats through her first years of married life

By MILDRED EDEN

● Housewives who long for variation in their daily chores would envy newly married Toni O'Brien, of Brisbane. She and her husband, Neil, live on a 48ft. ketch, moored off Bulimba, in the Brisbane River.

WHILE her landlubber counterparts are vacuuming floors and polishing the furniture, Toni is swabbing decks and scraping masts. And in place of the more usual leisure activities of pottery and millinery classes, Toni studies coastal and celestial navigation.

Toni explained:

"Before Neil and I met about three years ago we were both planning to travel. When we decided to get married we had to think of a way to do both. This seemed to be the answer."

"The problem," said Neil, "was to have a trip abroad and not come back penniless and homeless, and have to start again from scratch."

"With a seagoing yacht for a home we can sail round the world and return none the worse financially."

Travel abroad, however, is a long-range plan. Meanwhile, the young couple are setting about learning all there is to know about sailing.

It will be "a while yet," they say, before they are confident enough to take to the open sea, as neither has had much previous experience in handling a boat.

The ketch is named Spumedrift.

The compact but ample living quarters consist of a main saloon, galley, bathroom, wheelhouse, and spare cabin.

"We use the saloon for eating and sleeping, and are putting in a dinette (which will convert into a bed), shelves, record-player, and cocktail cabinet. The galley has a gas stove and ice-box."

"There's lots to be done yet, but when it's finished it will be very comfortable."

Toni's friends are quite envious of her romantic home.

"They are—until they hear that we have to carry all our water, have cold showers, and use hurricane lamps," said the young couple with a smile.

## "Beachcomber"

"Eventually we'll have proper lighting and hot water."

By day Toni works in the glamorous world of fashion at a city store.

"But I'm a beachcomber at heart," she said, "and I love doing something different."

Petite, vivacious Toni, aged 21, was born in London and migrated to Australia with her family when she was nine.

"My parents have travelled a lot, and I suppose I've inherited itchy feet from them," she said. "They approve wholeheartedly of what Neil and I are planning."

Her habit of being different extends to her hobbies, too. These have included archery and judo, as well as horse-riding, music, and photography.

In between repainting the boat and cooking and washing, Toni reads science-fiction and books on Africa, a country which fascinates her. It will be one of the first places on the overseas itinerary.

Toni admits there have been times when she would have sold the ketch at the first offer.

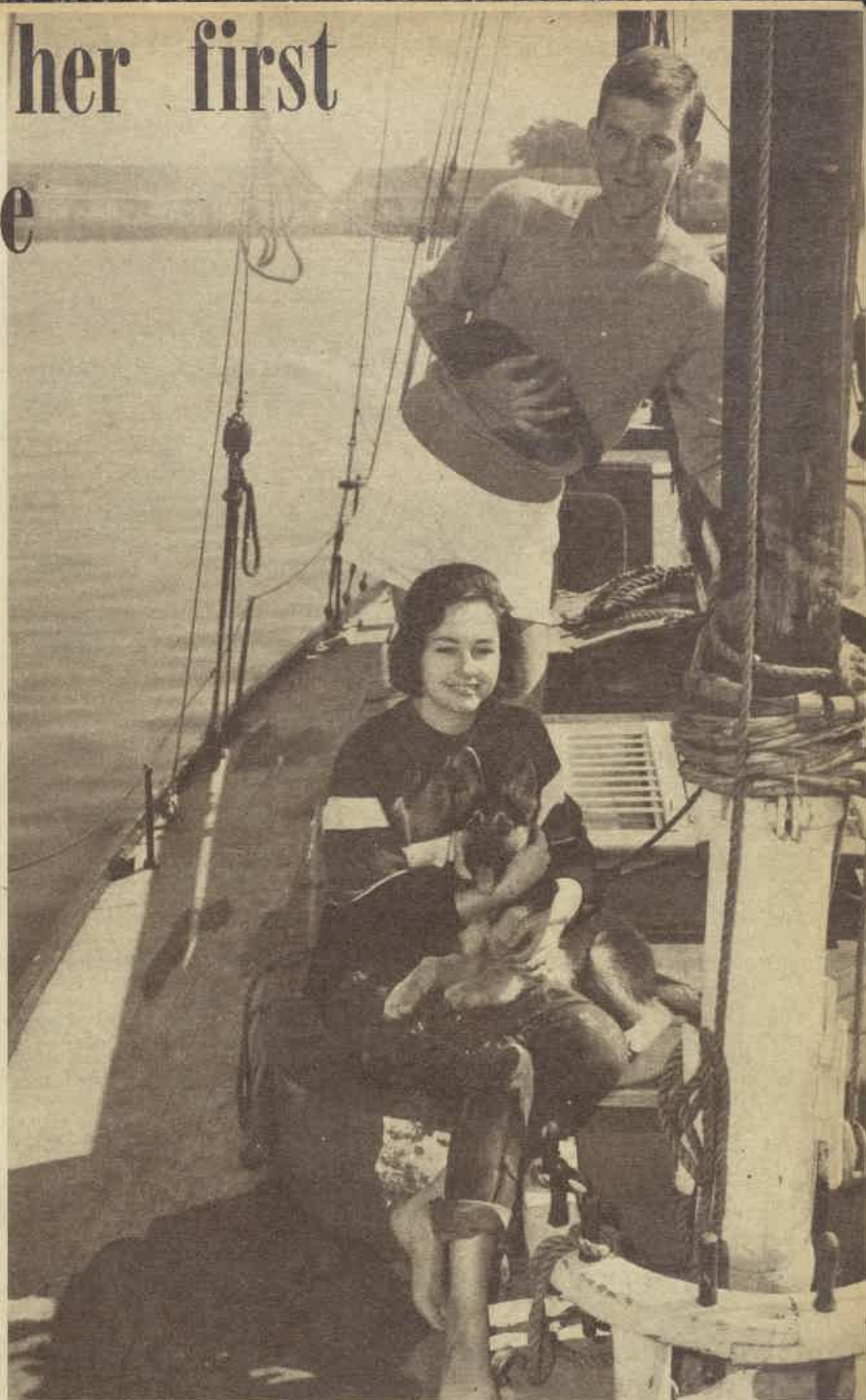
"One night, about two weeks after we moved on to the Spumedrift, it rained very hard and we discovered that the boat leaked," she said.

"We had to crawl round in the dark with lamps and raincoats and a tin of putty stopping up the cracks in the deck."

"I would have sold out cheaply that night."

"But it has its compensations."

"For instance, on a moonlight night when I sit out on the deck and play the guitar I wouldn't change it for a palace!"



TONI AND NEIL O'BRIEN on the deck of their ocean-going ketch, Spumedrift, with the rest of the "family"—Tasha, a German shepherd puppy, and Cat, who both seem to be as enthusiastic about life on a boat as their mistress and master.



TASHA ("because he looks like a Cossack") looks in through his special porthole hoping for a biscuit and a pat from his young mistress.

RIGHT: Planning their route around the world is a favorite pastime for the young couple. A must on their itinerary is Africa, which attracts Toni.







*delicious*



*... wasn't it!*

## En-a-vite rolls—the delicious way to lose weight

Want to lose weight? Do this: eat light, crisp En-a-vite rolls.

En-a-vite rolls are delicious, slimming and nourishing.

Delicious, because you top them with a feast of fillings — like salad, tomato, lean

meat, pastes, spreads and fruit.

Slimming, because they're starch reduced and low in calories.

Nourishing, because their bonus of youthful protein and vitamins promotes good health, keeps you fit.

There's never been an easier way to lose unwanted weight. Never! So tonight, instead of bread, eat En-a-vite starch reduced rolls.

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# En-a-vite STARCH REDUCED rolls

En-a-vite rolls are light — much lighter than bread. This lightness makes them easy to eat, ensures that you never feel "heavy" or "overfed". En-a-vite rolls are crisp — not just on the outside but all the way through. They retain this crispness indefinitely, are always invitingly fresh and ready to eat. En-a-vite rolls have a quiet flavour so you get the full, succulence of the fillings you place in them. En-a-vite rolls cost less than ordinary rolls. They need no cooking — just slice, fill and serve. Your store stocks 2 sizes: Large and Small. Call in soon.



*lose weight ... feel happy!*



# A salute to the "matrons' matron"

● On September 25 more than 500 nurses in Melbourne will gather at "Coronado" Nurses' Home to honor with a farewell cocktail party the woman who taught them their profession—Miss Jean Hanna, retiring lady superintendent of Alfred Hospital.

ON October 1 she will take off her grey uniform, with its red cape and white veil, for the last time and unpin the hospital's red Maltese cross.

Anyone who has faced her keen blue eyes and sensed her immense store of vitality will find it hard to believe that she has reached the retiring age of 60, and with it the end of 35 years' association with the Alfred Hospital.

Jean Hanna was a trainee nurse there in 1927. "If anyone had told me," she recollects, "that one day I'd be lady superintendent I would have died on the spot."

In those days nurses worked a 48-hour week for 7/6 a week the first year, 10/- the second year, and 15/- for the third, supplying their own uniforms.

"And as for the food—

well, nurses' meals have improved a great deal," said Miss Hanna. "In those days you knew what you'd have to eat for weeks ahead. The menus never varied."

She believes that much more is demanded of a nurse these days. "Because of the immense progress in medicine and surgery, nursing procedures have become a great deal more technical."

"It has always required a certain standard of intelligence, but now more than ever.

## Desk and ward

"I have preferred girls to be 18 before they took up nursing, but as some hospitals take them at 17 we've had to compromise at 17½, otherwise we'd lose our share of the crop."

Thirty-five years ago the matron of the Alfred Hospital did not have a secretary. As lady superintendent

(a relatively new title for top matron) Miss Hanna needs two because of the added administrative tasks.

Though she comes on duty at 8 a.m., it is usually 10.30 before her desk is clear of paper work. She still "walks the hospital," but not as often as the matrons of former days.

Now her administrative duties give her only enough time to view the wards twice a week and seldom for an unbroken morning or afternoon.

Miss Hanna's life has been touched and changed by two world wars. She was still a schoolgirl at the Presbyterian Ladies' College when her three brothers came back from World War I, the oldest severely wounded.

He had married a sister who had nursed him overseas, and watching her new sister-in-law care for her injured brother gave young



MISS JEAN HANNA

Jean Hanna her first insight into nursing and the need for nurses.

In World War II she joined the Army Nursing Service and was sent to the Middle East. As sister-in-charge of the 2/1st Casualty Clearing Station she followed the 6th Division through the severe cold and never-ending duststorms of the Western Desert to Mersa Matruh.

There she and seven other nurses were quartered 25ft. underground.

The 6th Division was under fire for the first time. It was also a baptism of fire

for the nurses, who until then had known only the calm and orderly discipline of great hospitals.

Their task now was not to nurse the ailing back to health, but to fight for the lives of those who still had a chance to live and to see that they lived to reach the clean white beds of the base hospital.

It is no use trying to get a graphic picture from Miss Hanna of those frantic hours. Cornered, she says simply, "We were very busy" — a reply which, though lacking in heroics,

By  
SHEILA SIBLEY

has the virtue of ringing magnificently true.

From Mersa Matruh the casualty clearing station was transferred to Bethlehem—"A lovely little hill town"—for the Syrian campaign. The nurses worked in the cool, big hall of the Terra Sancta Monastery.

Later Miss Hanna was promoted to matron of the 4th General Hospital at Jerusalem, where, in 1942, she saw her first white Christmas — the thickest fall of snow Jerusalem had had in 25 years.

After Jerusalem, the 4th A.G.H. was "headed for Malaya when Malaya fell. Instead they found themselves exposed to Japanese bombing in Colombo.

## Another job

The hospital went on to Queensland, and finally to Borneo.

Back at the Alfred Hospital Miss Hanna became lady superintendent in 1952, and the cycle from timid trainee to all-powerful matrons' matron was complete.

When she retires, Miss Hanna doesn't really intend to stop working, but plans to take a less exacting job—a job that promises her more time to work in her garden at Templestowe, a little more time for her favorite pastime of bay fishing, and perhaps just enough time to get her golf handicap down at last.

Varicose veins may not show yet, but . . .

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ENLARGED VEINS**

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# Karloff in good spirits

● "Thriller" is always, I believe, a good show. I wish I could always watch it, but I can't.

MR. BORIS KARLOFF'S spine-chilling introductions force me to shiver away, switch on every light in the house, and think calm and sensible thoughts about crochet or porridge.

Last week, however, with a sombre disregard for my nervous system, I viewed "God Grante That She Lye Stille" (ATN7, Tuesday, 9.30 p.m.). And while I did not precisely sit stilled, I kept looking at the screen—most of the time.

It wasn't so very frightening. After all (in a story about a witch who left a nasty curse on her descendants) there were only two vampires, one spook, one sinister and foggy forest, one creaking gate, a couple of decapitated birds (off-screen), and one ditto dog.

I have decided that the cast must be instructed to "ham" this show.

If the acting and the script were too convincing, "Thriller" would turn its audience into a shudder of twitching neurotics . . . and viewers are much too valuable to waste like that.

★ ★ ★  
HAVE you had your polio shots? If not, I hope you saw the ABN2 documentary "Polio" last week.

"Most people know the dread facts, but refuse to face

them," said one doctor. The film went on to discuss polio in graphic detail: the causes, the virus, medical treatment, and rehabilitation of patients . . . and the prevention of disease.

"No one needs to catch polio," the doctor pointed out. It was quite unnecessary for him to say more.

## One-eyed about Nelson

I SUPPOSE "The Nelsons" (TCN9, Wednesdays, 7 p.m.) is an O.K. family show if you're a teenager.

Usually I am careful to avoid the adventures of Ozzie, Harriet, and their sons. This is no fault of the elder Nelsons and son Dave, who are inoffensive enough.

It is simply that I cannot take the, ah, singing of teenage idol Mr. Ricky Nelson. Or his damp-looking pout and expressionless dial.

I caught a bit of the show last week by mistake.

And was Mr. Ricky Nelson in pain? No, no. He was, ah, singing. Oh, help!

## Wanted on the phone

FOR the jazz fiend, ATN7's "Trad Jazz" is Required Viewing. And, since it is a pleasure to watch this show once, the channel thought-



SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER and Claire Bloom appear in the famous star-studded film version of Shakespeare's "Richard III," to be shown on TCN9 this Sunday, September 23, at 8 p.m.

fully screens it twice: Saturdays at 10.30 p.m. and a repeat on Sundays at 1 p.m.

Mr. Graeme Bell, his All Stars, and their guests present the show with both relish and respect for their music.

But would Mr. Harry Harman please discard his banjo and produce his sousaphone more often?

Before they appeared together (and I use the word advisedly) on a recent "Trad Jazz" I had never devoted much thought to sousaphones.

(An expert kindly explained later that a sousa-

phone is a sort of gigantic brass tuba, named in honor of John Philip Sousa and first made by G. J. Conn in 1899.)

Anyway, there it was, coiled round Mr. Harman: a nightmare metal snake with a soaring horn like an inverted daffodil gone mad.

Mr. Harman boomed away. I was transfixed.

Dear Mr. Harman . . .

● How do you get into a sousaphone—wriggle into it like a girdle?

● What do you carry it in? I plump for a pantechnicon—but possibly something smaller might do.

## REVIEWS OF NEW FILMS

\*\*\*\*\*With Miriam Fowler\*\*\*\*\*

### ★★ THE COUNTERFEIT TRAITOR

Though absorbing in its fascinating detail, this lengthy war drama, based on fact, isn't very suspenseful. Action drags and the many supports aren't very impressive. As the Allied spy Eric Erickson, William Holden plays between Sweden and Berlin collecting information on Nazis—and bringing in some scenic background shots. His German contact, Lilli Palmer, has a gentle, sincere appeal. — Prince Edward, Sydney.

In a word . . . STRAIGHT.

### ★ EXPERIMENT IN TERROR

This gets off to a chilling start, then settles down into a routine, systematic police inquiry. Lee Remick is forced by an unknown caller into robbing the bank where she works. Step by dull step, detective Glenn Ford wraps up the case.—Victory, Sydney.

In a word . . . ROUTINE.

### ★★ VERY IMPORTANT PERSON

Britain's "Carry On" team wins plenty of laughs in this wacky P.O.W. camp satire on daring escapes. His blunt know-all role seems created for James Robertson Justice, and Leslie Phillips fits neatly into the shoes of the feather-brained hut mate. Farcical action centres on Justice's escape. A holiday-camp atmosphere replaces the usual camp brutality. — Lyceum, Sydney.

In a word . . . GOOD FUN.

### ★ A COLD WIND IN AUGUST

This provocative drama has limited appeal. An out-of-work stripper (Lola Albright) sets out to seduce a teenage boy (Scott Marlowe) in a grimy tenement area. Fascinated, flattered, and embarrassed, Marlowe's appealing boyishness gives some sensitivity to the sensual plot. — Esquire, Sydney.

In a word . . . EARTHY.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES



## GROW A GARDEN OF FLOWERS IN 6 WEEKS FLAT!

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ZEST takes the drudgery out of gardening . . . cuts seedling losses . . . and gives you vases and vases more flowers! Now even inexperienced gardeners can have a SHOW GARDEN that sets the neighbours talking. This weekend when you plant your seedlings apply ZEST after 5 o'clock in the evening. It prevents transplantation wilt . . . saves you money and disappointment. Plants grow twice as fast, twice as big! Just look at the comparison in this actual photograph. The Lupin plants on the right were ZEST-treated . . . even the flower heads are bigger! Nitrogen-enriched ZEST is a complete fertilizer, absorbed through the leaves at night when the leaf pores are open. It gives instant growing energy to seedlings, to any plants . . . shrubs, vines, vegetables and even lawns, where poor soil is a problem. A fortnightly application of ZEST speeds the flowering rate of every plant in your garden. You get more flowers . . . for a longer period! Just water on ZEST—NO DIGGING!

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# The last rendezvous

In that final moment was he granted  
a glimpse into the future? . . . a story

By **ROBERT STANDISH**

**I**t was one of Mark Willaston's little idiosyncrasies — and he had not many—that he feared the embarrassment which might have been occasioned at the office if he produced an otherwise clean pocket handkerchief stained with lipstick.

It was because of this, and for no other reason, that when Jane, his wife of three years' standing, dropped him at Guildford railway station on five mornings weekly, the parting kiss they exchanged before he went on to London and she returned to the chores at Rosemary Cottage was little more than a perfunctory peck on the cheek.

A stranger witnessing this each morning and knowing nothing of Mark's little idiosyncrasy might have been tempted to believe that their marriage had entered the doldrums, that sadly prosaic stage when young couples, without being fully aware that it has happened, take each other for granted. But in the case of Jane and Mark Willaston, the observant hypothetical stranger would have been wrong.

These two were gloriously, blissfully in love. Their life together had been one of unclouded happiness, for already their honeymoon had lasted three years, one month, and four days.

On this morning in late July—note the date, please, it was July twenty-eighth—when we first meet these two outside the railway station, their behaviour merits our close attention. There were three minutes before Mark's train, the eight-thirty-one, was due to arrive. "What are you going to do today, darling?" he asked.

"Just wait for this evening when you come back to me," replied Jane. "Maybe I'll have some news for you then. And I've some odds and ends of shopping to do. It's possible that I might even buy you a present."

"What do you plan to use for money?" he said.

"Not the housekeeping money," replied Jane. "You've got such an appetite that there's never any left. If I buy you a present—and I'm not sure that I will—I shall draw it from my bank. I've never touched Aunt Edith's legacy, you know." There was no time for more and, even if there had been, the whistle of the approaching train would have made their voices inaudible.

Then something strange happened, something which tempts one to believe that in those swiftly passing moments Mark and Jane were

To page 57

*Oblivious to those around them, Mark took  
Jane in his arms and kissed her tenderly.*





# THE DAYS OF THE HEROES

After the war every man was  
a hero to the girls, but Jeremy  
was their idol . . . a story

By EILEEN HERBERT JORDAN

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

THE other day I walked down a sunny street in mid-Manhattan with Caroline again. Her hair is dark gold now, and during lunch she never raised above her eyes the fine veil on the fifty-dollar hat. She was wrapped in mink, but next season it would be chinchilla. ("Ellen, don't bother getting mink," she said. "It's definitely going out." I smiled. "All right, I won't bother," I said.) With it all, she was the same, the same.

We sat for two hours in the elegant little restaurant that tried so hard to be Paris and was so indomitably New York, and the things we didn't talk about were more important than the things we did.

(Remember, Caroline? Remember the days when we first knew each other? Remember the days when the skies were wide open and there was wine in the air and we both were in love? Remember Jeremy Warren? . . . We didn't mention that.)

We walked cross-town together, and Caroline hailed a cruising taxi. "I have a date with a producer for an off-Broadway thing," she said. "You know, I've decided to give the theatre a try again." A try, Caroline? Caroline is thirty-five years old. But no, she isn't; she is still the little girl. "Can I drop you somewhere?" she said, as the cab stopped.

I shook my head. "No thanks, I'm in no hurry. It's so nice I think I'll walk."

As Caroline stepped into the taxi, she reached out a hand quickly and touched my arm. "Tell me, Ellen," she said, "is it nice? Is it still great fun?"

"Where to, lady?" the cab-driver asked, turning to face her.

She told him, then looked back at me, smiling. "Well, anyway," she said, "say hello for me to—anybody—any mutual friends, you run into." The cab rattled off, and Caroline, golden, expensive, and beautiful, was whisked to whatever date awaited her, and I continued walking in the warm spring sunlight, alone.

It was all so long ago—so long ago that the memories have form and shape, the things that were grave are sometimes funny, the most ordinary days of our lives are dappled with nostalgia.

Caroline and I met in 1946, when we both were twenty-one. Those were the last days of the heroes. World War II was over, and the men were coming back. They had been authentically brave, and if they had lived through it and so had you, then now, of course, you were all going to live forever.

When people write about the war, they don't write about girls like us. We had not married or had babies or gone from camp to camp living in trailers and huts, or spent magic nights in odd hotel rooms at embarkation points before a ship's departure. For us, when we were twenty-one, everything still lay ahead of us.

It is funny about our pasts—the accidental way they begin. At the start, the two of us simply shared an office in a publishing company on lower Fifth Avenue. By the end, we shared everything. Caroline had taken the publishing job when she had come to New York, because her father, who had died when she was small, had been a newspaper correspondent, and the world of letters bore a touch of the noble in her mind.

Since the most substantial achievement of our company was the yearly publication of revised tax annuals, any contact with the literary life

was fortuitous, and Caroline was quickly disenchanted.

She busied herself about other things; the office telephone jangled incessantly, and she swept in and out whenever the spirit moved her. We were paid such paltry sums that no serious steps ever were taken to reform her.

I am not sure why I remained. When I think of it today, I recall principally one thing. Our department was directly behind the executive reception-room; every morning and every evening, we passed through the hushed, old-leather, and book-lined grandeur. Perhaps the appeal of that reception-room decided me. Or perhaps it was only fate.

Caroline and I had a single telephone extension (economy was the company order of the day), and it was the persistent messages I took for her that put our acquaintance on an intimate basis. The credit manager of an expensive Fifth Avenue store was growing restive with the delinquent state of her account. I regularly wrote his name and number on a memo and placed it on her desk.

"Well," she said one day, glancing at the memo as she came in from a protracted lunch, "shall I call him and tell him I can't possibly pay all this on my salary? No. I tell you what. Would you answer the phone all the time? There isn't anyone you don't want to speak to, is there?"

"No," I said. "Well, good. I have dozens. If you would just answer and then repeat the caller's name—" She bent close to me in the way that became so familiar, the confidential, the beseeching, the Caroline way—the may-I-have-your-purse, may-I-have-your-alibi, may-I-have-the-man-you-love way.

"You'd not mind terribly? I'd be so grateful. If I had a place to live, it would be different. You see, what happened to me—" She clasped her hands. "Well, let me just tell you."

What happened to Caroline was the story of several lives, and it was expanded and commented on throughout the time we knew each other. She was the product of a starcrossed romance between her improvident, wandering father and her mother, who had walked out on the family money to follow him about. Her father's death had not caused her mother to return, and while Caroline, whose notion of money never went beyond the casual, felt that her uncle probably had had something to do with financing her education, it was not until her mother's death and her own graduation that she descended on New York, prepared to establish residence in the town-house belonging to her mother's bachelor brother and spinster sister, the only members of the family still living.

She made it quite clear to them, she explained to me, that she wanted no part of their way of life; but since they obviously had a great deal of room and since, despite her youth in the hinterlands, she considered New York her native habitat, this seemed the most sensible arrangement.

The world of adults was ever a mystery to Caroline, and months afterwards it still amazed her that she had been firmly turned away from the gold and cream-satin living-room and sent off to shift for herself. She had stayed with a succession of college friends and friends of friends, leaving, it seemed from the state of her wardrobe, assorted possessions at every stop.

"So how can I possibly pay Mr. Peterson, with all this to cope with?" she said. "For

heaven's sake, I can't even get off his budget floor, as it is. I'll get married, and that will solve it eventually. I was cheated at college—everybody decent was overseas the whole time. Now they're back, and I know that somebody wonderful is going to come along, all wallpapered with ribbons and stars . . ."

In the weeks that followed, I fended off several credit managers in addition to Mr. Peterson. So accomplished did I become in the polite negative that when it came, the call that changed everything, we almost lost it.

"Mr. Mitchell Sheridan calling Miss Lansing," the proper feminine voice said.

"Mr. Mitchell Sheridan?" I said, clearly enough to attract Caroline. She frowned. "Could you tell me the nature of the call?" I said.

"Mr. Sheridan of Leonard, Ames, and Sheridan, attorneys," the voice said.

"Attorneys?" I said, and Caroline shook her head. "I'm sorry, Miss Lansing is not here," I said. "May I take a message?"

"Attorneys come after credit managers," Caroline said when I had hung up.

For nearly three weeks, Mitchell Sheridan telephoned at varying hours, without success. Then, as we were having lunch at our desks one day, sipping malts and splitting the huge sandwiches from a nearby delicatessen, the office receptionist telephoned. "Mr. Sheridan to see Miss Lansing," she said.

I repeated it, and Caroline's insouciance faded. "Well, he trapped me, I guess," she said. She walked out to the reception-room, and I waited in the office. I felt like a partner in her crime.

Several moments elapsed before the door was swept open with a flourish and Caroline came in, all her radiance returned. A gentleman in a dark blue suit followed her. Mitchell Sheridan was about forty at the time, old enough to be of indeterminate age and so designed by nature that he was indeterminate in everything, coloring and features, size and shape. He was scarcely taller than Caroline, but good tailoring gave him an appearance of solidity.

Caroline sat down and gazed up at him. "And so I have a guardian!" she said. "Like someone in a novel!" She turned to me. "Ellen, I can answer the phone again. Mr. Sheridan has been commissioned to take care of me. Mr. Sheridan, Miss Ainsley."

Mitchell Sheridan nodded and sat down. "Miss Lansing," he said with patience, "I am not a guardian. Your uncle, Mr. Byron, feels that you may be unaware of certain—pitfalls in New York, that you may have some trouble adjusting to the financial—structure of the city, and that since you are a member of the Byron family and since I represent him in other matters—"

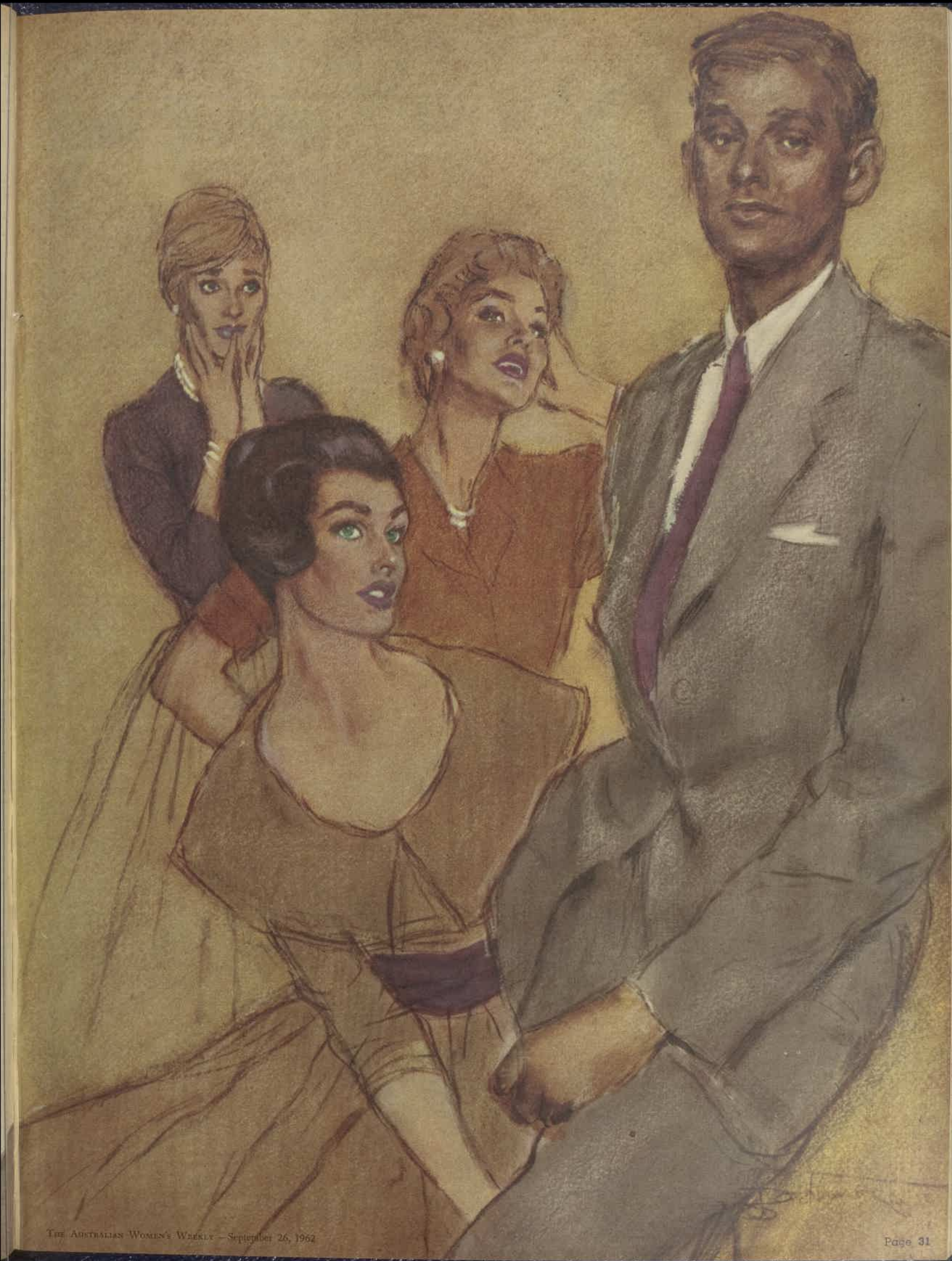
Caroline laughed. "You do use long sentences, don't you?" she said. She began riffling through piles of papers. "Well, I think we'll pay Mr. Peterson first. Mr. Peterson's been very patient, but he's frozen the account, and if you try to buy anything over ten dollars, they check, and then they don't give it to you." She handed a flutter of papers to Mitchell Sheridan. "I'm so tired of things that cost less than ten dollars."

"Miss Lansing," Mitchell Sheridan said, "I must remind you that there are limitations to Mr. Byron's feelings in the matter."

"Well, Mr. Sheridan," Caroline said, "there are limitations to Mr. Peterson's feelings, too. Look at this letter."

To page 68









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# Worth Reporting

THE taxi that pulled up for us was a Morris Oxford. She looked new, but her "figure" showed her age.

"This is a fine little car you've got," we said.

"Ah, yes," said the driver, Bill Grey, of Haberfield, N.S.W. "She's not too bad after 548,000 miles."

Now that's good mileage for any car. We asked for the whole story.

"The Little Girl" (for that is her name) had just passed her 12th registration test, and she is the only old side-valve Morris still "cabb-ing" in N.S.W., perhaps in Australia.

Each year she has passed each of the rigid three-monthly inspections all taxis must go for—and that's proof of Mr. Grey's love, care, and attention.

She was bought new in July, 1951, and has been doing sterling duty in the Sydney metropolitan area since. The engine needed only part reconditioning once and all the inside of the cab is the original, except for the seat covers, which were renewed four years ago.

"She's cleaned down a bit every day," Bill Grey said, patting her fondly. "And I go over the inside with a rag and polish regularly. Every Sunday she's washed and polished and the engine's always being looked at."

"She's a family car, too. We usually go for a run on Sunday afternoons—and there've been a few holiday trips."

Mr. Grey has one daughter, and we remarked (remembering our own family car, scuffed by many little feet) that if he'd had a bigger family the car would probably have aged sooner.

"Yes, and so would I," Mr. Grey said, and winked.

★ ★ ★

In a crowded bus:

The young mother (clung to by several restless children and crushed under a mountain of parcels): "Sure we married in haste. But my only grudge is I've never had enough leisure to repent in."



● Sydney taxi-driver Mr. Bill Grey... "She's not too bad after 548,000 miles."

YOU'RE counting calories, and who isn't?

A milkshake and peanut butter sandwich add up pretty heavily, but can you subtract?

A half-hour on the ski slopes uses up 300 calories, and one waltz with your favorite boy sheds 170-odd. A half-hour of table-tennis burns 123 calories, and at the bowling alley 132.

Take a brisk walk with the dog and use 94, or tussle with your little brother and use 105. Playing a Beethoven piece takes 34, but dreamy Mendelssohn only 22! (Well, that's what an American diet authority says.)

## Beauty care, a good tonic

SINCE the beginning of June beauty-care lecturer Mrs. Rosemary Hood Stevens has been doing a voluntary job which she finds one of the most satisfying she has ever undertaken.

This is a series of weekly talks and demonstrations on beauty care to women patients at Parkside Mental Hospital, Adelaide.

"It is wonderful to see how interested many of the patients are," said Mrs. Stevens.

She spends an hour at Parkside every Tuesday afternoon. During this time she gives two facial treatments, taking in turn the patients who volunteer for the treatment. She explains and answers questions as she works.

"There's never any lack of volunteers," she said.

Mrs. Stevens is a member of the Auxiliary for Occupational Therapy in South Australian Mental Hospitals, which arranged for her to give these lessons.

A senior doctor at Parkside said: "Our impression is that these lessons benefit the patients tremendously."

"A woman in normal spirits usually gets a boost from a visit to the hairdresser or salon. It is every bit as effective for the mentally sick."

"Also voluntary help such as this is extremely valuable, because it makes the patients feel that people outside the hospital are taking an interest in them."

## Glenn's gift from Perth

REMEMBER when we wrote about the painting Perth artist Owen Garde was taking to America to present to Col. Glenn? (A.W.W., 13/6/62.) It was painted the night astronaut Glenn soared over Perth in his space capsule, and shows the city lights ablaze in welcome.

Well, when the presentation was made in Washington, D.C., Col. Glenn said he was delighted with the painting and would give it "the place of honor" in the home he was building in Houston, Texas.

Neat in a light suit and bow tie (he ALWAYS wears a bow tie), Col. Glenn told Mr. and Mrs. Garde that in passing over Perth he clearly saw two distinct patches of light. The larger glow was from the city and the smaller was the lighted oil refinery at Kwinana, some twelve miles south-west.

Col. Glenn agreed to pose for a portrait for Mr. Garde, who is having an exhibition of his paintings of aborigines in New York City.

The paintings have already been exhibited in Los Angeles and Chicago, and a Washington showing is planned.

"It was thrilling," Mrs. Garde said when asked how she enjoyed meeting Col. Glenn. "He is a delightful, warm person."

"He interrupted a holiday to come to Washington to accept the painting. We appreciated that."

★ ★ ★

WE were at the opening of a big art show in Sydney. The speaker was speaking; it was a hot and sultry day. The smart lady to our right took off her stiletto-heel shoes.

After a while the winner was announced and the crowd moved about to see the paintings. Our lady moved off, too, to look at the winning picture—leaving her shoes behind.

We watched. She wandered farther and farther away, and was eventually lost in the crowd. The shoes just waited.

They were still there when we had to leave...



ROSEMARY HOOD STEVENS... beauty-care lecturer.



# Change of Scene

Their plans for a simple holiday went awry . . .  
a short short story

By DOROTHY  
M. ROSE



A GOOD wife, Dora firmly believed, was, among other things, a barometer. So when Jim said in June, "Darn it, Dora, I ought to be able to swing a decent vacation for us this year; it's high time we could afford to splurge," the inner detecting device that was her heart went on the alert. Men in middle-age often took a long, evaluating look back, and forward. She didn't want Jim seeing the dark things in either direction.

"Oh, I don't care at all about going away," she said offhandedly and beamed a bright smile at him.

"But I do," he muttered, not smiling back.

That, in itself, alarmed her, because Jim was usually philosophical, light-hearted by nature, and tense and dramatic only over the losses of the New York Yankees, never over the struggle he'd had to see the children through college, or the drain it still was, helping his parents.

Then he snapped out of it. "Oh, well, next year . . ." He laughed. It was a blanket byword, recognised as a joke between them to cover all postponements, a new roof, a car even slightly more contemporary than the seven-year-old sedan. But this time he added a little ruefully, "I wonder which year next year really is . . ."

They had to get away, Dora decided. For his ego, his pride, the most important part of any man. And that's why she put in the long distance call to Leila Hamilton the next day. It was visit someone or sit home the whole two weeks in July.

Leila bubbled over the phone, "Dora! Oh, how we'd love to see you people! You're no better at letters than I am. Nothing but Christmas cards for so long." She rambled on excitedly, then stopped dead. "Oh, no!" she wailed. "Dora, I just remembered. That's when Jay and I have to be down in New York. Another one of those manufacturers' conventions. It's part of Jay's job."

"Forget it," Dora began. "That's all right."

But Leila rushed on as though Dora hadn't spoken. "Look, why not come up, anyway? It'll be a change of scene for you from Long Island. We've got hills. Use our house. Make it your headquarters."

Dora demurred. That was sponging. Unless . . . "Maybe, if you and Jay will use our house in return. It's only twenty-five minutes from New York by car now."

Leila hesitated. "I don't know. Those convention doings stretch far into the night." Her tone picked up again. "We might swing it for a night or two. We could see some of the old crowd, too . . ."

They giggled together, as warm and close as they'd been all those years ago, living next door to each other in the small identical honeymoon bungalows, one of which Dora and Jim still called home.

It had all sounded so informal and homely over the phone, with the plans about leaving keys under mats.

But weeks later, when Jim braked the car suddenly and turned into the curving driveway, he and Dora looked at each other with raised eyebrows. Jim whistled. The house, a two-storey brick Colonial, fell short of a mansion, but was as impressive, easily, as the others in this hilltop section, overlooking the small town below, the river, and, in the distance, the factories.

The first misgiving registered on Dora's barometer. This couldn't mend Jim's ego. He couldn't escape making comparisons, could he? And comparisons were deadly.

It didn't help either when the door swung open and a maid in apron and cap welcomed them. "Mrs. Hamilton decided I should stay on, ma'am . . ."

In the finery of the guest room to which the maid ushered them, Dora and Jim whispered together.

"Well, this is a surprise, isn't it?" Dora said.

Jim considered. "You think so? I always spotted Jay

for a go-ahead. He had drive. Some guys have . . ." He glanced around. "Not exactly a fair exchange . . ."

She'd have to work at this. Jim looked uncomfortable. "I wouldn't say that. After all, I left two cans of the best crabmeat on the shelf for them . . ."

Jim rose to it. "Oh well, it's all right then."

She repeated the line often in the next few days; over the envelope the maid gave them with Leila's season ticket to the theatre; over Leila's note urging them to use the country club's swimming-pool and golf course.

They dined once at the club. Leila and Jay were being wonderfully generous, they both agreed; but Dora had to look away as Jim's face reddened when the waiter smiled away his demand for the bill. Taken care of, the waiter explained. They couldn't repay this sort of thing. And outside they waited silently for the attendant to bring the old sedan from the parking lot.

"I don't know," Jim joked feebly in the car. "Even considering the crabmeat, this is rather much of much."

The joke, Dora sensed, was wearing thin.

When they were in the house, the phone rang constantly. They heard the maid give Jay's hotel number in New York to the string of callers.

"Well, they only said they'd try to stay at our house," Dora answered Jim's questioning glance.

That night, she knew Jim was as sleepless as she.

"Jay's come a long distance . . ." Jim said abruptly. And when she pretended sleep, didn't reply . . . "More power to him. I haven't set the world on fire, I guess, Dora. I haven't given you much. I wanted to, though . . ."

She answered hotly then, reminding him Jay hadn't had the same obligations, the duties he'd had. What about that time when the transfer had come up, and he'd had to turn it down because Jimmy was on the team then . . .

He seemed not to hear. "Let's get out of here . . ."

"Yes," she agreed. "Let's, tomorrow . . ." It was all her fault, arranging this crazy swap.

The drive home took until evening. Dora chattered most of the way. Then, as they turned into their street, Dora's heart lifted and sank. A splendid car stood outside the house. Jay and Leila had made it after all! It would be marvellous, seeing them. But it would drive the knife a little deeper in Jim.

The house, strangely, sat in darkness. They let themselves in, then, surprised by revelry in the backyard, went outside. The group around the barbecue was in full voice, singing an old song. Leila, on the edge of the ring, spied them. She jumped up, hurried to them, and kissed them.

"Leila," Dora began. "We'll never be able to thank you. It was like staying at the Waldorf . . ." That was a stupid thing to say, with Jim beside her.

"Don't be silly," Leila said, and waved an arm at the yard. "We're the ones to thank you. And how I do! I don't know what we'd have done when Jay got sick again. I have to watch his food, you know, when he gets ill . . ."

She circled them both with her arms. "Did you really make out all right up at the house of ulcer . . . ?"

"Is Jay really so sick?" Jim asked in concern.

"Why wouldn't he be?" Leila said. She sounded bitter. "Inside and out. He never lets up. All that set-up, just for business. It's a disease . . ." She hugged them tighter, her voice softening. "He's admitted it, though. It's come back to him, what we had when we lived here. You two still have it . . ."

She looked up at Jim, who was smiling. "What's the joke, old friend?"

"I can't tell you, Leila," He winked at Dora. "In fact, the joke's on me, Leila . . ."

Dora's barometer fluttered back to normal.

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BOLD CORAL

Q402



# MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

The secret of the boatshed is revealed . . . exciting conclusion of our serial.

By MARGOT NEVILLE



Cornwall reached out as Alison lifted the parcel from the hole.

GROGAN found Miss Hocking alone when he went down to pay that last visit of the day on her. As he drew level with her fence, he caught sight of her just inside it. Under a wattle tree she was stooping over a patch of earth, raking it, smoothing it, marking its outline with stones.

Miss Hocking was making a memorial garden. A memorial for Larry. The fence that she had arranged to have raised so that he couldn't leap over it was high enough now.

The rest of her garden was like all the other gardens round the Bay, with bracken-covered flowerbeds and native shrubs ousting the oleanders and hibiscus. No doubt, Grogan thought, pausing a moment to watch her before she became aware of him, there were some pretty everlasting earmarked for this plot. And no doubt whatever the bracken wouldn't be long in taking over.

As she worked, her face wore a look of concentration. It was quiet, stony, the mouth drawn down at the corners, the expression in her dark eyes unappeased. Her stringy brown arms worked with furious energy.

Then she looked up and saw the inspector on the other side of the fence. Her back straightened, the rake was still.

He said: "Good afternoon, Miss Hocking," and saw by her curt nod how her mood-had hardened. "You got a hot afternoon for your job."

"I don't feel the heat." Her tone was no less curt than her nod.

"You're lucky. It's the spare ones that come off best this weather, I reckon. I won't keep you long. I just wanted a word or two with you." He leant against the top rail and looked at her thoughtfully.

"He was a big dog this one of yours, wasn't he?"

"He was a pedigreed alsatian."

"That's right. It's a big, powerful breed. Took a lot of looking after, I suppose, good feeding, and that?"

Another nod.

"Costs quite a bit these days to feed an animal, with gravy beef the price it is. A couple of quid a week, I'm told."

Miss Hocking didn't reply. She just stood and waited in the blue shadow under the tree, the rake in her hand, the turned earth at her feet.

"How often used you to feed him?"

"Once a day."

"Morning or evening?"

"At my own dinner-time, seven o'clock."

"Nothing else, ever?"

"Well, of course." Her expression was mildly contemptuous. "Naturally he had an occasional titbit, and of course a dog biscuit."

"Look, before you went out that last morning, did you give him anything?"

She hesitated, moved the rake into her other hand, looked down, looked past him up the hill behind him. "I gave him," she said after a long minute, "some chop bones. For a little treat, because I couldn't take him with me."

Grogan straightened up.

The tide was in, and there was no more than a whisper from the bay. The whispering bay, where the smallest sound was like an outrage of the stillness: the plop of a fish, the cry of a bird, the dip of an oar from the opposite

shore of some fisherman moving to his evening fishing ground.

"Well, thanks, Miss Hocking," Grogan said. "I'll be getting back to town. You mustn't think us policemen have nothing to do but pester you folk with questions. There's quite a few jobs waiting for us when we get back to our office. Good afternoon, then. Your friend Talbot still staying with you?"

"He is. What about it?"

"Oh, nothing. I was just wondering. It's nice to have company when you got a thing like this on your mind."

On your mind. Larry's death? Or McEvoy's death? Looking back when he had got a few yards up the hill, Grogan saw that she was standing motionless, rake in hand, as she had been when he left her.

A little farther on he met Jeffrey Cornwall coming down, coming from the store with a shopping bag in his hand. Cornwall went on swiftly without stopping, answering the inspector's greeting with a brief "Good afternoon."

Norah Pritchard was in the garden as Grogan approached. Left to herself when Alison went for her walk, she had hurried out of doors and busied herself feverishly, raking leaves and trimming shrubs, working as though a dozen buyers were coming to view the house this very afternoon.

Looking up, she saw Grogan and turned to go indoors. She was trying, he guessed, to avoid a meeting.

But Grogan also hastened his step, and reached the gate before she could make her escape.

The inspector reflected philosophically that his best friend didn't need to tell him the reason for his growing unpopularity! There had arrived, he knew, that stage in a murder investigation when witnesses, having claimed to have told all, suffer an upsurge of caution, recollect what they have said, exchange notes and discover what others have said, and feel, maybe, that the irrelevant has been sifted and that the gold of truth is now in danger of shining forth.

"Half a minute, Mrs. Pritchard," he called.

"Yes?" She stopped and reluctantly came forward.

A nice looker, he thought, but very worried at the moment, he'd say. At thirty-five, or thereabout, worry and strain couldn't be hidden the way it could when you were ten years younger.

And here was another item to tease her! He said: "I understand McEvoy phoned your house between twelve and one on that last night?"

The ready color rushed up into Norah's face. Her eyelids fluttered as though she were trying to blink away the image she was confronted with.

"Yes," she said in a neutral tone.

"And asked for Mr. Pritchard. What did he want to speak to him about?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know? Didn't your husband tell you?"

"He was asleep, on the verandah, because of the heat. I told Boris so and said I wouldn't disturb him."

"How was it the phone didn't wake him? Ringing like that in a small house, you wouldn't expect him to sleep through it."

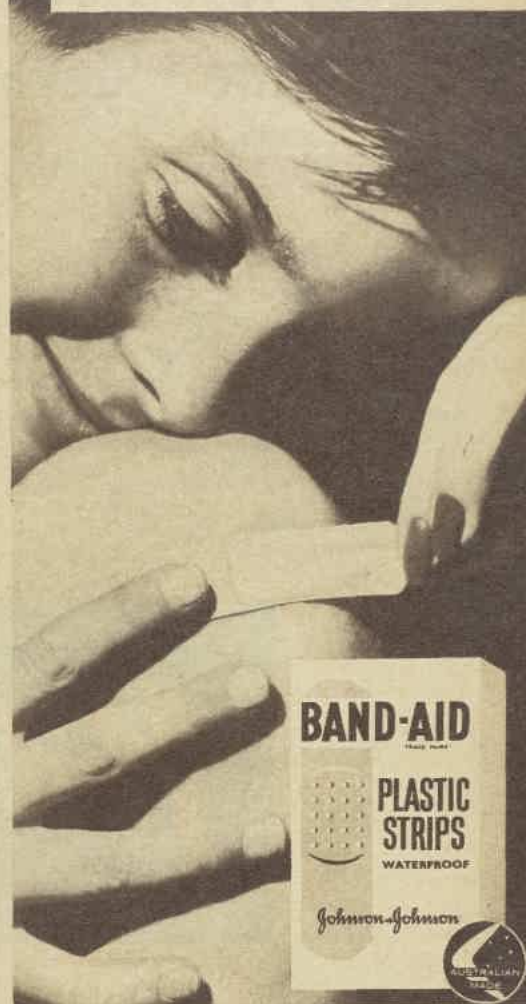
"He's a very heavy sleeper."

"It woke you, did it?"

"Yes, my room is nearer the telephone, and I don't sleep nearly so soundly in the hot weather."

To page 72

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## LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### The good example

I've been directly associated with the Church for over 30 years and, during that time, have dealt with many callers asking for help or loans of money. Recently a true Australian called asking for work. Not being able to oblige, I gave him money for a meal, and two weeks later he was back to repay the money. I tried to tell him it was a gift, not a loan, but he insisted, saying the Lord had provided. This is the first time such a thing has happened and I'm thrilled that it was a person of colored blood who set such a fine example.

£1/1/- to "Clergyman's Wife" (name supplied), Brisbane.

### Alarm brings peace

OUR three-year-old used to wake each morning at 5.30 and make his way to our bed, waking his shift-worker Dad and the two-year-old twins in the process. After weeks of this I hit on the idea of buying him his own alarm clock. At first setting it for 6.30 a.m., then stretching the time by 10 minutes daily, he is now delighted to come to Mum's room with her approval as soon as the bell rings. We've now reached the ideal hour of 7.30 a.m. and everyone feels better for the extra rest, including Master Three.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. G. King, Balacava, Vic.

### Smarter senior students

AS high school has been extended to six years I feel girls in the last three years—from fourth year up—should wear a different uniform to distinguish them from their young sisters. These girls, who will be in the 16 to 18 years age group, deserve something smarter than the bulky tunics they've worn for years. Perhaps a pleated skirt in the school colors with a matching twinset could be adopted. It must be a uniform, certainly, but one a little more adult and feminine.

£1/1/- to "Mother of Daughters" (name supplied), Wollongong, N.S.W.

### Garbos in disguise

I'M wondering why so many women practically live in sunglasses these days. One sees sunglasses worn right through the winter, in buses, trains, even in shops and on the duller days. The wearers do not appear to be beatniks, and I doubt if they're film stars incognito. Are sunglasses considered chic, a reminder of a Gold Coast holiday, or simply a disguise?

£1/1/- to "Wondering Gran" (name supplied), Moorabin, Vic.

## Ross Campbell writes...

"I WANT a poonie!" It was a bit after 6 a.m. when this cry woke me up. It came from my daughter, aged 2, and meant that she desired a prune—or rather, several prunes.

She is very fond of prunes just now. Prunes have improved—they are less dry than they used to be and have fewer wrinkles. I don't begrudge our baby her prunes. But I wish she didn't ask for them so early.

The early waking of young children is one of those things that nature could have organised better. If you have a child of one or two in the house you need sleep, the way a six-day bicycle rider needs sleep. But you have trouble getting it.

I have heard a wide variety of these morning cries. "I want a gween dwink!" "Wead Wed Widing Hood!" "I want a apple!" "Where's jumbo book?" Or simply "I want to get ah!"

Some thinkers say you can induce a baby to wake up later by putting it to bed later. But in my experience

### EARLY BIRD

a baby who has been put to bed late wakes at the usual time, only more cranky.

They don't go on waking too early, of course. After a few years they switch to waking too late.

Every school day at our place you hear shouts of: "Get up at once!" "Your breakfast is getting



cold!" And in extreme cases: "That's the last time you stay up for 'I Love Lucy!'" But that is a different problem.

I am talking about baby's early morning noises. Sometimes they are delayed a little, arousing false hopes of peace.

One morning I woke at 6.30, and the house was still quiet. A cunning thought came to me—I would get the paper and read it for a few minutes without interruption.

I crept to the back door, opened it slowly, and sneaked out. Silent as a cat burglar, I came back with the paper. I had nearly reached my bed when I trod on a plastic whistle, which crunched loudly.

At once the dreaded cry rang out: "I want a poonie!"

I got some prunes, first removing the stones and putting them in my mouth (a curious habit I have never overcome, chewing prune stones).

It was my dim hope that when she had eaten the prunes she would stay quiet and contented. But babies don't work that way. Soon the cry was: "I want to get dwessed! I want my chickie pants!"

Very exasperating—yet I shall tell you a strange thing. When I was away for a few days, staying in a hotel, and heard none of those bird-like cries at early morn, there seemed to be something wrong. I believe I actually missed them.

### Thought waves

YES, "Thought Wave" (Vic.), I, too, have had some strange experiences with mental telepathy. When my daughter, who lives 200 miles away, was expecting her first child I took ill with dreadful pains 12 days before the baby was due. By eight at night I was so ill I collapsed and had to be carried to bed. Next morning a telegram came saying the baby was born at 8.15 the previous night!

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. E. Bissell, Moe, Vic.

FROM childhood I've had such experiences. My husband scoffed until I was able to prove it. I begged him not to go to the office one morning—and he was saved from possible death in an accident.

£1/1/- to "Telepathic" (name supplied), Walkerville, S.A.

I HAVE been fascinated by mental telepathy since the day our then two-year-old daughter described a doll she said Santa would bring her and which we had already arranged to buy. On many subsequent occasions she has suggested things which my husband and I had planned as a surprise.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. Brown, Clontarf Beach, Qld.

ONE night I had a weird dream in which my mother—wearing her hair in unfamiliar tight ringlets—appeared very upset. Two days later I received a letter saying her best friend had died the night of my dream. She also said she'd had a shocking frizzy perm.

£1/1/- to "Astounded" (name supplied), McInglie, S.A.

I'VE experienced mental telepathy in the form of dreams. While I was overseas my father died suddenly. The night before the cable came I dreamt he spoke to me and kissed me goodbye.

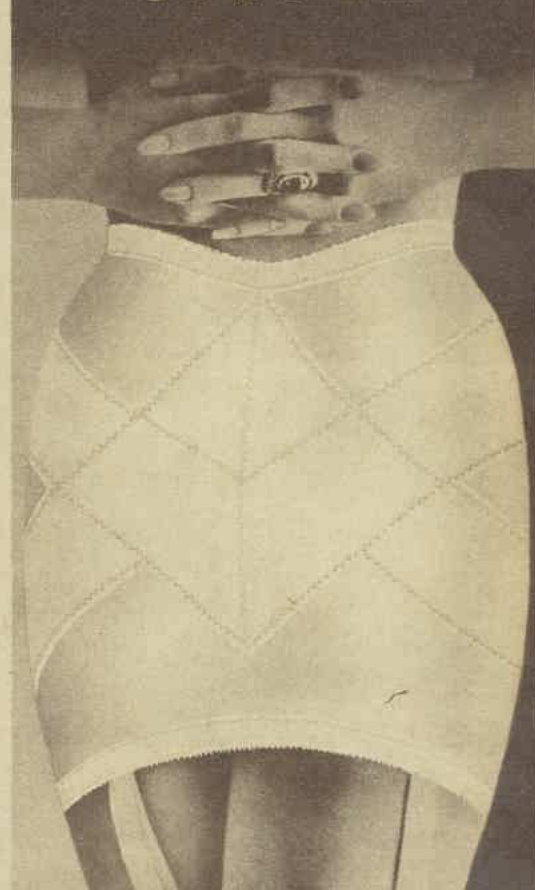
£1/1/- to F.E.L. (name supplied), South Thorpdale, Vic.

WHENEVER I heard my mother "call" it meant something serious. The last time she called we were over 300 miles apart and I couldn't go to her straight away. A telegram came saying she was very ill. She lived only long enough for me to see her.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. Sims, Mona Vale, N.S.W.

# HOLDS! HOLDS! HOLDS!

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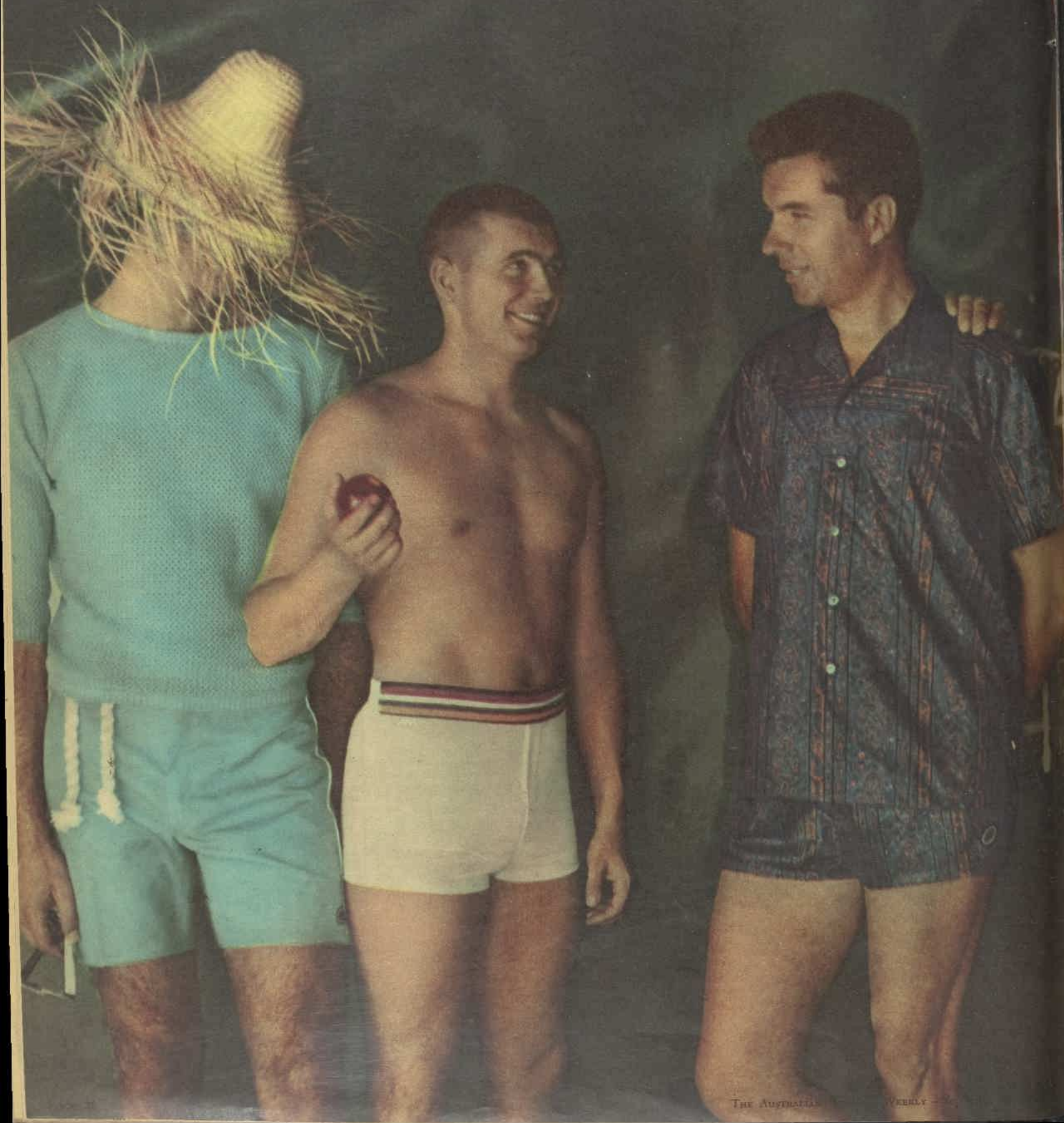
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Boardrider in fine EVERGLAZE cotton sailtone, 17" outside leg; white, French blue, red, plum, citron, eggshell, orange, rocket blue. 28-38", 55/-.

Stretch faille one-piece square leg trunk in black, gold, red, royal, white; multi-colour stripe waistband; 30-38", 49/11.

"Teheran" beach set, EVERGLAZE imported printed poplin; snug fit trunks, 30-38", 52/6; Lugarno shirt, inset front panel, sizes SM-XL, 63/- Set or separates, in olive, rocket blue or lime.

"Saigon" beach set in imported EVERGLAZE printed cotton satin; trunks, 30-44", 52/6; Lugarno shirt, SM-XL, 63/-. As set or separates in green, gold, orange.

"Malacca" imported EVERGLAZE printed cotton beach set; snug fit trunk, side zipp, 30-38", 49/11; Riviera style surf jak, SM-XL, 59/11. Set, separates, in blue, orange, green or gold.

(Prices vary in S.A.)

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Page 39



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**Reckitt's Liquid Blue**

Made especially for your washing machine.

B 262

# Dress Sense

By **BETTY KEEP**

● The one-piece dress illustrated here was chosen in answer to numbers of requests from women in their late thirties and early forties.

HERE is part of a typical letter, with my reply:

*"I am in my early forties and as my family are growing up I now have more time for my hair and clothes. My hair is cut quite short and looks very nice. My next need is a paper pattern for a simple short-sleeved summer dress to be made in printed silk. I want it without fullness. My size is 36in. bust and 39in. hips."*

Illustrated at right is the design I have chosen. The dress has short sleeves, is front-buttoned, and is finished with a small collar and slit neckline. Two pockets are placed high on the slim skirt.

You can obtain a paper pattern in sizes 34 to 40in. bust. Under the illustration are details.

*"My problem is the type of clothes I should wear to detract from a large bust."*

You will find that clothes with curved but loose lines are best. The princess silhouette looks excellent. Jackets should always be hip-length or slightly longer, and they can be curved in slightly at the waist. A pleated skirt will help to counterbalance a large bust; so will a V-shaped neckline. Things to avoid: Bolero jackets, wide belts, too full skirts, high round necklines, bulky material, and tight bodice-tops.

*"Is it correct to wear flat-heeled shoes with summer clothes?"*

Yes, it is. Flat-heeled shoes are worn year-round. Those worn with summer clothes should be lighter in weight and color than the sturdier type suitable for winter.

*"I have a bone-colored coat I would like to wear for spring. What color dress and accessories would be smart to go with it?"*

One of the new orange shades for the dress and, as an alternative, navy blue. Accessories, including the

hat, would be best in bone to match the coat.

*"Could you help me with a color combination for a striped muu-muu? I am blonde and have blue eyes."*

Sugar-pink and white candy stripes in cotton would be perfect for a summer muu-muu.

*"What is the best way to store a wool coat trimmed with a fur collar and cuffs? I am going on a holiday to the tropics and won't need a coat."*

If you are away more than six weeks, the best and safest way to store your

coat is with a furrier. However, it is quite satisfactory to treat fur with a surface spray. The spraying, to be effective, must be repeated every six weeks.

*"My figure is short-waisted and when I wear a one-piece bathing suit it wrinkles up round the waist."*

Are you quite sure your suit is the correct size? A size too large could easily cause wrinkles at the waistline. If the size is correct, and you are still bothered by wrinkles, a suit in one of the new fine stretch fabrics might do the trick. By the way, have you ever worn a two-piece suit? Personally, I think a suit in two pieces is often more flat-

tering to your figure type than a one-piece.

*"Please tell me the newest type of shirt to wear over slacks and shorts."*

Newest and prettiest shirt of the year is the one with a ruffle trim. Made in drip-dry cotton, it's practical, too.

*"Having purchased a beige lizard handbag at great expense I now wonder what I should wear it with?"*

A beige lizard handbag can be carried with any winter or between-seasons daytime outfit. However, it has too much body and texture to look correct with summery clothes.



DS493.—One-piece dress in sizes 34 to 40in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



● There are many different ways to look summer-pretty, and one of the newest and most fascinating is to dress in chiffon. The chiffon party-dress is the season's scene-stealer, and its distinction often comes via simplicity and color. The three dresses here have lissom silhouettes, and they are designed to give the wearer a soft feminine look, without fuss and flurry. Flowery prints look fresh as a summer breeze, but chiffon also can be taken plain. Go chiffon-shopping — the new colors and patterns are versatile, varying, and very beautiful. It's the season to name any shade you fancy — remember, a flattering color can be a girl's best friend.

—Betty Keep

# This season be summer-pretty in chiffon



● Form - following one-piece (left) made in delectable shades of daffodil - yellow. No fuss and flurry about the sleeveless bodice top with its square-cut neckline. The dress is worn with a long-line scarf.



● Slender-line, self-belted dress (left) equipped with its own scarf. Scarves are one of the season's most - liked accessories. From stole to kerchief size, a scarf can match or contrast its companion dress in color or fabric.

● Effective simplicity is seen in the belted one - piece (right). The orange-squash color and shape are both new. This dress and the other two pictured have a special gala look without being too formal or fussy.



● Continued overleaf



# FASHIONS TO SEW



● Here are six standbys for summer. The fashions are keyed to the weather and to any daytime activity. New trends are catered for — the belted silhouette, the easy two-piece, and the new-again coat-dress. Make your pattern choice and sew for summer now.

Address pattern orders to  
Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd.,  
Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.  
No C.O.D. orders accepted.



7708.—Sleeveless two-piece suit (above) has the new square-cut look of the season and a stitched trim. Material and color suggestion: Linen or heavy cotton in navy, deep orange, or dark brown. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



7713. — Tailored one-piece (right), the sort of dress to wear from early spring onwards. The bodice is double-fastened with self-material buttons and finished with a neat collar. Material and color suggestion: Rayon, linen, or shantung in bright navy, brown, or olive-green. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

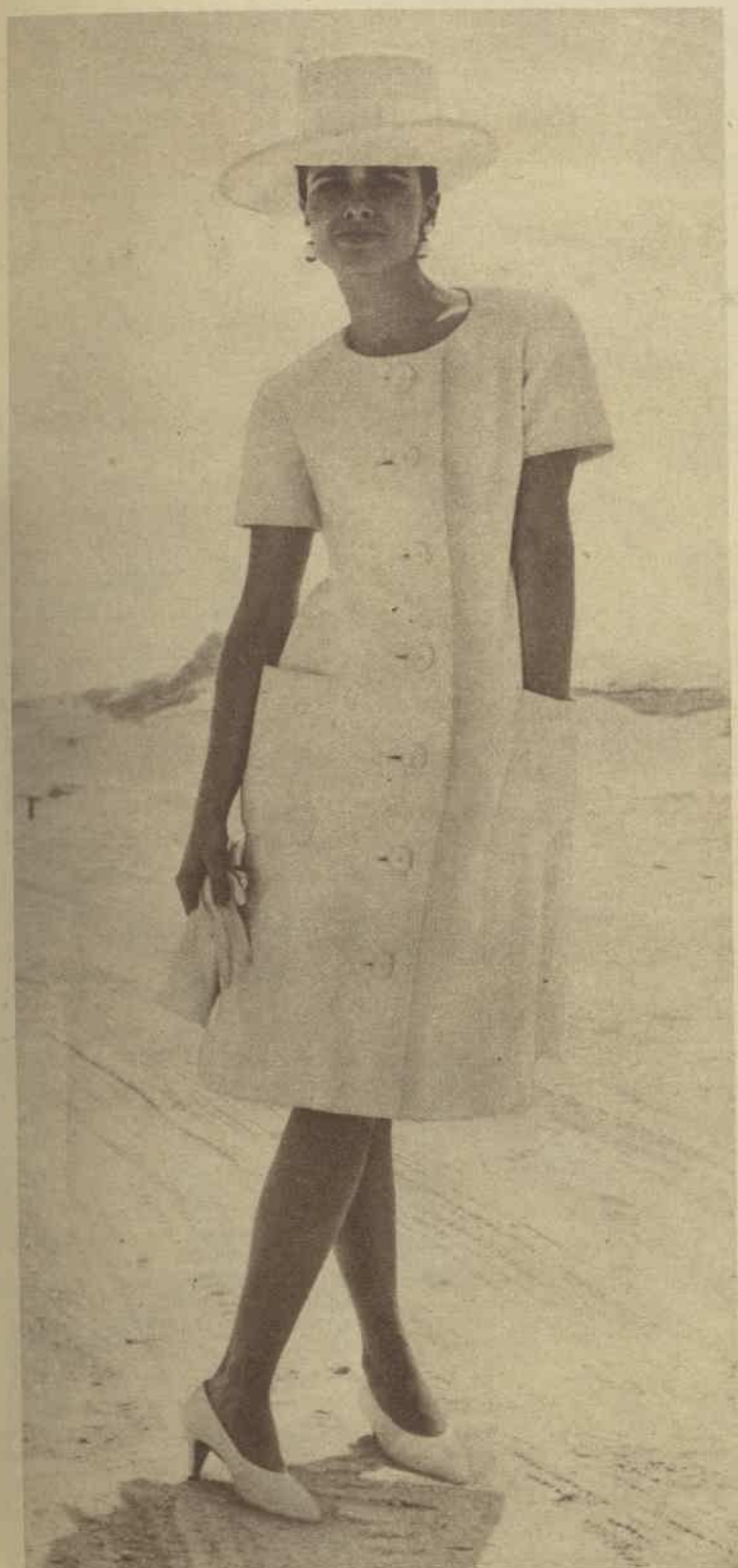


7712.—Cool two-piece (above) is ideal fashion for any hot summer day. The easy-fit top is sleeveless and back-buttoned, the skirt features pleats. Material and color suggestion: Printed silk, cotton, or rayon. The newest prints mix orange and pink, sun-yellow and white, navy and shocking-pink. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.





# FOR SUMMER



7709.—Pretty, sleeveless, and self-belted, the one-piece (right) is machine-pleated. The high-in-front neckline is scooped out at the back and bow-trimmed. Material and color suggestion: Silk or soft textured rayon in a pastel, coin-spotted in white. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



7710.—Front - buttoned coat-dress (above) has pure classic lines. Two ultra-large pockets are the only trim. The dress is ideal for city or country wear. Material and color suggestion: Rayon, linen, or any heavy textured cotton in white, pale beige, or rose-red. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

7711.—All-purpose suit (right) is starkly simple with an easy-fit silhouette. The button - front jacket is finished with a peter pan collar. Material and color suggestion: Soft-textured cotton, silk, or rayon with black, navy, or orange polka dots on a white ground. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. ribbon. Price 3/9.





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coldest waters  
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Page 44

Look for this emblem of the Norwegian Canning Industry. It is on many tins of Norway Sardines.

**① Norway Sardines Bergen**

2 3½ oz. tins Norway Sardines, 1 lb. button onions, 2 large carrots, 2 oz. French beans, 1 4 oz. can pimientos, 4 tomatoes, 2½ oz. butter, ½ oz. grated Kraft Coon cheese, salt and pepper.

Melt 2 oz. butter in pan. Slice onions and divide into rings. Finely dice carrots and beans and add to butter with onions. Season and stir well. Cover pan with grease proof paper and lid and cook slowly 5-6 minutes, stirring occasionally. Skin, pip and dice tomatoes and pimientos and add to the mixture.

Drain sardines, reserving seven for garnish. Mash remaining sardines and stir through mixture. Place in a casserole dish. Sprinkle top with grated cheese and melted butter. Arrange remaining sardines on top. Brown under grill and garnish with parsley. Serves 4.

**② Norway Sardine Rye Bread Savouries**

On buttered rye bread, place a piece of crisp lettuce and top with an assortment of the following: Norway Sardines, hard boiled egg, mayonnaise, chives, tomatoes. A delicious snack for a light lunch or suppertime.

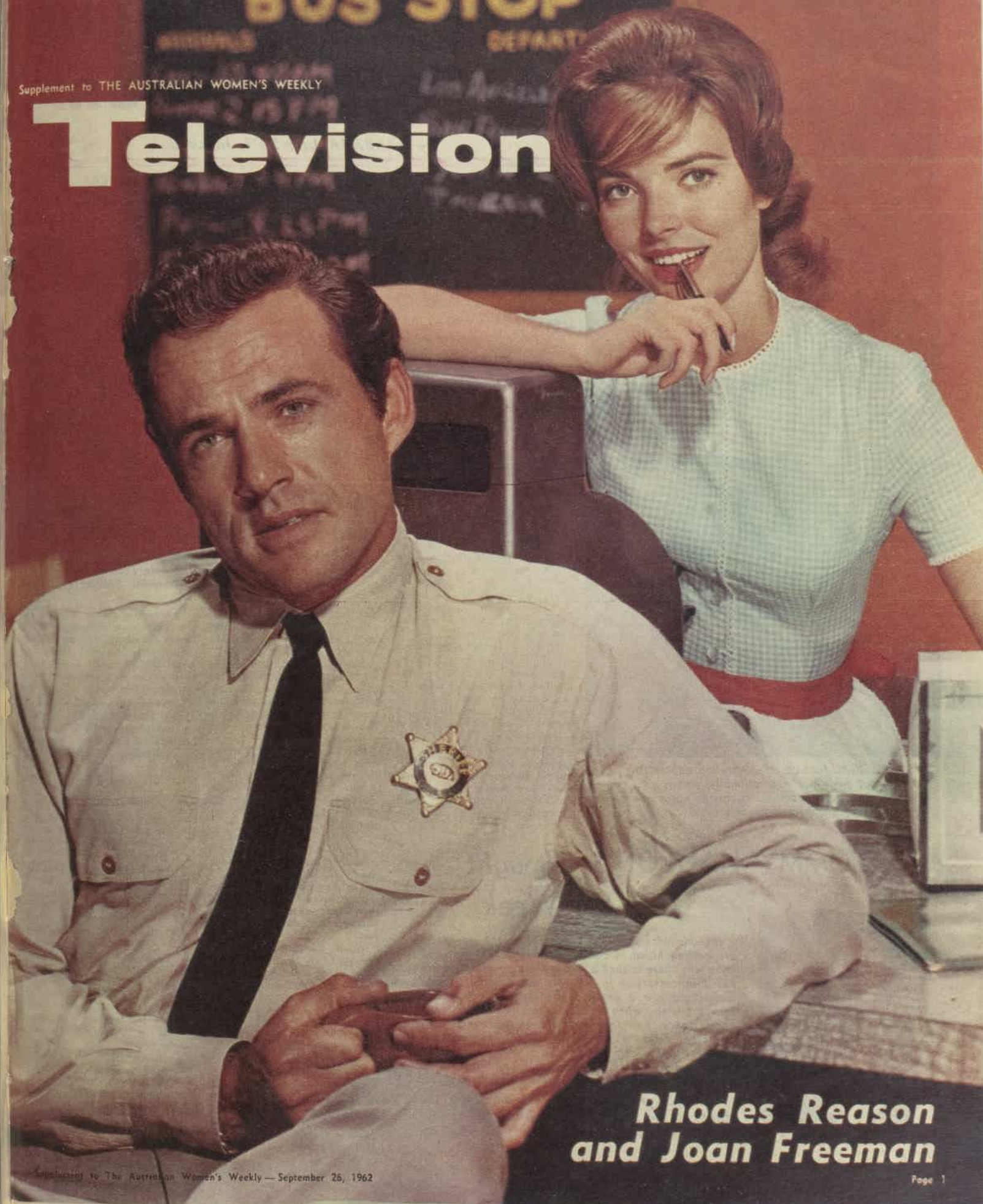
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Supplement to THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

# Television



**Rhodes Reason  
and Joan Freeman**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — September 26, 1962

Page 1





THE CLASSICAL features of Australian dancer Clemence Bettany that made her internationally famous as a photographic model. Now Clemence is carving out a new career for herself in television.

## Australian Beauty's New Career

# Top model aims at TV stardom

By BARBARA LAWSON, in London

● Nymphish, grey-eyed Australian dancer Clemence Bettany became an internationally famous photographic model after she arrived in London six years ago.

NOW she seems set to make a big name for herself as a TV star.

Her first starring role is that of the dancer in the episode entitled "Nephele" in the highly rated "Tales Of Mystery" series, which has been scaring — yet enthralling — British viewers for two years.

These mysterious stories, related every week by Scottish actor John Laurie, are as spooky and hair-raising as author Algernon Blackwood's tales can be, and "Nephele," Clemence assures me, will live up to the author's "frightening" reputation.

"His stories don't mystify me—they delight me," said this slim and poised Australian when I met her at Associated-Rediffusion's studios.

"I'm drawn toward the supernatural a little myself, you know," she said. "I write 'strange' stories as a pastime.

"You wouldn't call them supernatural, but they're very odd, and a bit sick, I suppose."

Sick or not, her stories are so good that author friends are trying to persuade her to have them published.

Clemence, the 5ft. 8in. protégée of ballerina Kathy Gorham, hasn't danced in public since her student days in Paris with the Roland Petit Ballet Company, which she joined for



A SCENE from the TV production of "Nephele," in which Clemence Bettany has the starring role. From left: Michael Glover, Clemence, and Ambrosine Phillpotts.

six months soon after her arrival in London from Adelaide, where her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Bettany, live.

She'd left Australia with fervent ambitions of furthering her ballet studies, but found in England that she couldn't combine marriage — she is married to British actor John Benny—and a dancing career.

"To be a dancer of note one must really devote one's life to it," she said.

"But I found the early nights and getting up at dawn for practice didn't fit in with my way of life."

A friend pointed out that she was tall and had the right measurements — so why didn't she do modelling?

The English fashion photographers loved her on sight and there isn't a leading London photographer she hasn't posed for.

When Clemence eventually decided to try her luck on television she found her fame as a topline photographic model a big disadvantage.

"Haven't I seen your face before?" the producers would ask. And when they'd remember she was a model they'd say: "We'll be very interested—after you've had some experience."

So determinedly she got more acting experience touring with repertory groups, and last year won high billing with the popular British comedian Benny Hill at the Palace Theatre, London.

Clemence always wanted to be an actress, and began seriously thinking of something other than classical ballet in Australia when she learnt that her ankles were too weak for strenuous dancing.

"When the Australian dancer John Auld suggested I try for a part in the J. C. Williamson musical 'Paint Your Wagon' I jumped at the chance," she said.

"A few days after the audition John came in while I was rehearsing for 'Giselle' and told me excitedly, 'You've got one of the principal dancing roles; now all we've got to do is teach you to kick!'"

"We played for a year in Melbourne, and it was while I was in the show that I met my husband, John, who was appearing with the American actor Mervyn Douglas in the play 'Time Out For Ginger.'"

Though 25-year-old Clemence's main ambition in life is to make a name for herself on television, she admits she would now love to settle down and raise a family, combining the raising of children with her acting career.

For relaxation other than writing she loves to sing — Juliette Greco style — in her deep, throaty voice.

"My husband has his own jazz group as his relaxation from acting," she said.

"And while he plays the drums or sax I sing."

## TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week



TOMMY HANLON

Momma once said—Isn't it a shame the way people are getting killed in car accidents today? I just don't know why there is such a hurry. More people have been killed in cars than in all wars put together. I can't understand how a gentle, patient person can become such a monster when he or she gets behind the wheel. For instance, how long has it been since YOU gave the other fellow the right-of-way? The next time you get in your car . . . do this . . . don't speed . . . drive carefully, watch all intersections, and drive toward others as you would have them drive toward you.

Momma's Moral: A tree is something that stands in the same place for hundreds of years — and suddenly jumps in front of your car.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

September 26, 1962

# Teenagers'

## WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly  
Not to be sold separately



**LONG-LINE  
SWEATER  
TO KNIT  
— page 7**

**CASUAL  
FASHIONS  
IN ROYAL  
SETTING  
— pages 4, 5**



# LETTERS

## Circulate, don't hibernate

WHEN the boys do their disappearing act in winter the girls mope foolishly around wondering where their heroes have gone.

But every winter has proved that the same thing will happen next winter, so wishing them back before October 1 is like wishing for the measles at exam time. Hopeless.

The thing to do is grasp your opportunity. It's knocking fit to deafen — open welcoming arms and recognise winter for what it's worth.

While the boys keep their muscles muscling and their size 10 feet kicking, don't let the grass grow under your size fives: As a start, try some squash to keep your figure trim (and there are always boys at squash courts).

You can do your dieting in the lonely winter months, and your figure can take on natty new contours while lost in the bulky jumpers and woollen skirts that characterise winter.

Now is your chance to make your hair as sleek and shiny as a kitten's; your skin as soft and smooth as a peach — and as pretty. The fruit that you're eating for your diet will improve your skin. And without the drying effects of the summery sun, sand, and salt water everything is in your favor.

Winter is also the time to take up a few classes. It's much easier to converse with your life's reason when you know what he's talking about.

You need only join a library and read all about the odd cars and gear that fascinate the boys, or you can learn how to apply make-up expertly, or how to make your own clothes, or how to walk and stand with eye-catching grace.

The wintertime blues will then lead directly to the summertime bronzes, and when you emerge from your mothballs as the sun emerges from his you'll find the boys wondering where the butterflies go.

## Next week

THE head of a famous Australian model agency recently took a wonderful wardrobe of teen fashions, designed by local manufacturers, to Newport, U.S.A., the exciting scene of the America's Cup challenge yacht races. On our cover and two other color pages we show the shipshape fashions modelled by 1961 N.S.W. Model of the Year, Pam Quinn, now in America.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to "Teenagers' Weekly," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

in the winter, and maybe they'll try to follow next March.

Meanwhile, keep the home fires burning in the hearth and the heart. Winter can be much warmer than the weather bureau says it is. — Kathloen Brammall, Dee Why, N.S.W.

## Here is the news

AT the school I attend the average teenager CAN say he knows what is going on in the world. Every fortnight our headmaster distributes sheets on 20 topics concerning the world news, and every week he holds an assembly to explain the news and to answer questions about it. At examination time we do a current affairs test consisting of 25 questions, each requiring an answer of about three or four words. In this test marks of 46 or 48 out of 50 are not uncommon. — Alister Ross, Newcastle, N.S.W.

## Sociable studies

THE accepted idea is that high-school students will affect their work by going out during term. But it can also work the other way. If a girl is deprived of seeing her boyfriend she becomes restless and unhappy, and this will affect her schoolwork. When I was at school my parents allowed me to see my "steady" for day-time dates, but I had to study at night. Rewarded by a satisfactory pass in the Leaving Certificate, I now realise that almost any teenage problem can be solved by a tactful parent-child compromise. — Lynne Herrington, Gladerville, N.S.W.

## Rice to occasion

CHOPSTICKS: what are they? Just a pair of sticks used instead of a fork in China and held in one hand to pick up food. How do we use them? Easy. Put the first stick between your thumb and your second finger, while the other is supported by the fourth and fifth fingers. The third finger is placed on the left side of the chopstick. Hold the chopsticks loosely.

Who use them? The Chinese people and nowadays Malays and Indians, too. Comments? My friends say that it was a tough job to learn, but now that they've got the knack it's as easy as rice-pie. — Melina Yeong, 118 Market Road, Taiping, Perak, Malaya.

## Clubs for rich

THERE is a tendency to think that youth clubs for younger children function particularly for those from poorer homes. But what of the children from high-income, high-social-position families? They have an equally great (or greater) need of such organisations. They may not lack material possessions, but they frequently lack initiative, independence, and very often the warmth and affection of parents who are genuinely interested in them. — "Thoughtful," Kew, Vic.

## Pace that thrills

HERE'S to the Australian Girls' Marching Association. It has really done a lot for me. Since joining the local team my posture has improved 100 per cent. I've become friendly with more of the local girls, my outlook on the country has broadened through the journeys we make, and I've met interesting people in other towns. Each Easter an all-Australian Championship is held in one of the cities of Australia, each State having a turn at acting as host to the other States.

It is one of the most interesting sports for girls, and for men and women involved there is always the chance of being a

## BEATNIK



"His work had no feeling — until he used a tube of suntan lotion by mistake!"

chaperon, instructor, or contest judge. — "Marcher," Barmera, S.A.

## Classy music

CAN any other school boast of having its own dance band? In most schools the only form of musical society is the choir. At our school an inquiry was held and it was found that among us were many students who could play musical instruments. A group was formed, consisting of a piano, two clarinets, three trumpets, one trombone, one cornet, one guitar, and the drums. The conductor of a local band offered to start us off by writing

the music for the different instruments and by helping us at the weekly "jam session."

Our music teacher also gave up some of her time to help us. We are quickly gaining confidence and we are building up a good programme, and we expect to be playing at the school dances in the near future. — "Swinger," Canberra, A.C.T.

## Work unwanted

THE only "industry" unaffected by the employment situation is homework. More work is found to be done in this "factory" every day. — Heather Munro, Magill, S.A.

## LEGS BEFORE WICKETS!

● I say, dash it and all that rot. There's a new official member of the English cricket team — a gel!

I NEARLY said it would never do for the Duke — but it seems the Duke of Norfolk, the team's manager, appointed her!

The lass who has knocked tradition for a weaker-sex six is 24-year-old Angela Goodson, who will be private secretary to the Duke and the M.C.C. team's assistant manager, Alec Bedser.

Now if the business goes no further than this, all right. It wouldn't be all that over the fence and outrageous.

But, knowing the way in which girls like to take over manly fields of endeavor, I can see lasses trying to become cricketers.

Imagine the changes. Lord's, I suppose, would eventually become Lady's!

At that, I reckon girls would do all right at the game, so long, of course, as they didn't field in slips!

Naturally, they'd meet wrong 'uns, but they could bowl them out even if they were officials.

A girl once wrote a book on the subject. You know it—"The Decline and Fall of the Roamin' Umpire!"

Other sports, too, could be similarly infiltrated by females.

Grasping girls would go for their version of soccer. They would make fine gold-keepers!

Boxing could also draw damsels. Doesn't every lass hanker to be a knockout? (Plenty are heavyweights, too!)

A romantic girl (a nice one who loves a sailor) might be attracted to wrestling. Imagine one murmuring: "Kiss me, half-Nelson."

Baseball? Why not — aren't diamonds a girl's best friend?

Cycling could be music to some girls' ears. I can imagine these cuties singing a few rousing (handle)bars of "Pedallin' Madeline Home!"

Weightlifting, however, wouldn't attract many dainty starters. Too much romantic competition. They would all have to hang around a few gyms!

But surfing's a different kettle of fish. What lass wouldn't like to be a belt-girl—and have husky fellers reeling after her?

And racing's a horse of a different color to weightlifting.

Lady jockeys would love to know that losing some of the weight they carried was in the bag!

Car-racing should be popular with popsies. Think of all the curves and clutches.

Of course, there's always the occasional meeting with a stormy petrol. But, as they say in the game, that's how the Mercedes Benz!

And, for gold-diggers, there's no fuel like an old fuel!

Well, that's the score on sorts in sports. Do I make my silly point?

— Robin Adair



Our **KERRY YATES** watched

**BY**

the side of **A**

# **SPECIAL REPORTER**

**REPORTER** Peter Clark doing a direct broadcast on peak-hour traffic conditions from his two-way-radio car.



● Fires, murders, robberies and accidents are all in a day's work for teenage news reporter Peter Clark. Peter, 19, helps to gather and broadcast on-the-spot news for a radio station.

**H**E drives a two-way-radio car, part of a six-car fleet which cruises Sydney and its suburbs every day. He also reports from a plane and a launch.

Peter, who lives in the harborside suburb of Rose Bay, passed his Leaving Certificate at Scots College, Sydney, two years ago. He went "jacker-ooing" in the country for a few months and became an office boy in "his" radio station studio about 16 months ago.

He gave up the idea of becoming a panel-operator when he was offered a job as one of the station's six news reporters about eight months ago.

This team also mans a shark patrol in summer, transmitting from a plane as it circles beaches and swimming areas. Peter is also a member of the radio station's new harbor patrol, which keeps fishermen and boating fans informed from a special launch cruising around Sydney Harbor at weekends.

On harbor patrol, Peter wears a special uniform—khaki trousers and shirt, black tie and shoes, and a special peaked cap with an identifying badge.

"It makes me feel like an American naval officer," said Peter, who admits he greatly enjoys this patrol.

Recently I joined Peter on the job—as he was reporting on city traffic and parking-meter conditions to help morning peak-hour motorists.

In addition to the radio, the car is equipped with a tape-recorder and a searchlight.

First stop was Sydney's Mascot airport. Peter's duty at 6 a.m., Monday to Friday, is to check the arrival and departure times of overseas airliners. A glance at the passenger lists tells him if any newsworthy person is expected to arrive in Sydney, or leave, that day.

If an interesting personality—perhaps a film star, singer, or politician—will be at the airport, it's up to Peter to arrange an interview.

A call on the two-way radio back to the station's news-room may send another reporter out to cover the story.

"But sometimes I have to race back to the airport between traffic reports," said Peter, "and tape a talk."

These taped interviews are usually inserted in the radio station evening news bulletins. It's another part of Peter's job to edit and cut these tapes before they are broadcast.

On the particular morning that I joined Peter, after checking the airport, he drove the news-car to a road carrying city-bound traffic.

Parking at the side of the highway,

Peter picked up the microphone and waited to start the first traffic report. The time: 6.55 a.m.

We were listening on the car radio to a disc jockey spinning records. Then he interrupted the early morning programme. "Good morning, Peter Clark," he said. "Now I hand over to Peter for an on-the-spot traffic report . . ."

Peter took over and told listeners heading for the city which roads were best to follow, where the hold-ups and the slow points were. He even warned of areas where roads were dug up.

## **Check on parking**

After the first report, Peter travelled about 60 to 70 miles, checking all the main roads and highways on the eastern side of Sydney, broadcasting traffic reports every 15 minutes till about 9.15 a.m., when the rush was over.

On this shift, he also broadcasts the city parking-meter situations. Four times that morning he told motorists the city areas in which meters were vacant.

After the peak-hour traffic slowed down, Peter went off duty till 4 p.m., when he said he would give afternoon traffic reports for several hours.

Then he usually goes back to the station studios to edit tape interviews

and write out news items. He is also now available for rush interviews.

Peter usually finishes the evening shift about 8, but he's on standby 24 hours a day, every day of the week. He's sometimes called to fires, rescues, or robberies to relay on-the-spot news when he's in the middle of dinner or even dancing at a party.

But he doesn't mind. "It's just part of my job," he said. Peter's parents understand the odd hours he works because his father is managing director of a rival Sydney radio station and his mother was a Melbourne radio announcer.

Peter's only regret is that he hasn't much time for his favorite hobbies—playing and listening to Latin-American music and dancing. He can play the piano, drums, Spanish and Hawaiian steel guitars, and has been a member of three bands which played at parties, dances, and weddings.

Peter earns £17 a week (he also receives expenses) and has the full use of the radio car.

Peter thinks he has "an extremely interesting career—leading to many high positions in later years." He hopes to become a foreign news correspondent for a newspaper or for a radio or television station.





**A FLOATING MARKET** (a big tourist attraction in Bangkok) on one of the city's busy canals where shopkeepers sell fabrics, fruit, meat, groceries, and even coffee by the cup, is the background for this nifty bikini outfit. The pants are turquoise-and-white check; the plain matching top is rib-knitted. (By Countess White.)

## CASUALS IN A ROYAL SETT



**NAVY-AND-WHITE SUIT** with box-pleated skirt in contrasting fine and pebble-knit textures, photographed outside a Grand Palace building, which houses the royal Buddhist scriptures. (By Shetland.)

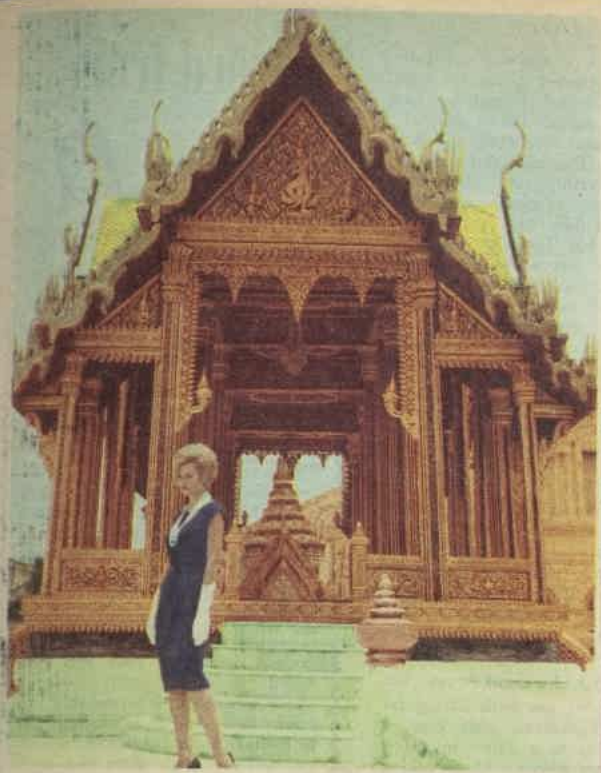


**WITH THE FRONT DOORS** of the magnificent Grand Palace as a backdrop, a classic suit that's pink and pretty and rather tailored. An important necklace is a decorative accent. (By David Keys.)

● Some of the best grounds of the courtyard of King and Queen Sirikit who recently returned to the country, have given beauty to this young and casual summer. Photographed in Bangkok, these knitteds (you can find them in Australia) have. They're easy to wear and well have special qualities ideal for

Knit-fabric in astoracryl in all main stores.





*SLEEK knitted navy sheath (left), sleeveless and with elasticised waist and sash tie. The background is a superb little temple as delicate as lace in the Grand Palace compound. (By Shetland.)*

# TING

...fabulous back-  
...Grand Palace  
...King Phumiphon  
...it of Thailand,  
...y visited this  
...given their rich  
...collection of  
...ual knitwear for  
...photographed in  
...e new-season  
...can buy them in  
...a silky look.  
...care for and as  
...cial non-crush  
...ed for travel.

**RED-AND-WHITE** bat-wing poncho (right) in medium-knit fabric, photographed in a Buddhist monastery in Bangkok. The Buddha was cast in the 13th century A.D. and is solid gold. (By Countess White.)





Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

## Two can play

"I AM a boy of 19 and I have been going out with my girl-friend for about two years. We have had several break-ups, mostly due to jealousy on my part, because she flirts a lot. Lately I have been paying no attention to her flirting, because I'm afraid I'll do my block again and I couldn't bear seeing her going out with someone else if we separated. Somehow I feel she is losing interest in me. Although she assures me there is no one else her flirting makes it hard for me to believe her. Now I am always moody and my nerves are on edge. What should I do?"

"Jealous," N.S.W.

This girl seems to enjoy making you jealous and she flirts all the harder when you take no notice of it. Try making her jealous by flirting with another girl.

## Give them back

"I HAVE just broken my engagement and I was wondering if I should return the gifts which were given to us."

"Confused," Vic.

Yes, it is customary to return the gifts to the donors if the engagement is broken.

## Beauty in brief

# MAKE MANICURES LAST

● It's the little details of your regular, once-a-week manicure that make all the difference between a lasting job and one that peters out in a day or two.

THE main thing always is to follow a set plan and to allow yourself enough time to do a careful, leisurely treatment.

Be thorough about cleaning off all old polish (if any) and any specks on the cuticle. Then soak nails in warm suds and gently work over the cuticle until each nail is smooth and trim.

Varnish takes best on clean, dry, smooth fingernails, and should be applied when the nails have been shaped and filed, the cuticles softened and pushed back, and there are no rough edges to blur the polish.

Beginners usually find it easier to varnish the whole nail rather than attempting to leave the moons uncovered.

Either way, it's no use trying to achieve a good paint job with the sticky dregs of an old bottle of varnish. What's needed is fresh varnish that flows over the nail in a thin film.

Never begin a manicure when you

## Dating the boss

"WE are two girls of 16 and we have fallen in love with our boss, who is in his late forties. He is a very sweet man and is married with six children. Recently he has been taking us out to dinner with him. He has never taken us out alone, and we fear he does not love us. Does he really love us or does he just want company? Please answer soon."

"Love Birds," Tas.

You must be bird-brained to think that he loves either of you. All he is doing is flattering himself that he is still young enough to charm a couple of gullible girls.

With a wife and six children at home I very much doubt that your boss lacks for company.

## Lost cause

"I AM a boy of 17. Last Christmas vacation I became quite friendly with a girl who is a good friend of the family and I thought she liked me. I asked her out, but her parents said she had to attend to her studies. Recently she has acted quite indifferently toward me. Should I persist with her?"

"D.D.," Qld.

I'm afraid it looks as though you are pursuing a lost cause. The girl doesn't seem to be interested.



are rushed or feeling jittery, and once you begin don't omit a single step along the way.

And don't nibble or pick at your nails if you want your manicure to last.

—Carolyn Earle

## Musical bore

"I AM 20 years of age and am quite attractive. After I broke off with my steady boy-friend I met a chap who plays the piano. He is 26, tall, with dark hair and blue eyes, and he's very handsome. The only thing wrong is that he is terribly vain. He boasts that he is the best pianist in our town and although I like him very much I hear nothing but 'I can do this' and 'I can do that' every time he takes me out. He is always talking of past girl-friends and makes rude remarks about them. He says he loves me, but do you think he really does? Should I try to change his vain ways or will I just give him up?"

"Despairing Susan," W.A.

I think he loves himself. His conversation sounds dreadfully boring—especially when he's on the subject of his past girl-friends. I don't think you will ever change his vain ways, and remember: if he makes rude remarks about other girls, sooner or later he will be making rude remarks about you. Give him up.

## First date

"I AM 18 and I like a girl in my class at school; we are both sitting for the Leaving Certificate this year. I want to ask her to a dance in a few weeks, but I am nervous about asking her. I haven't asked a girl for a date before, because I am rather shy and although she is quite friendly toward me I am afraid she will not accept my invitation. She is good at sport and I am not. Could you please answer these questions:

- What should I say when asking her?
  - Would it be all right to phone her or should I ask her personally?
  - Should I ask her a week before the dance or a couple of days before?"
- "Class Mate," N.S.W.
- Just say: "Would you like to come to a dance at — with me on Saturday night?" Tell her who is holding the dance (it may be a club or an individual) and say you will call for her (fix a time) and bring her home.
  - I don't think it matters whether you telephone her or ask her in person — if you would find it easier to phone, do so.
  - It is polite to give a girl as much warning as possible before a dance. If you leave it too late you may find someone else has already invited her. Girls like to have plenty of notice, too, to give them time to plan their party dress, etc.

## Fatal charm

"I AM 13 and I like a boy very, very much, but I don't know if he loves me. I would like to give him a card for his birthday this month, but the trouble is that every time I give him something he just throws it back to me, and if I give it to someone to give to him he would only throw it out or tear it up. Please tell me how I can manage to tell him to keep the birthday card. Also if a boy tries to run over you or hit you, does this mean he likes you? Please help me."

"Birthday Card," Vic.

Watch out! This boy's charm could well be fatal—next time he may succeed in running you over. Frankly, it is difficult to understand how you can sustain a passion for someone who makes it so crudely plain that your attentions are unwelcome. Admittedly, the cavemen used to pursue ladies of their choice with clubs, but if I were you I'd try to find someone a little more civilised. Save the price of that birthday card.

## A word from Debbie



Are you one of those teenage miseries?

You know: too tall or too short, no waistline, skinny legs, spotty complexion, and lifeless hair?

Well, don't just worry about it. DO SOMETHING! Remember that ugly duckling turned into a glamorous swan, so learn to make the most of your good features—and how to improve the not-so-good.

If you're tall, don't think height is anything to be ashamed about (most models are at least 5ft. 8in.). And if you're small, be feminine and petite—but don't overdo the pastel shades and frills.

That lack of waistline will be corrected with less food and more exercise. But at your age (this sounds harsh) I really wouldn't worry too much; it's probably just puppy-fat. And it is much better to be healthy-looking than to wear yourself out with diets and over-exercise. Watch what you eat and cut down on the candy.

Ask your mother to have you fitted for a light step-in. This will help strengthen your tummy muscles, and later you can have a firmer girdle.

Be sure that you are properly fitted for your first bra. Don't be embarrassed; the women who fit you are experts and are interested only in seeing that you leave them with the bra that's right for you.

Till you slim down a bit, stick to simply cut clothes. They will do more for you and you'll seem much better dressed, too. Save the frills for special occasions.

Are your legs too skinny or too fat? If they're slender, wear little heel shoes, pale stockings, bouffant skirts. Plump legs look slimmer with darker stockings, pale shoes (they lengthen the line of your legs)—and SIMPLE shoes. Don't draw attention to your legs with a fancy hemline.

If you're going through that nerve-racking spotty stage, watch your diet (again) and avoid greasy foods. Never touch any blemishes—they may spread—but ask your chemist to help you with an ointment that's right for your skin problem. If it's really bad, ask your parents to take you to a skin specialist.

About that hair... it's something for you to solve alone. Choose the right shampoo (oily or dry). And wash your hair as often as necessary. Brush it often. Have your hair well cut and trimmed about every three weeks.

Don't expect an overnight change. The new you will emerge only after lots of painstaking effort. But while you may not be a swan just yet, you'll certainly be a much prettier duckling!

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



## LISTEN HERE —with Ainslie Baker

# Group has really "been everywhere"!

● If you like the sound of Digger Revell and the Denver Men's first disc, "Outback" (H.M.V.), so you should — for with their new German echo chamber, the boys now have £2500 tied up in their equipment.

THE group's name, by the way, was arrived at by taking the first letter of the birthplace of each member.

Digger, the vocalist, was born at Dubbo, N.S.W.; Allan Crowe, bass, comes from England; Alex Ihasz, rhythm guitar, comes from Norway; Phil Bower, drums, lives at Villawood, N.S.W.; Peter Burbidge, sax, came to Australia from Essex, England; and Les Green, lead guitar, is a Randwick, N.S.W., boy.

In their year together, The Denver Men have been seen on every Sydney teenage TV show, and also work four nights weekly at dances. The other nights they rehearse for at least two and a half hours.

They're so serious about their work that there's a pact among themselves not to go steady or to marry for five years. But there's nothing serious about the acts they do on stage; these boys love to fool.

The romance bar isn't so bad, for the group's ages average out at 19. So they've time on their side.

They all like horse-riding and when summer comes they'll all be back on their surfboards.

**Local talent:** Remember reading a story in this feature about Queensland's The Varsity Five Plus Two? Well, as a direct result they've made both an LP, "Trad's Back," and a single for the Philips label. The 45 features a stepped-up version of "Road to Gundagai" (from the LP) and a bright original with vocal, "The Pelican Stomp." The boys are likely to be making a nationwide tour with TV appearances in the near future.

THAT "old" hand Dig Richards doesn't sound in the least like an ex-rocker on his new Festival single, but like a mature entertainer who knows how to wring the last ounce out of a song. In this case it's an unusual, emotional outburst called "Raincoat In the River." "A Long Way From Home," the flip, is another ballad that's just a bit different.

**Pops:** Pop country fans are in for a real party with Patsy Cline's new Festival single. She

puts a highly persuasive, full-throated appeal into both "So Wrong" and "You're Stronger Than Me." They're both good numbers and the orchestration's above average.

I'M glad to see that John D. Loudermilk isn't giving ALL his songs to other people to sing. If you missed his previous album, "Language of Love," you can hear for yourself what a very pleasant singer he is on "12 Sides of John D. Loudermilk." Two of the more unusual titles are "The Bully On the Beach" and "He's Just a Scientist," plus "All of This For Sally" and "Rhythm and Bluesy."

THE presence of old Glenn Miller musicians in the All Star Alumni Orchestra, together with such numbers as "In the Mood," "Tuxedo Junction," and "A String of Pearls," gives "The Great Song Hits of the Glenn Miller Orchestra" a good deal of appeal to those interested in name-band sounds of the past. The original Miller arrangements are used on this Grand Award LP.

SOBS aren't far away as the deep, rich voice of Jerry Butler, in one of those "breaking up is hard to do" songs, advises the girl to "Make It Easy On Yourself." The guitar backing both here and on the flip, the dynamic "It's Too Late," is worth listening to for itself. In fact, the record, a Festival 45, has a lot of quality.

DENVER MEN (from left), Digger Revell (leader), Allan Crowe, Peter Burbidge, Phil Bower, Alex Ihasz, Les Green.



## WORTH HEARING

### ELIZABETHAN AND JACOBAN MUSIC

THE New York Pro Musica ensemble, which has already brought out a number of lively and interesting records of old music, played on the instruments of the day, has added another to the list. This (a Festival release) is a programme of English instrumental music mainly from the times of Elizabeth I and James I, entitled "Instrumental Music from the Courts of Queen Elizabeth and King James."

This was unquestionably the "Golden Age" of English instrumental music, and this record gives a fair sampling of it—dances for instrumental ensemble, more elaborate and "learned" fantasias, pieces for organ and for harpsichord.

The dances and fantasias would most commonly have been played by a "consort of viols," the viols being cousins of the "violin family" that makes up the modern string quartet. But the instrumentation was seldom specified, and the players here have chosen a festive combination of ancient wind instruments — recorders, krumphorn, cornetts (no relation to the modern cornet), sackbuts.—MARTIN LONG.

## KNIT OUR COVER-GIRL OUTFIT

● Bait the hook with this long-line sweater and male-type fish will come round in shoals. Stylised fish are knitted separately and sewn on. Directions are given for the jaunty pull-on cap, too.

### THE JUMPER

**Materials:** 22 (24-25) balls Woolworths Nylo-Sports wool in main color; 1 ball each of three contrasting colors; 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 8 needles; 1 crochet hook.

**Measurements:** To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 26in. all sizes; sleeve 17 (17½, 17½) in.

**Tension:** 11 sts. to 2in.

#### BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 108 sts. (114, 120) and work in st-st. for 20 rows.

Make hem by knitting next row tog. with cast-on edge.

#### Next Row: Purl.

Change to No. 8 needles and work in st-st. till work measures 18½in.

**To Shape Armholes:** Cast off 6 sts. (8, 9) at beg. of next 2 rows.

Dec. each end of the next and every alt. row until 86 sts. (88, 92) rem.

Without further shaping, cont. until armhole measures 7½in. on the straight.

Shape shoulder by casting off 8 sts. (8, 9) at beg. of next 4 rows.

Cast off 8 sts. (9, 9) at beg. of next 2 rows.

#### FRONT

Work exactly as given for back until armholes measure 5in.

**Next Row:** K 35 sts. (36, 38); cast off 16 sts., k 35 (36, 38). Cont. on these last 35 (36, 38)

sts., dec. once at neck edge in every alt. row until 24 (25, 27) sts. rem. and armhole measures 7½in.

Shape shoulder by casting off 8 (8, 9) sts. at armhole edge in next and alt. row once.

Cast off rem. sts.

Join wool at neck edge and work to correspond with right side.

#### SLEEVES

(Both alike).

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 52 (52, 60) sts. and make hem as given for back.

With right side of work facing, change to No. 8 needles and working in st-st. inc. each end of the 7th and foll. 8th rows until 78 (78, 84) sts. Cont. until work measures 17 (17½, 17½) in. or length desired.

Cast off at beg. of next and every row 2 sts. until 22 sts. rem.

Cast off. Work another sleeve in same manner.

#### NECKBAND

Sew up right shoulder seam. With No. 10 needles, pick up and k 104 (108, 112) sts. evenly round neck.

**Next Row:** Purl.

**Next Row:** Knit.

Rep. these 2 rows 6 times.

**Next Row:** Purl.

Cast off loosely.

### THE FISH

Using contrasting wool, knit 3 alike.

With No. 8 needles, cast on 5

**Next Row:** \* K, inc. once at beg. and end of row.

**2nd Row:** K 1, p to last st., k 1.

**3rd Row:** K, inc. once at beg. and end of row \*.

Rep. from \* to \* until there are 21 sts.

**Next Row:** Purl.

Cont. in st-st. for 30 rows.

Dec. once at beg. and end of the next and every foll. 4th row until 13 sts. rem.

Work 3 rows.

**Next Row:** K 6, cast off 1 st., k 6.

Cont. on last 6 sts., dec. each end of the 6th row twice.

Work 3 rows on last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Join in wool and work to correspond with other side.

### TO MAKE UP

Press all parts lightly. Work lengths of chain in crochet and attach to top and bottom fish. Work scallops on middle fish in two contrasting shades. Work fish's eye. Stitch fish in place on front of jumper as illustrated. Join left shoulder seam, side seams, and sew in sleeves. Fold neckband over and slip-stitch.

### THE CAP

**Materials:** 3 balls Woolworths Nylo-Sports wool in main shade; 1 ball in contrasting shade; 1 pr. No. 8 needles.

**Measurements:** To fit an average-size head.

**Tension:** 11 sts. to 2in.

Using No. 8 needles and contrasting wool, cast on 129 sts. and work in st-st. for 12 rows.

**Next Row:** Make hem by k next row tog. with cast-on edge. Change to main color and p 1 row.

**Next Row:** Knit.

Work in garter-st. for 2½in.

With wrong side facing, p 1 row.

**Next Row:** Knit.

**2nd Row:** Purl.

**3rd Row:** Knit.

**4th Row:** Purl.

Work in garter-st. for 6 rows.

Change to st-st. and work for 1in.

Dec. 1 st. at the end of the last row.

**To Shape Crown:** K 14, k 2 tog. eight times.

**2nd and Alt. Rows:** Purl. **Next Row:** K 13, k 2 tog. eight times.

Cont. dec. in this manner until the row k 8, k 2 tog. eight times has been worked.

**Next Row:** P 2 tog., p 7 eight times.

**Next Row:** K 6, k 2 tog. eight times.

Cont. dec. in this manner in every row until the row p 2 tog., p 1 has been worked.

**Next Row:** K 2 tog. eight times.

Break off yarn, thread end through rem. sts., draw up, and fasten securely. Sew edges together.



# ARCHITECTURE through the Ages

By Morton Herman

No. 11

## Turkish mosques

**T**HE Saracen Turks captured Constantinople from the Christians in 1453. Once a great city and capital of the Eastern Roman Empire for 1000 years, it had degenerated, by the time of the conquest, into a small community whose former artistic glory had withered away.

The Turks changed all that. They renamed it Istanbul and set out to make it the most beautiful city in the world, worthy of its lovely setting on the Bosphorus.

They adapted the great Early Christian Church of Hagia Sophia, built in 532 A.D., into a mosque with such success that it became the model for many future Turkish mosques.

Even 100 years after their victory, in 1550, when Sultan Suleiman I ("The Magnificent") wished to build a new mosque, his architect, Sinan, designed what was in fact a small Hagia Sophia.

So there was the strange circumstance of Mohammedans adopting, with loving care, the designs of Christian buildings, even though their loathing for that faith was fanatical and warlike.

Sinan was an architect of great energy, who, during his lifetime, erected no fewer than 318 buildings, most of them in Istanbul.

Many of these remain, including a score of mosques, the most conspicuous being the one he designed for Sultan Suleiman and which is now known as the Suleimanye.

This large structure took six years to build and is roofed with a mass of small domes piled one row above the other until they culminate in the great dome, 86 feet in diameter and 156 feet high.

The mosque is on a hill above the Bosphorus. It is approached through a courtyard 200 feet wide which is surrounded by an arcade roofed with a succession of small domes which prepare the eye for the great massing of domes which give the main building its bulk and power.

In the courtyard and around the mosque are luxuriant gardens, in one of which is the tomb of Suleiman and his favorite wife. This, too, is covered by a dome, supported on eight slender marble columns.

The four needle-like minarets of the mosque are peculiarly Turkish in character. It is from the galleries of these



THE SULEIMANYE, built by the Turks in Istanbul in 1550.

From "European Architecture in Colour," by R. Fumeaux Jordan (Thames & Hudson).

that the muezzins call the faithful to prayer.

Like the Early Christian buildings from which it is copied, the Suleimanye is, except for its broken outline, stern and almost forbidding from the outside. It is only upon entering the mosque that the riot of color and decoration is appreciated.

Most of the decoration is of the finely wrought kind known as arabesque, and its profusion creates a sense

of fabulous richness. All this decoration is geometrical in pattern, with no representation of man, animal, or plant. The law of Mahomet prohibits the depiction of living things in buildings erected to the glory of Allah.

Now some 400 years old, the interior of the Suleimanye is as fresh and glowing as the day it was finished.

**NEXT WEEK: Arab castle in Spain.**





# How is an opera staged on TV?

By DAWN JAMES

• Do they say, with sudden inspiration, "Let's have, mmmm, So-and-So. We'll need singers and a set and costumes—and music, plus a rehearsal or two . . ." and that's it? They do NOT.

**P**RELIMINARY planning for the A.B.C.-TV presentation of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" began 12 months ago.

"The A.B.C. constantly studies opera, both the established and the new ones," said Mr. Tony Hughes, co-ordinator of music programmes. (They are now discussing programme possibilities for late 1963.)

By Easter this year the detailed planning for "Madame Butterfly" was well under way. Mr. Hughes explained what that meant: the choice of a conductor and a producer, casting, and drawing-up complete rehearsal schedules.

These schedules are complicated, to say the least, since the sound is recorded in advance and the singers mime their roles on camera.

"We mime opera because doing it 'live' puts too much strain on the singers; they have to act their roles as well."

It would also be difficult to fit a full orchestra, cast, and camera crew into one studio—although in England the B.B.C. gets round this problem rather neatly.

They have the orchestra in their sound studio (six miles away from the TV station) and connect the two by closed-circuit TV. Then they have two conductors: one with the orchestra and the other "a young conductor, crawling round on the floor giving the singers their cues."

The detailed planning of "Madame Butterfly" went on for weeks. After the opera was cast there were sets and costumes to be designed so that an estimate of the total cost could be made . . . and approved.

That accomplished, the opera was under way.

## The conductor

David Andrews has scored two "firsts" with "Madame Butterfly."

"It's the first time I've done opera for the A.B.C.," he said (an Englishman, he has had plenty of operatic experience in Britain), "and it's the first time I've conducted the Sydney Symphony Orchestra."

Last July he began coaching the singers. There are 15 singing roles—with the three principals, Butterfly (Valda Bagnall), Pinkerton (Raymond McDonald), and Sharpless (Ronald Jackson)—and 18 members of the chorus.

"We worked together, shared ideas," said Mr. Andrews.

By August it was time to rehearse with the orchestra. And then the recording began. It took four days.

While the recording was going on, Mr. Andrews was conducting with the orchestra to the front of him and the singers behind him.

Ronald Jackson explained this lack of togetherness, "because if we didn't have separate microphones, the orchestra gets into OUR mike. And that mustn't happen!"

Mr. Hughes, who has the overall job of seeing the show through, took over: "After recording there is the technical editing to be done; the skilled job of preparing the sound tapes for transmission."

## The designer

The A.B.C.'s senior designer, Douglas Smith, recently returned from three months overseas; he attended the International TV Design Conference.

(When we met, Mr. Smith was wearing a distracting purple tie and matching socks. "They're the latest thing in London.")

Before leaving Sydney he



AT MIME REHEARSAL, from left, Sharpless (Ronald Jackson), Butterfly (Valda Bagnall), and Suzuki (Marie Tysoe) are encouraged by Peter Page.

designed the "Madame Butterfly" set.

He pointed out that the job depends on whether sets are realistic or stylised. "This was simple—just an authentic Japanese house.

"I did the studio plan, then took off for overseas."

Back again in Sydney, he worked on details for the builders.

The set—the house (with sliding doors to let cameras through) and the garden and backdrops showing a harbor view—took about three weeks to complete.

## The technician

Harrie Adams is in charge of the lighting, the sound, and the camera crews.

"The lighting has to be artistic," he said.

"You have to bring reality to a TV studio."

"There's the soft light for romantic scenes, the harsher light for the dramatic . . .

"But we always do the best we can for the women," he added kindly.

Then there is the sound to consider—because all the sound is not on the pre-recorded tape.

"They can't mime the odd sounds like laughter or clapping," he explained.

## The producer

And the "Madame Butterfly" producer, Peter Page, seemed pretty calm when I saw him during a mime rehearsal for the cast principals.

It was held in the Elizabethan Theatre Trust's rehearsal rooms, a not-very-converted warehouse in Dowlings Street, Sydney.

Mr. Page was striding up and down talking to the cast in a bare studio that was large but hardly cosy.

Bare, dusty floorboards. Bare, dusty windows. A few small tables by the walls (bare), and a couple of chairs. An upright piano in one corner.

And, in the centre, some wooden platforms and some steps pushed together—Butterfly's "house."

The extremes of the set were marked with yellow sticky tape on the floor. "There's the garden, you see," said script assistant Betty Robertson.

Talking about the producer's job beforehand, Mr. Hughes had said, "First, he has to study the script from the TV production angle."

Later, when the floor plan was ready, Mr. Page had to decide where his cameras would be in relation to the script.

"I had to get some idea where everything would be before the sound was recorded, and when people would be off-vision and off-mike," he said.

"We have to see that the variation in sound matches the picture—that is, if someone is walking away from the camera he has to walk away from the mike during the recording."

The mime rehearsal in Dowlings Street was the first of many.

The cast hopped on and off the wooden platforms, rehearsing both their actions and their miming.

And that was fairly straightforward for most of them—with the exception of Ric Hutton, who is acting the role of Pinkerton, and "singing" with Raymond McDonald's voice.

The only real problem the casting presented was to find a child to play Butterfly's small son, Trouble.

"So I ended up one day out at Artarmon Public School, looking for Trouble. I found him, too."

Trouble is a seven-year-old named Rolf Svensen.

"He didn't want to do it," said Mr. Page, "but then we told him he'd get a fee and he'd be able to buy a pair of soccer boots—he's mad on soccer, apparently."

After the mime rehearsals, and three days before the scheduled transmission date, dress rehearsals began in the A.B.C. studio at Gore Hill, Sydney.

"That's the most awkward part," said Mr. Page, "getting the cast used to the sets and props."

And then: Opera Day. "Madame Butterfly" will be shown "live" in Sydney on ABN2 this Wednesday, September 19, at 8 p.m. At the time of going to press, the filmed programme was also scheduled for screening on ABW2, Perth (October 2, 8 p.m.), ABQ2, Brisbane (October 9, 8.30 p.m.), and ABV2, Melbourne (October 24, 8 p.m.).



RAYMOND McDONALD sings Pinkerton and . . .

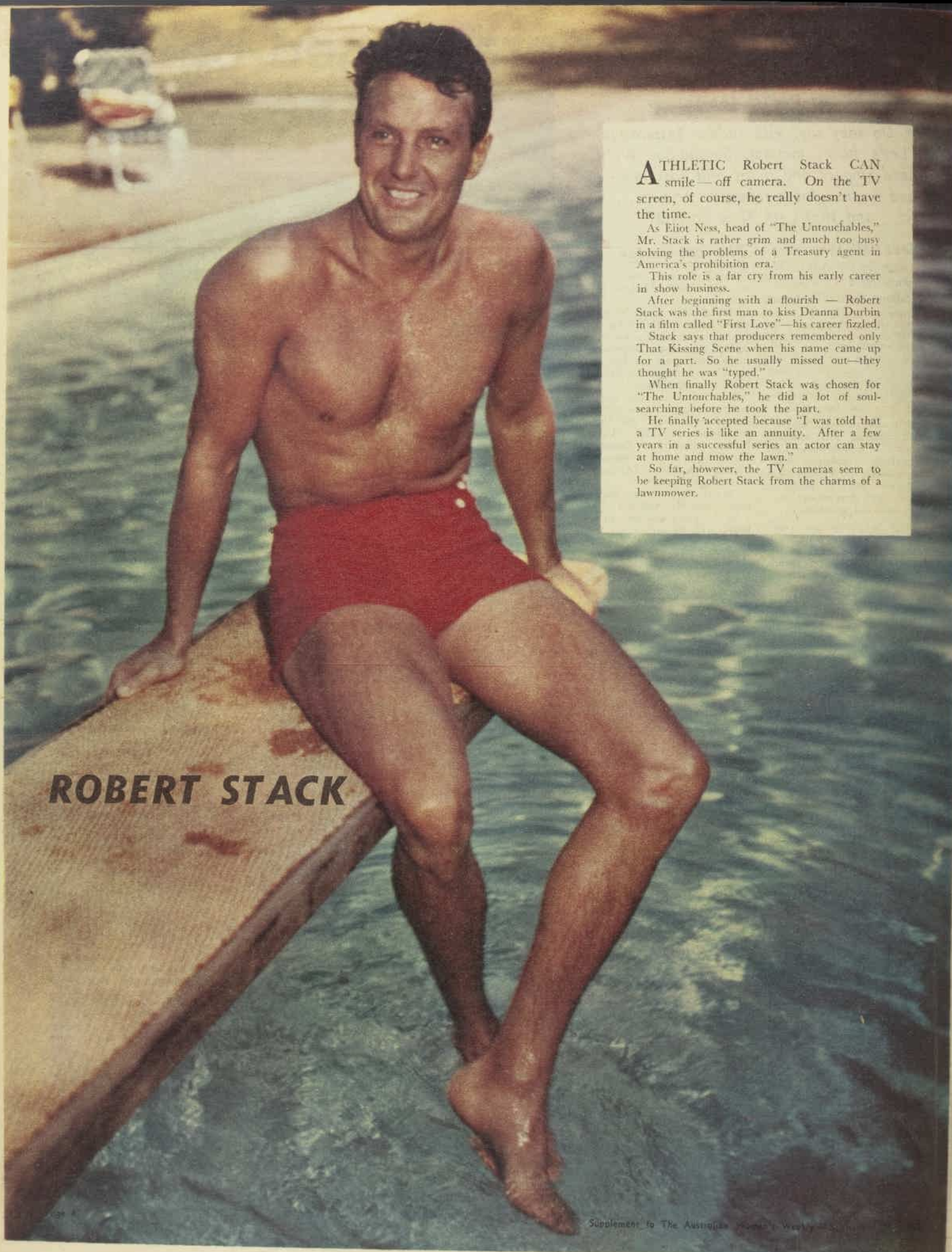


RIC HUTTON acts Pinkerton in "Butterfly."



VALDA BAGNALL (Butterfly) has geisha makeup.





**ROBERT STACK**

**A**THLETIC Robert Stack CAN smile—off camera. On the TV screen, of course, he really doesn't have the time.

As Eliot Ness, head of "The Untouchables," Mr. Stack is rather grim and much too busy solving the problems of a Treasury agent in America's prohibition era.

This role is a far cry from his early career in show business.

After beginning with a flourish — Robert Stack was the first man to kiss Deanna Durbin in a film called "First Love"—his career fizzled.

Stack says that producers remembered only That Kissing Scene when his name came up for a part. So he usually missed out—they thought he was "typed."

When finally Robert Stack was chosen for "The Untouchables," he did a lot of soul-searching before he took the part.

He finally accepted because "I was told that a TV series is like an annuity. After a few years in a successful series an actor can stay at home and mow the lawn."

So far, however, the TV cameras seem to be keeping Robert Stack from the charms of a lawnmower.



## FIVE-PAGE GUIDE TO

# ENTERTAINING

## At Home

● Whether you are a veteran hostess or a young bride entertaining for the first time, this five-page guide will help your next party run more smoothly.

**F**ORTUNATELY, you don't have to be an Elsa Maxwell to mastermind a successful party.

Good hostesses are made, not born. Once you know the rules, entertaining is easy, and whether it's a dinner for four or a cocktail party for 40 you can make it an outstanding success.

It's the planning that counts. Planning the people, the food, the cooking, the cleaning, the decorations, and the entertainment as carefully as a General plans a battle.

### PREPARE AHEAD

Lists are an invaluable part of the organization. First a master list covering all phases of the party, then detailed lists for each separate activity. Pin them in a prominent position and cross off each item as you attend to it. It's the only way to be certain you have everything covered.

You'll need separate lists for guests, food, drinks, equipment, decorations, and entertainment.

### GUEST-LIST

The golden rule is never to invite more people than you can cope with comfortably.

An ideal guest-list is a hybrid mixture, including talkers and listeners, some people who know one another, and some who don't.

Unless it's a formal sit-down dinner, do invite at least one more man than there are women, and more if they are available. A lone man never looks so forlorn as a lone woman.

Don't invite anyone who is feuding with someone else, or the party may deteriorate into two armed camps.

Avoid a "life-of-the-party" guest at small dinners—nobody else will get a word in. Keep him (or her) for bigger gatherings, where his act will have a wider audience and be really useful!

Don't mix age-groups drastically. Teens and children have more fun on their own and adults can find rock-n-roll tedious.

### INVITATIONS

Invite people at least two weeks ahead for small functions and a month for bigger parties. It is good manners and it also gives you time to invite "replaces" if the first one you ask can't come.

Invitations can be a short personal note or a more casual telephone call.

If telephoning, be sure to speak to the person you are inviting—never leave a message.

Don't forget to state the time you want people to arrive and whether dress is formal or informal—and just how informal! And for the benefit of people visiting your house for the first time, send a guide map.

For big formal parties, such as 21st birthdays, printed invitations are usually sent out a month to six weeks beforehand. Guests are asked to reply by a fixed date.

### THE FOOD

Make sure there is plenty of it. Hungry guests are inclined to be more critical.

It's better to ask friends in for bread, cheese, and wine and satisfy them than strain the budget for luxuries that don't fill.

And, surprisingly, it isn't always the lavish parties that people like best. A casual, not-too-ambitious get-together with a relaxed hostess is much more likely to be a success.

Don't experiment on guests. If you want to serve something exotic, try it out on the family until you've got the hang of it.

Recipes that are ideal for cocktail and dinner parties are given in following pages.

### THE HIRED HELP

If you are fortunate enough to get reliable help, be sure to give them explicit instructions well in advance and try to avoid hiring helpers unless you know what they are like. It's difficult for a hostess to be relaxed when she can hear ominous crashes in the background or see a hired helper brandishing a tray near guests' faces.

If you don't hire help for the occasion, try to make sure you and your husband (or co-host friend) are not both out of the room at the same time.

### DECORATIONS

Unless it's a Christmas party there's no need for lavish decorations. The two areas to concentrate on are the entrance hall and the party table.

A spectacular arrangement of fruit, flowers, dried leaves, grass, and berries, or even vegetables, will give the hall a festive look.

Table settings should be gay and attractive, with a thoughtful selection and blending of colors for tablecloths, mats, and napkins, china, glassware, and flowers.

Here are some suggestions for color schemes:

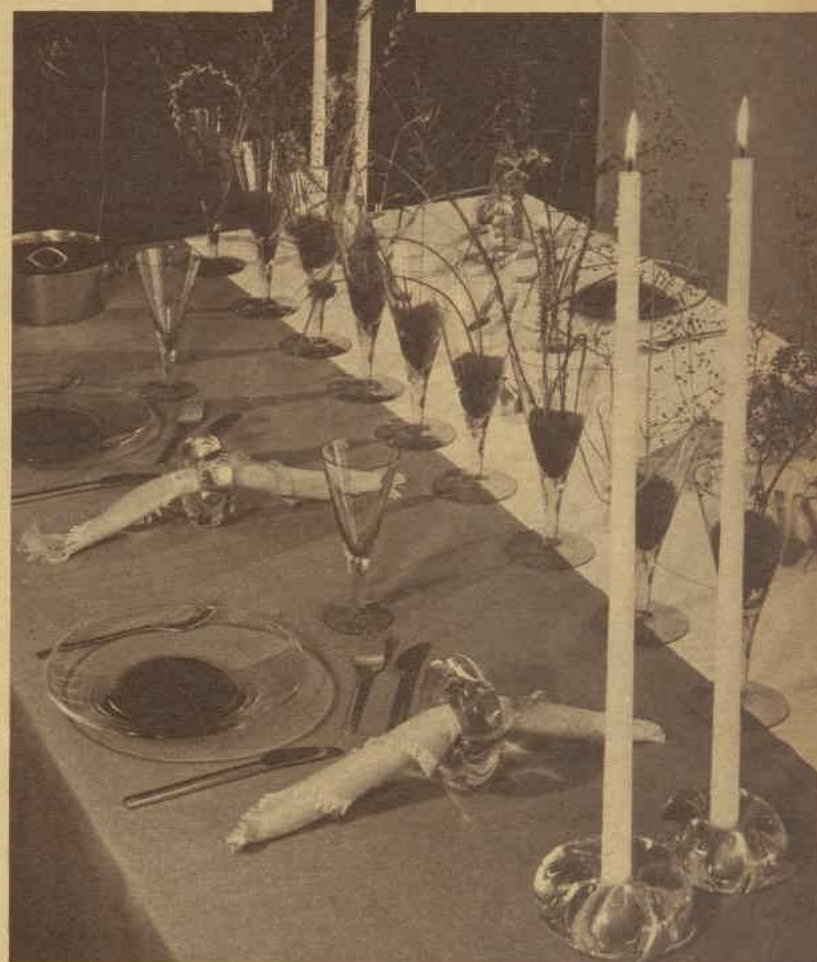
● Pale aqua cloth; violet or deep blue napkins; purple, red, and blue anemones in a milk-glass bowl; clear or amethyst glasses.

● White damask cloth crossed in the centre with red ribbon runners; white napkins, red and white roses in a silver bowl; clear or red glasses.

● Lemon-yellow cloth; cinnamon napkins; orange and yellow marigolds and nasturtiums, yellow and white daisies in a wicker basket; brown earthenware; amber or clear glasses.

● Cocoa-brown cloth; hot-pink napkins; pink geraniums in a pewter jug or bowl; clear or blue glasses.

● Violet cloth; lavender-pink napkins; purple and white violets, lavender, and hyacinths in an amethyst glass bowl; clear or green glasses.



**DRIED GRASSES** set in wet sand in Danish glasses are lined up along centre of table for an original dinner-party setting.

● Mint-green cloth; dark green napkins; purple and green grapes, aubergines, and granny smith apples bedded on ivy leaves on a milk-glass compote; clear or green glasses.

● Pale pink cloth; cocoa-colored napkins; deep pink roses in a brown earthenware container; Italian green glasses.

● Red hessian cloth; bread rolls tied in individual red-and-white-checked napkins; yellow and white daisies in a white jug; green or clear glasses.

On buffet tables and sideboards the napkins, flowers, china, and glass give all the glamor needed. Harlequin napkins in all the colors of the spectrum are inexpensive and easy to make. Remnant counters are a good source of materials.

At informal buffets many people prefer to use paper napkins, which don't require laundering and can be thrown away afterwards.

### ABOUT DRINKS

Drinks are easy to prepare beforehand, but be sure you've got enough working space. An old garden table, provided it's firm, is just the thing. Cover it with a floorlength white plastic cloth (there are many on sale which look like material).

Discuss the menu with your husband or a man friend and let him select and order drinks and serve them during the party. It's your job to see that he has plenty of bottle-openers, trimmings for drinks (lemon peel, mint, etc.), and clean glasses, and to remove empty glasses unobtrusively for washing.

Unless it's a very special dinner party, don't use your best glasses—you won't have to worry about breakages.

Cater for soft-drinkers with a delicious fruit punch or tomato-juice cocktail. And because there are few things more uninviting than a lukewarm drink, make sure there is plenty of ice (many garages supply it by the bagful specially for parties).

### ENTERTAINMENT

Entertainment should be as lighthearted and as apparently spontaneous as the party itself.

Music will help create the right mood and is a pleasant background to conversation. In the later stages guests may provide their own, but in the meantime you can do it for them with carefully chosen records.

Party games are a risk unless you are sure guests like them; there are many who don't.

Good conversation is the prop and mainstay of any party, so be sure to include one really good conversationalist to start the ball rolling.

"Singing round the piano" is back under a new name, the singalong. For this you'll need at least one or two guests who can sing in tune.

Performing children and animals are out for adult parties. Few people except the proud owners really care for them.

Many people enjoy dancing, so if you have the space, clear off a small dance floor at one end of the living-room or terrace.

### A GOOD HOSTESS

Guests should never be aware of the work their hostess is putting into a party. Outwardly at least you must be always amiable, no matter what crises eventuate.

Boost your morale by wearing your most attractive outfit—casual or formal as the occasion demands—and have your hair done the day before. Be sure the clothes you wear are comfortable. Nothing induces an expression of strain more quickly than tight shoes or an uncomfortable dress.

Allow a good two hours for getting yourself ready.

At the party the hostess meets guests at the front door, takes them to the cloakroom to leave their belongings, sees they get a drink, and introduces them.

While the party is in progress she is constantly on the alert to see that conversation is running smoothly, no one is left out, and empty glasses are refilled.

Never let the party split into men in one corner, women in the other. Be smiling but firm and mix them up. Your timing and instinct have to be good, because nothing is more infuriating than to be dragged away from an interesting conversation to make small-talk with a stranger.

Ask guests you know well to help by moving around and breaking up groups where conversation is obviously flagging.

Continued on page 47

## COUNT-DOWN FOR THE PARTY

8. Two Weeks Before: Make comprehensive lists covering guests, food, drinks, equipment, and entertainment. Send out invitations. Arrange for hired help.

7. One Week Before: Launder table linen. Check store cupboards against food list. Tick items on hand and order non-perishables. See husband about ordering drinks and ice. Check equipment—make sure you have enough plates, cutlery, glasses, and serving-dishes.

6. Four Days Before: Give house a good cleaning.

5. Three Days Before: Clean silver.

4. Two Days Before: Buy vegetables and fruit, order meat. Polish glasses, wash ash-trays and vases.

3. One Day Before: Do as much cook-

ing and food preparation as possible (see page 50). Fit out one room as a guest cloakroom with coat-hangers, tissues, cotton-wool, and mirror. Put away really precious ornaments and vases in case of accidents.

2. Morning of the Party: Set up drink table with plenty of glasses, ice-bucket, water jugs, bottle-openers, and cork-screws. Give house a last flick through with duster and vacuum-cleaner. See page 50 for cookery preparations.

1. Afternoon of the Party: Put guest-towels and extra soap in bathroom. Add finishing touches to food. If doors and windows are not screened, spray rooms to discourage mosquitoes and flies about three hours before guests arrive.





GIVE  
YOURSELF  
A  
"COFFEE-  
BREAK"

## NOTHING IN THE WORLD LIKE THE ROUSING GOOD TASTE OF COFFEE

*Whenever you have to think more clearly, give yourself a coffee-break!*

*At home or at work coffee cheers you up. Gives you a little extra get-up-and-go. And see how you spark to the hearty, rich taste of it!*

*Coffee is mighty good company—and it makes you better company.*

*Ideas flow and friendships grow over a cup of coffee.*

*Drink it often! Enjoy coffee at mealtimes! Relax over coffee at your favourite restaurant! For lively satisfaction, nothing else comes close.*





# THE COCKTAIL PARTY



**C**OCKTAIL foods should be attractively arranged on platters that are fairly small. Very large platters mean someone has to tote them throughout the party — and they can become heavy!

## SHOPPING LIST

One pound chicken livers, 5lb. prawns, 1lb. bacon, 1 packet smoked salmon, 1lb. mature cheese, 1lb. processed cheese, 1lb. Edam cheese, 1lb. cream cheese, 1lb. butter, 1 jar cream, 1 pint milk, 2 packets chicken noodle soup, 1 small can water chestnuts, 4 eggs, 1 small can devilled ham paste, 1 jar olives, 1 small can anchovies, 1 small can crabmeat, 1 jar mayonnaise, 1 small jar gherkins, 1 small can red or black caviare, 1lb. walnuts, 1 loaf rye bread, 1½ loaves white bread, few packets assorted savory biscuits, 1 avocado, 2 lemons, 1 stick celery, 1 cucumber, small quantities parsley, onions, chives, shallots, garlic, tomatoes (for decoration), radishes, capers, mustard.

On Hand: Soy sauce, chilli sauce, horseradish, oil for frying, etc., mayonnaise, poppy seeds, paprika, chilli powder, usual seasonings, flour, etc.

## PREPARATION

Two Days Ahead: Buy fresh foods except prawns, milk, and bread (order these). Prepare Chicken Puff mixture to frying stage, cover, store in refrigerator. Grate all cheese required. Prepare Dutch Truffles, arrange on dish, cover, place in refrigerator.

One Day Ahead: Buy prawns, milk, bread. Prepare Moruya Slice, wrap well, store in refrigerator. Prepare Cheese Rye Strips, wrap in waxed paper, refrigerate. Shell prawns, cover, store in refrigerator. Sauté chicken livers for Ramaki, roll in bacon as directed, place in shallow oven-dish, cover, store in refrigerator. Fill all ice-trays and freeze.

Morning of Party: Assemble ingredients for Prawn Marinade, cover, set aside. Prepare all canape toppings. Assemble salad green garnishes, put in chilled water. Set one table with plates, cutlery, etc.

Afternoon of Party: Deep fry Chicken Puffs, drain well, set in ovenproof dish for reheating. Prepare canapés, arrange on platters. Set out few platters of savory biscuits with celery curls, tomato roses, radishes, etc., as garnishes.

Before Guests Arrive: Place hot savories with platters beside oven for heating. Slice Cheese and Rye Strips and Moruya Roll, arrange on platters with crisp salad greens. Drain Prawn Marinade, put in bowls on table beside biscuits. Arrange Dutch Truffles on platter.

## HOW TO SERVE

- Place all cold platters on table so guests can help themselves and each other.
- Serve hot savories at intervals throughout party.
- If coffee is to be served to those who stay on, have it in readiness, set aside, and make when required.

## CANAPES

Base of these bite-size savories can be plain or fancy shapes of toasted or fried bread,

## MENU (for 25 to 30 guests)

Canapés  
Dutch Truffles  
Moruya Slice  
Cheese and Rye Strips  
Prawn Marinade  
Ramaki  
Chicken Puffs

plain or cheese pastry, savory biscuits, potato crisps, or thin slice of cucumber. Allow 3 or 4 to each guest.

## Suggested toppings:

Anchovy: Spread canape with cream cheese, curl anchovy fillet round small stuffed olive.

Caper Cheese: Roll cream cheese (with caper in centre) into ball, then lightly coat with poppy seeds.

Ham Diabla: Use devilled ham paste as spread, arrange cheese and gherkin in fancy shapes on top.

Crab: Mix flaked crabmeat with mayonnaise, spread generously on canapés, top with grated radish.

Avocado: Mix hint of grated onion and lemon juice with mashed avocado. Pile into centre of prawn curl on canape.

Irish Green: Cover canape with shredded processed cheese, arrange shamrock-shaped slices of gherkin on top.

Salmon: Smear mayonnaise over canape, lay strip of smoked salmon over.

Caviare: Cover canape with red or black caviare, garnish with circles of soft mild cheese.

## DUTCH TRUFFLES

Two cups grated Edam cheese (or any other cheese desired), 1 to 2 tablespoons cream or ale, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, ½ tea-

spoon salt, pinch pepper, ¼ cup finely chopped celery, ¼ cup finely chopped parsley and 1 tablespoon chopped chives mixed together.

Mix grated cheese and chopped celery together. Add mustard, salt, pepper. Add sufficient cream or ale to make mixture soft enough to mould. Mix well. Form into marble-sized balls, roll in parsley and chive mixture. Chill.

## MORUYA SLICE

Half pound grated mature cheese, 1 small onion (finely chopped), 2 tablespoons chopped olives, 2 hard-boiled eggs (chopped), 1 cup crushed savory biscuits, 3 tablespoons mayonnaise, salt, cayenne, dash hot chilli sauce.

Combine all ingredients, shape into long roll 1 in. to 1½ in. thick. Roll in waxed paper, chill thoroughly. Just before serving, remove paper, cut roll into thin slices. Arrange on platter with garnish of crisp salad greens and olives or small pickled onions.

## CHEESE AND RYE STRIPS

Half pound processed or soft cheese, ½ to 1 cup chopped walnuts, ½ teaspoon crushed garlic or garlic salt, paprika, nutmeg, chilli powder, strips of buttered rye bread.

Soften cheese by putting in warm place. Mix thoroughly with walnuts, garlic. Shape mixture into long roll about 1½ in. in diameter. Sprinkle piece of waxed paper with paprika, nutmeg, chilli powder. Roll cheese over mixture until completely covered. Wrap roll in wax paper, store in refrigerator until ready to use, then slice and serve on rye bread.

## PRAWN MARINADE

Four pounds prawns (shelled), 1 cut clove garlic, 1 cup finely chopped celery, 2 shallots (finely chopped), 2 tablespoons chopped chives, 1 cup oil, 6 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon chilli sauce, ½ cup horseradish, 2 teaspoons prepared mustard, ½ teaspoon paprika, 1½ teaspoons salt.

Rub bowl with cut clove garlic, add all ingredients, including prawns. Allow to marinate 12 hours. Drain prawns, place in bowl, and let guests help themselves.

Continued on page 52

# The buffet dinner party

## MENU (for 20 guests)

Appetisers  
Crusted Seafood Casserole  
Veal Mocambo  
Welcome Cup  
Chocolate Apricot Cream  
Mocha Rum Balls  
Coffee

**M**AKE sure there is plenty of space round the buffet so guests can help themselves. Otherwise, queuing up and cold food are inevitable for the late-comers.

## SHOPPING LIST

One bottle claret, 1 bottle brandy, 1 bottle lemon or orange squash, 2 bottles ginger ale or lemonade, 1 bottle beer, 2 pints milk, 3 pints sour cream, 1 pint cream, 20 eggs, 1lb. butter, 2lb. coffee, 1 liverwurst, 1 can red caviare, 1½lb. cheddar cheese, 1lb. cream cheese, 1lb. cooking chocolate, 1 can crushed pineapple, 3 cans mushroom soup (optional), 2 cans sliced mushrooms, 2 pkts. noodles, 1 pkt. poppy seeds, 1 pkt. lemon jelly crystals, 2 cans apricots, 1lb. chocolate biscuits, 1lb. plain sweet biscuits, 1lb. assorted savory biscuits, 1lb. icing-sugar, 1lb. walnuts, 3 to 4lb. veal, 1lb. marshmallows, small bag chocolate decorations, 2lb. prawns, 3 to 4lb. fresh fish (or canned), 1 orange, 2 lemons, 1 box strawberries, 1lb. mushrooms, 1lb. potatoes, mint, onions, garlic, parsley, celery, and radishes for garnishing, 2 tomatoes.

On Hand: Seasonings, gelatine, sugar, coffee powder, honey, rum, paprika, fat or oil, flour.

## PREPARATION

Two Days Ahead: Complete shopping for all foods except coffee, seafoods, cream. Prepare Liverwurst Pate and Cheese Medley Dip, cover securely, store in refrigerator. Grate cheese, cover, refrigerate. Prepare Mocha Rum Balls, cover, refrigerate.

Morning of Party: Buy coffee, cream. Prepare Chocolate Apricot Cream, cover lightly, refrigerate. Continue preparation of Seafood Casserole up to piping potato on dish. Cover lightly, set in cool place. Arrange egg-whites, cheese in convenient place with equipment needed to complete dish later. Collect crockery, cutlery, etc., set buffet. Cover setting against dust.

Afternoon of Party: Prepare Welcome Cup, set aside in cool place. Place mint leaves in small amount water, place ginger ale beside Welcome Cup ready to add at last moment. Prepare Caviare Dip, set aside. Place coffee-making equipment and cups ready. Put plates on oven rack or in warm position for heating.

Before Guests Arrive: Arrange platters of savory biscuits with dips ready to serve. In warm weather cover dips, leave in refrigerator as long as possible. Finish off Seafood Casserole, place in oven. Have chopped parsley handy. Continue Veal Mocambo, set in greased ovenproof dishes in oven to keep hot.

## HOW TO SERVE

- Complete Welcome Cup, adding ice cubes if desired. Fill into large punch bowls if available and let guests serve themselves, otherwise ladle into glasses on trays. Serve with suggested appetisers.
- Place Veal Mocambo and Seafood Casserole on heatproof mats on buffet.
- Percolate coffee.
- When possible, clear dishes away and serve Apricot Cream.
- Remove dishes and foods, serve coffee with chilled Mocha Rum Balls.

## APPETISER SUGGESTIONS

Liverwurst Pate: Six ounces liverwurst, 2 tablespoons butter, dash cayenne pepper, pinch nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, pinch ground cloves, ¼ teaspoon curry powder, 1 tablespoon minced onion, brandy or sherry. Sauté liverwurst in butter, breaking up with

fork as it heats. Add seasoning ingredients (except brandy). Continue to blend. Remove from heat, pack into custard cups. Pour little brandy or sherry over top; chill. Turn on to lettuce leaf, provide knife for spreading.

Caviare Dip: Half pint sour cream, 4oz. red caviare, 1 teaspoon paprika, salt.

Combine all ingredients, mix well, and serve.

Cheese Medley Dip: Two cups shredded sharp cheddar cheese, 8oz. cream cheese, 1 small clove garlic (crushed), 2-3rds cup beer, 1 tablespoon poppy seeds, 2 tablespoons sweet pickle relish.

Let cheeses stand at room temperature about ½ hour. Cream cheddar, add cream cheese, garlic, continue creaming. Add beer, beat until creamy. Stir in poppy seeds, relish.

## CRUSTED SEAFOOD CASSEROLE

Eight cups cooked fish (or use canned fish), 4 cups shelled prawns, 6 cups cream sauce or canned mushroom soup, 3 cups sliced mushrooms (canned or fresh, sautéed lightly in butter), 12 eggs (separated), 1½ to 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, pinch nutmeg, 1½ cups grated cheese, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1lb. mashed potato, chopped parsley.

Combine flaked fish, prawns, sauce, or mushroom soup, sliced mushrooms, beaten egg-yolks, salt, pepper, nutmeg. Fill into 1 large or 2 medium-sized casseroles. Beat egg-whites until stiff, add cheese, paprika, blend in lightly. Pipe strip of potato round outside edge of dish, pile savory meringue in centre. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve topped with chopped parsley.

## VEAL MOCAMBO

Four lb. minced veal, 3 cloves garlic (finely chopped), ¼ cup finely chopped parsley, 2 to 3 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 cup milk, 4 eggs (beaten), 2 cups fine dry bread-crumbs, ¼ cup oil or fat, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 cup flour, 2 cans sliced mushrooms, 4 cups sour cream, 2 large packets broad noodles, 1 cup poppy seeds.



Combine veal, garlic, parsley, seasonings, eggs, milk, crumbs. Mix thoroughly. Shape into small balls or blocks. Heat oil or fat in pan, add herbs. Brown meatballs in this mixture. Remove meat, stir in flour. Add mushrooms, sour cream; cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add veal balls. Cover, cook over low heat about 20 minutes. Meanwhile cook noodles (broken into 2 in. pieces) in boiling salted water; drain. Sprinkle with poppy seeds. Serve on hot platter round meatballs and sauce.

## WELCOME CUP

One bottle claret or burgundy, 1 bottle brandy, 1 can crushed pineapple, 1 cup orange or lemon squash cordial, 1 orange and 1 lemon (both thinly sliced), 1 box strawberries or cherries, 2 bottles ginger ale or lemonade, mint leaves.

Combine claret or burgundy with brandy, pineapple, cordial, orange and lemon slices, sliced strawberries or cherries. Allow mixture to stand few hours to let flavors mingle. Just before serving add ginger ale or lemonade. Decorate punch bowl with mint leaves.

## CHOCOLATE APRICOT CREAM

Two oz. gelatine, 4½ cups milk, 1 cup sugar, 4oz. cooking chocolate, 1lb. marshmallows, ¼ cup finely chopped walnuts, 4 egg-whites (stiffly beaten), 2 cups cream, 1 pkt. lemon jelly crystals, ½ pt. boiling water, 2 cups prepared or canned apricot puree, extra whipped sweetened cream and mint sprigs for decoration.

Soak gelatine in ½ cup milk 5 minutes. Combine remaining milk, sugar, chopped chocolate in saucepan. Stir over low heat

Continued on page 52



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# FOUR DIFFERENT MENUS

● Here are four basic menus for important-occasion dinner parties. The first is for young brides entertaining their elders; the second, to acquaint overseas visitors with the quality of Australian food; the third, a dinner for unexpected guests; and the fourth is appropriate for modern young marrieds.

*Recipes for these menus are overleaf.*



## 1. Savory Fish Mornay

*Beef with Burgundy*

*Buttered Rice*

*Apple Amber Snow*

*Coffee*



## 2. Seafood Cocktail

*Baked Sirloin*

*Baked Pumpkin,  
French Beans,  
Potatoes, Carrots,  
Onions*

*Ruby Fruited Mould*

*Coffee*



## 3. Jiffy Soup

*Cheesed Squares*

*Cheese and Bacon  
Puffs*

*Tossed Garden Salad*

*Pineapple Flambe*

## 4. Hors-D'Oeuvre Platter

*Lamb Cutlets with  
Cucumber*

*Buttered Minted  
Potatoes, Peas*

*Rum Baba*

*Cheese and Biscuits*

*Coffee*



# FOUR DIFFERENT MENUS . . . from previous page

● Here are the directions for preparing, cooking, and serving the four attractive dinner menus shown on the previous page. As stated in the opening page of this feature, preparations for any party should begin well ahead, with a careful check of foodstuffs

in store cupboards and refrigerator. Then make up your shopping list, and have as much as possible delivered. In the recipes below, quantities given are sufficient for four people, and, in brackets, the extra food quantities necessary to serve a party of six.

## MENU 1: Easy dinner for a bride

● A dinner party given by a young bride for her new parents-in-law, older relatives, and friends requires a fairly conservative menu, but one that is to prepare.

### SHOPPING LIST

Four (6) fish fillets, 1 pt. milk, 4 oz. grated cheese, parsley, 1½ (2) lb. bladebone steak, 1 lb. small white onions, 1 lb. bacon rashers, 1 (1) lb. mushrooms, 1 small bottle burgundy, 1 (1) lb. rice, vegetables (see below), 2 (3) lemons, 1 orange, chives, 4 (6) cooking apples, 2 (3) eggs, 1 lb. coffee.

Note: Vegetables as desired can be served with the casserole. One bunch spinach and 1 lb. small carrots were used in this menu.

On Hand: Salt, pepper, butter, flour, fat, sugar, herbs, castor sugar.

### PREPARATION

Two Days Ahead: Buy all foodstuffs except fish; select china, serving-dishes, linen, etc., keeping in mind guests' ages and whether their tastes are sophisticated or homely. Where possible, use their wedding gifts.

One Day Ahead: Buy fish and store in refrigerator; make pastry, cover, and chill ½ hour, then roll out and fill into pie-case, chill; prepare and cook beef casserole in oven only 1 hour, allow to cool, then cover and store in refrigerator.

Morning of Party: Prepare Fish Mornay to stage of sprinkling with cheese, place in refrigerator; prepare Apple Amber Snow filling, put into pie-case, bake as directed in recipe (do not add meringue at this stage); remove casserole from refrigerator; prepare selected vegetables, place in refrigerator; place coffee-making equipment in convenient spot, set out tray of coffee cups, sugar, etc.; set table.

Afternoon of Party: Place casserole in oven and bake until tender; cook rice, add butter, chopped parsley, or chives; place in well-greased ovenproof dish, cover, set aside; whip egg-whites with sugar until meringue consistency, pile on pie, place in slow oven to brown; remove and cool; cook spinach and carrots, drain, turn into greased ovenproof dish, set aside.

Before Guests Arrive: Place Fish Mornay into oven to reheat and brown; dot rice with little extra butter, cover, and reheat with vegetables; warm plates.

### HOW TO SERVE

● Serve Fish Mornay on heated plates.  
● Arrange casserole and vegetable dish on stands and take to table. Serve buttered

rice in dish for guests to help themselves.

● Set coffee to percolate.

● Sprinkle pie with orange rind, carry to table for guests to admire before serving.

● Serve coffee in lounge, where husband entertains guests while you clear and stack dishes.

### SAVORY FISH MORNAY

Four (6) fillets (bream or flounder), salt, pepper, milk, 1 (1½) oz. butter or substitute, 1 (1½) oz. flour, 2 (3) oz. grated cheese, parsley, extra grated cheese.

Poach seasoned fish fillets in little milk until tender. Drain off liquid, make up to 1 (1½) pint with more milk. Melt butter, add flour, and blend together, gradually work in milk, bring to boil. Simmer 3 minutes, add cheese, and season. Remove skin and bones from fish. Place in buttered ovenproof dish. Coat with sauce. Sprinkle with little extra cheese, place under grill or in oven to brown. Garnish with parsley.

### BEEF WITH BURGUNDY

One and a half (2) lb. bladebone steak, 2 oz. fat, 8 (12) small onions, 2 rashers lean bacon, 1 (1) lb. mushrooms, pinch sugar, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 pint burgundy, stock, salt, pepper, bouquet garni.

Trim meat, cut into large pieces. Melt fat in heavy pan. Add meat, brown evenly. Take from pan. Put prepared onions, chopped bacon (rind removed), mushrooms (well washed) into pan, add sugar, and brown slowly. Remove mushrooms. Return meat to pan. Sprinkle flour over, add wine, and sufficient stock to cover, season, stir well, and add bouquet garni. Turn into ovenproof dish. Cover tightly, cook slowly 1 hour. Add mushrooms. Continue to cook further 1 hour or until meat is tender. Serve separately buttered rice, spinach, and carrots, or desired vegetables.

### BUTTERED RICE

Eight (12) oz. rice, boiling water, salt, juice 1 lemon, 1 oz. butter, finely chopped parsley or chives.

Sprinkle washed rice into boiling salted water with lemon juice and fast boil to keep grains well separated. Cooking time varies from about 15 to 18 minutes. When cooked, grain should be soft but firm. Drain thoroughly. Melt butter in pan, return rice to pan. Cover, keep warm about 15 minutes to dry grains. Before serving, fold in parsley or chives.

Continued on page 52

## MENU 2: For visitors from overseas

● When entertaining overseas guests, serve dishes that demonstrate the quality of Australian food. Use local china and a centre-piece of Australian wildflowers.

### SHOPPING LIST

One bottle oysters, 1 (1½) lb. prawns, 1 small lobster, 1 lemon, parsley, 1 thick piece sirloin (about 3 to 4 lbs.), 1 knob garlic, 1½ (2) lb. potatoes, 1 (1) lb. pumpkin, 1 lb. carrots, 1 (1½) lb. french beans, 1 lb. small white onions, 2 bunches rhubarb, 1 small jar ginger in syrup, 1 pint cream, little angelica, 1 pkt. jelly crystals, 1 lb. coffee.

On Hand: Horseradish, tomato sauce, salt, pepper, vinegar, Worcestershire sauce, fat, flour, sugar, gelatine, eggs.

Two Days Ahead: Buy all packaged and canned goods, vegetables, and meat and store in usual way; select china, linen, and cutlery.

One Day Ahead: Buy seafoods, remove lobster and prawns from shells, cover and store in refrigerator; prepare cocktail sauce, cover and chill; prepare and chill Ruby Fruited Mould.

Morning of Party: Mix lobster and prawns with oysters, cover and chill; prepare all vegetables and place in basin of cold water; make and set jelly for sweet, whip cream (over ice), cover and chill both.

Afternoon of Party: Bake meat and vegetables as described in recipe below; put coffee and equipment to one side ready for making; set table.

Before Guests Arrive: Combine chilled seafoods and sauce, spoon into glasses, decorate with parsley and return to refrigerator; unmould sweet on serving-platter, chop jelly roughly, spoon round sweet, decorate with cream and return to refrigerator; cook beans; remove baked vegetables from fat and place in ovenproof dish; slice meat and make gravy; place all in slow oven to keep warm; warm plates.

### HOW TO SERVE

● Remove seafood cocktail glasses from refrigerator and serve, using small oyster or cake forks.

● Serve up meat course on heated plates with hot baked vegetables and gravy.

● Serve sweet at table.

● Put coffee to percolate, quickly clear table and stack dishes in kitchen while husband ushers guests into lounge. Serve coffee with sweetmeats and liqueurs.

### SEAFOOD COCKTAIL

One bottle oysters (drained), 1 (1½) lb. shelled prawns, 1 small lobster, 1 dessertspoon prepared horseradish, 1 (1) cup tomato sauce or tomato puree, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 (1) teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, parsley for garnish.

Place oysters (drained), prawns, and lobster meat (chopped) into basin. Cover, chill. Prepare sauce by combining all other ingredients; mix well, chill. Arrange seafoods in glasses. Spoon over sauce, add parsley.

### BAKED SIRLOIN

One thick piece sirloin (about 3 to 4 lbs.), 3 tablespoons fat, 2 cloves garlic (peeled and sliced thickly), 6 (9) potatoes, 4 (6) pieces pumpkin (leave skin on if desired for added color), 4 (6) small carrots, 4 (6) small onions, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups stock or water, salt, pepper.

Wipe meat with damp cloth. Cut few slits in meat, insert garlic pieces; season with salt, pepper. Heat fat in baking-dish on top of stove, brown meat all over. Cover, place in moderate oven, bake about 1½ hours, basting occasionally with pan juices. Add prepared vegetables to pan, continue cooking without lid until tender, turning when required. Place meat on heated dish, arrange vegetables round base. Keep dish hot while making gravy. Leave about 2 tablespoons fat in pan, add flour, salt, pepper. Stir over heat until browned. Add stock or water, continue stirring until gravy thickens. Taste, if necessary add more seasonings. Pour little over baked meat, serve remainder in gravy-boat.

### RUBY FRUITED MOULD

Two pounds rhubarb, 8 oz. sugar, water, 4 tablespoons ginger syrup, 1 oz. gelatine, 3 tablespoons water, 2 egg-whites, stem ginger, 1 pint cream, angelica, jelly.

Prepare fresh rhubarb, cook until tender with sugar and sufficient water to cover. Place in electric blender or rub through a fine sieve to obtain puree. Add ginger syrup, measure rhubarb puree and if necessary make up to 1½ pints with water. Place gelatine in small bowl, add 3 tablespoons water, stir and heat in pan of hot water until gelatine has melted. Stir into puree. Leave until just beginning to set. Fold in whipped egg-whites and 2 pieces of chopped stem ginger. Pour into fancy ring-mould, slightly oiled or wet. When set, turn out and fill centre with whipped cream (if desired) and a little more chopped ginger. Chopped jelly and angelica leaves make attractive finish round base of mould.

## MENU 3: For unexpected guests

● This meal is planned for impulse invitations issued to children's friends and guests who come to call — and stay on. It can be served quite informally on colorful china and without fuss.

### SHOPPING LIST

One (2) pkt. vegetable soup, 1 small bottle dry white wine, 1 small loaf french bread, 6 oz. grated parmesan cheese, 2 (3) onions, 1 lb. bacon rashers, 2 (3) eggs, 1 large carrot, 1½ lb. tomatoes, 1 lettuce, 1 small (large) can pineapple-rings, 1 small jar maraschino cherries, 1 small bottle brandy, 1 pint cream.

On Hand: Self-raising flour, salt, pepper, cayenne, milk, butter, vinegar, sugar, mustard, soy sauce, cornflour, sherry, oil.

This menu has been specially planned to prepare at the last moment, so the only pre-preparation possible is to assemble all

canned and packaged foods in one area on the shelf so they are easy to get at.

Such ingredients as eggs, onions, bacon, etc., have been included because they are usually on hand. Canned tomatoes and dash of garlic can be used in devilled sauce, and carrot omitted if not available. If salad greens are not usually in refrigerator, camembert or similar cheese can be used instead with packet of savory biscuits.

Packaged ice-cream or sweetened whipped evaporated milk can replace fresh cream.

### JEFFY SOUP WITH CHEESED SQUARES

One (1½) pkt. vegetable soup, 4 (6) cups water, 1 cup dry white wine, 4 (6) bread-slices, grated cheese.

Cook soup as directed on package, adding dry white wine just before finishing cooking. Remove crusts from bread-slices and cut each into 4. Toast lightly and top with grated cheese. Place under grill for few seconds to melt cheese. Serve with soup.

### CHEESE AND BACON PUFFS

Eight (12) oz. self-raising flour, 1 (2) small onion (finely chopped), 3 (4) rashers bacon (cooked), salt, cayenne pepper, 2 (3) eggs, milk, 2 oz. parmesan cheese (finely grated), devilled sauce (see below), fat or oil.

Mix together flour, onion, chopped bacon, and seasonings. Add beaten eggs and sufficient milk to give stiff batter. Just before frying, fold in cheese. Fry small spoonfuls in hot fat 8 to 10 minutes, turning to ensure even browning. Serve very hot with sauce.

Devilled Sauce: One oz. butter, 1 large grated carrot, 1 onion (chopped), 4 skinned chopped tomatoes, 3 tablespoons vinegar, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon mustard, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 tablespoon corn-flour, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons sherry, salt, pepper.

Melt butter, add carrot, sliced tomatoes, and onion; cook 5 minutes. Add vinegar, sugar, sauce, and mustard. Blend cornflour with water, add to the mixture. Stir. Bring to boil, stirring constantly. Simmer 5 minutes. Add sherry and reheat. Season with salt and pepper before serving.

### TOSSED GARDEN SALAD

One lettuce, tomato wedges, oil, wine or tarragon vinegar, salt, freshly ground black pepper.

Prepare lettuce, wash and drain thoroughly. In large bowl measure 3 parts oil, add salt and freshly ground black pepper. Gradually add 1 part wine or tarragon vinegar and blend together with fork until well emulsified. (If desired, a few finely chopped herbs or clove garlic crushed or chopped can be added.) Lightly toss lettuce in dressing. Arrange in salad-bowl with tomato wedges.

### PINEAPPLE FLAMBE

One small (large) can pineapple-rings, 1 cup maraschino cherries, 2 oz. sugar, 2 tablespoons brandy, cream.

Drain slices from syrup. Heat syrup and sugar together and boil 5 to 10 minutes. Arrange pineapple slices and cherries in bowl, pour syrup over. Warm brandy and ignite. Pour over pineapple-slices and serve with whipped sweetened cream.

Continued on page 52





**GRAPEFRUIT PARFAIT CAKE**  
(Women's Weekly, out 4th or 5th Sept.)



**MACARONI CHEESE TROPICAL**  
(Women's Weekly, out 11th or 12th Sept.)



**CORN FLAKE BOOMERANGS**  
(Women's Weekly, out 18th or 19th Sept.)



**JIFFY PIE SHELLS**  
(Women's Weekly, out 25th or 26th Sept.)



**STROGANOFF FAMILY STYLE**  
(Women's Weekly, out 2nd or 3rd Oct.)



**CHEESE PUFF PIE**  
(Women's Weekly, out 9th or 10th Oct.)

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## HIT PARADE OF BUTTER & CHEESE RECIPES CONTEST

### Win £1,000 by placing these butter and cheese recipes in order of merit

Recipes for the 6 Butter and Cheese dishes pictured here are appearing in 6 successive issues of The Australian Women's Weekly (on-sale dates for recipes are indicated under illustrations at left). You can get the leaflet featuring all six recipes at your grocer's now.

These recipes have been tested by a panel of expert home economists, who have voted them 1 to 6 in order of merit. They based their decision on the following factors—appearance, nutrition, flavour appeal, economy, novelty and

ease of preparation. Their selection has been deposited, in a sealed envelope, with The Australian Dairy Produce Board's Bank.

To enter the Contest, make up the recipes yourself, then see if you can place them (and the reasons for voting one of them into top position) in the same order as the experts did. Send your completed entry to "Hit Parade of Butter and Cheese Recipes Contest," Box No. 5252, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., before October 25.

#### CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

There's no entry fee or restriction on the number of entries you submit. Entries may be made on an entry form such as the one in this advertisement or the one attached to the special recipe leaflet now obtainable at your grocer's.

Employees of the Australian Dairy Produce Board and its Advertising Agents are not eligible to compete. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into. In the event of more than one correct answer being received, major prize money will be divided between the successful entrants.

#### ENTRY FORM

TO: "HIT PARADE OF BUTTER AND CHEESE RECIPES CONTEST," Box No. 5252, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

MY SELECTION IS:  
(number off in order of preference)

- Grapefruit Parfait Cake ☐
- Macaroni Cheese Tropical ☐
- Corn Flake Boomerangs ☐
- Jiffy Pie Shells ☐
- Stroganoff Family Style ☐
- Cheese Puff Pie ☐

I BASED MY FIRST CHOICE ON:  
(number off in order of importance)

- Appearance ☐
- Nutrition ☐
- Flavour Appeal ☐
- Economy ☐
- Novelty ☐
- Ease of Preparation ☐

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## FOUR DIFFERENT MENUS . . . from page 50

### MENU 4: A dash of the unusual

● The ideal dinner to serve younger married friends and important elders is simple with just a dash of the unusual. In this menu a Rum Baba dessert is the highlight. Set the table with dull-finish stainless steel cutlery, modern tablemats, and a candle centrepiece.

#### SHOPPING LIST

Seven (8) eggs, 1 small can sardines, 1 small red pepper, 2 (3) tomatoes, 2 (3) oz. sliced salami, 1 small jar gherkins, 1 large bunch shallots, 1 small lettuce, 8 (12) lamb cutlets, 1 loaf bread (for breadcrumbs), 1 (2) cucumber, 1 (1½) lbs. small potatoes, mint, 1 packet frozen peas (or use fresh peas), ½ oz. yeast, 1 lemon, 1 small flask rum, 2oz. glace cherries, assorted savory biscuits and cheese, ½ lb. coffee.

On Hand: French dressing, paprika, flour, salt, pepper, fat or oil, ½ pint milk, cutlet frills, butter.

#### PREPARATION

Two Days Ahead: Buy all ingredients and store them; select china, cutlery, and linen, keeping in mind a definite color scheme.

One Day Ahead: Prepare and bake Rum Baba, loosen, but leave in tin; coat cutlets with egg and breadcrumbs, refrigerate.

Morning of Party: Cook potatoes, toss in butter and chopped mint; cook peas, arrange both vegetables in greased ovenproof dish.

Afternoon of Party: Arrange cheese and biscuits on platter; set table, place platter in position on side table with coffee cups and equipment; prepare hors-d'oeuvre platter, cover with piece of dampened waxed paper; cook rum sauce for Rum Baba, heat Baba in slow oven; cook lamb cutlets, drain well, arrange on platter with cucumber and shallots; make gravy; place all in slow oven; set plates in warm position to heat.

Before Guests Arrive: Place vegetables in oven to reheat; unmould Baba, and spoon over sauce; leave in very slow oven; set table.

#### HOW TO SERVE

● When guests arrive, serve hors-d'oeuvre in the lounge with drinks.

● Place frills on cutlets, take dish to table with gravy (in sauce-boat) and vegetables. Serve on heated plates.

● Next serve Rum Baba with decoration of cherries round edge of dish.

● Serve coffee in lounge accompanied by cheese and biscuit platter.

#### HORS-D'OEUVRE PLATTER

Two (3) hard-boiled eggs, 8 (12) sardines, 1 small red pepper, 2 (3) large tomatoes (skinned and sliced thinly), french dressing, 2 (3) oz. salami (thinly sliced), 4 (6) gherkins, paprika, shallots, shredded lettuce.

Slice hard-boiled eggs thinly. Drain sardines. Roughly chop red pepper. Slice tomatoes thinly and, if liked, marinate them 15 minutes in french dressing. Arrange ingredients in rows on flat platter. Top salami slices with gherkin fans. Garnish sardines with little red pepper, scatter finely chopped shallot tops over tomatoes. Alternatively, serve individual hors-d'oeuvre, arranged on beds of shredded lettuce on small plates with ingredients divided equally, sprinkle paprika over.

#### LAMB CUTLETS WITH CUCUMBER

Eight (12) lamb cutlets, seasoned flour, beaten egg, fresh breadcrumbs, 1 (2) cucumber, small bunch shallots, 1 (2) oz. butter, salt, pepper, fat or oil for frying, gravy, cutlet frills, paprika.

Toss cutlets in seasoned flour, brush with beaten egg, toss in breadcrumbs. Cut cucumber into 3in. lengths, blanch and drain. Cut shallots into 3in. lengths, remove outer skin. Melt butter, add cucumber, shallots, seasoning; saute 8 minutes with lid on. Meanwhile, fry cutlets in hot fat about 5 minutes each side. Drain, keep hot. Pour little gravy over base of hot dish, arrange cutlets (with frills) overlapping each other, fill centre with cucumber mixture, sprinkle little paprika on cucumber. Put gravy in sauce-boat. Serve with buttered minted potatoes and peas.

#### RUM BABA

Eight ounces plain flour, pinch salt, ½ oz. yeast, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ pint warm milk, 4oz. butter, 4 eggs, glace cherries, rum syrup.

Sieve together flour and salt. Make hollow in centre. Cream yeast and sugar, add milk, pour into flour, sprinkle surface with flour. Leave in warm place 30 minutes. Meanwhile, melt butter and beat eggs. Add to flour, beat all together until smooth. Grease fluted ring-mould, place small pieces of cherry in base. Fill with Baba mixture. Leave in warm place to prove until risen to top of mould. Bake in hot oven 20 to 30 minutes until well risen and golden brown. Turn out, and while still warm prick with fine skewer, soak in rum syrup. To make rum syrup, dissolve 4oz. sugar in ½ pint water. Bring to boil and boil for 5 minutes. Add few drops lemon juice and rum to taste.

## Concluding . . . HOW TO ENTERTAIN AT HOME

### Final word to guests

● Here is a final word on entertaining at home. It is addressed to the guests.

THE success or failure of a party doesn't lie entirely with the hostess. Guests have their responsibilities, too.

● Reply to invitations promptly and graciously, whether you go or not.

● Arrive in good time. For a small dinner 15 minutes is the limit of lateness permissible; at a big party it's up to half an hour. Beyond this you are only making things hard for your hostess.

● Co-operate enthusiastically with everything the hostess suggests.

● Circulate freely. Spend some time with each guest and help the hostess by chatting with anyone who seems a bit out of things.

● Don't over-eat or over-drink. A party invitation is no excuse for gluttony. ● Close friends can help pass food round and even empty ash-trays. But ask your hostess first.

● Even if there is somebody at the party you positively dislike, don't show it. Be polite at all costs.

● Don't try to outshine other guests. A party is a joint effort, not a one-man show.

● Don't stay on and on and on.

## Cocktail party

from page 47

#### RAMAKI

One pound chicken livers, 1 tablespoon flour, salt, pepper, ½ to ¾ lb. lean bacon, 1 small can water chestnuts, 1 tablespoon soy sauce.

Wash livers thoroughly, drain well, cut in halves, toss in seasoned flour. Cut bacon into strips about 3in. x 1in. Heat bacon-fat scraps in pan, add livers, and saute 1 minute, moving them round continuously. Drain, wrap each piece of liver and slice of chestnut with strip of bacon. Secure with cocktail stick (heatproof). Place on oven-tray, bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Sprinkle sparingly with soy sauce, serve.

These tidbits can be prepared well beforehand up to the stage of baking. They require cooking only at the last moment.

#### CHICKEN PUFFS

Two packets chicken noodle soup, 3 cups water, 1½ cups milk, 8 tablespoons flour, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2 eggs, ½ cup chopped parsley, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 4 rashers bacon (cooked and crumbled), cayenne pepper, oil or fat for frying.

Mix soup with the water, cook 7 minutes. Melt butter in saucepan, stir in flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Add milk, stir until beginning to thicken, then stir in soup. Continue stirring until mixture boils and thickens. Cool slightly, fold in beaten eggs, parsley, breadcrumbs, bacon, pepper. Fry a spoonful at a time in deep hot oil or fat until golden brown. Drain on kitchen paper. Serve hot with piquant sauce.

## Buffet dinner

from page 47

until mixture just comes to boil. Beat with rotary beater, remove from heat, add soaked gelatine, stir until dissolved. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in chopped marshmallows, walnuts. Gently fold in stiffly

beaten egg-whites, whipped cream. Stand aside until beginning to thicken. Meanwhile dissolve jelly crystals in boiling water, fold into apricot puree. Allow to cool, then whip with rotary beater or electric mixer until fluffy; chill until it starts to thicken. Fill both mixtures into large attractive glass dish in layers. Allow to stand until firm. Just before serving, decorate with whipped sweetened cream, mint sprigs.

#### MOCHA RUM RAILS

Two cups finely crushed biscuit crumbs, 1 cup icing-sugar, 1 cup crushed chocolate-biscuit crumbs, 1 tablespoon instant-coffee powder, 2 tablespoons honey, 2 tablespoons rum, sugar, finely chopped walnuts, chocolate decorettes or coconut for coverings.

Combine biscuit crumbs, icing-sugar, chocolate-biscuit crumbs, coffee powder in basin, mix in honey and rum. Shape in lin. balls (if mixture is too stiff, add little extra honey). Roll some balls in sugar, others in walnuts, chocolate decorettes, or coconut. Chill.

## Menu 1

from page 50

#### APPLE AMBER SNOW

Four (6) oz. shortcrust pastry, 1½ (2) lb. cooking apples, 2oz. butter, water, sugar to taste, 1 (2) lemon, grated rind ¼ (1) orange, 2 (3) eggs, 2 (3) oz. sugar, castor sugar.

Roll out pastry, line pie-plate. Decorate rim with thinly rolled cut-out shapes. Peel, core, and slice apples. Put them with butter and very little water into saucepan; cook until tender. Sweeten to taste, rub through sieve or beat until smooth. Add grated lemon and orange rind, lemon juice, beaten egg-yolks. Pour apple mixture into pastry-lined dish. Bake in moderately hot oven about 30 minutes until pastry is nicely browned and filling set. Whisk egg-whites very stiffly, gradually add sugar. Pile lightly on top of apple filling, dredge with castor or colored sugar. Bake in slow oven 20 minutes until meringue is crisp to touch and lightly colored. Sprinkle with grated orange rind if desired. Serve hot or cold.



## "HIT PARADE OF BUTTER AND CHEESE RECIPES" CONTEST

# Corn Flake Boomerangs



made with **Butter** and



### CORN FLAKE BOOMERANGS

4 ozs. soft butter, 4 ozs. ( $\frac{1}{2}$  cup, measured after sifting) icing sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 ozs. ( $\frac{1}{2}$  cup) self-raising flour, 1 oz. (2 level tablespoons) plain flour, 1 rounded tablespoon cornflour, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 2 cups Kellogg's Corn Flakes,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup finely-chopped walnut pieces, extra Corn Flakes for coating.

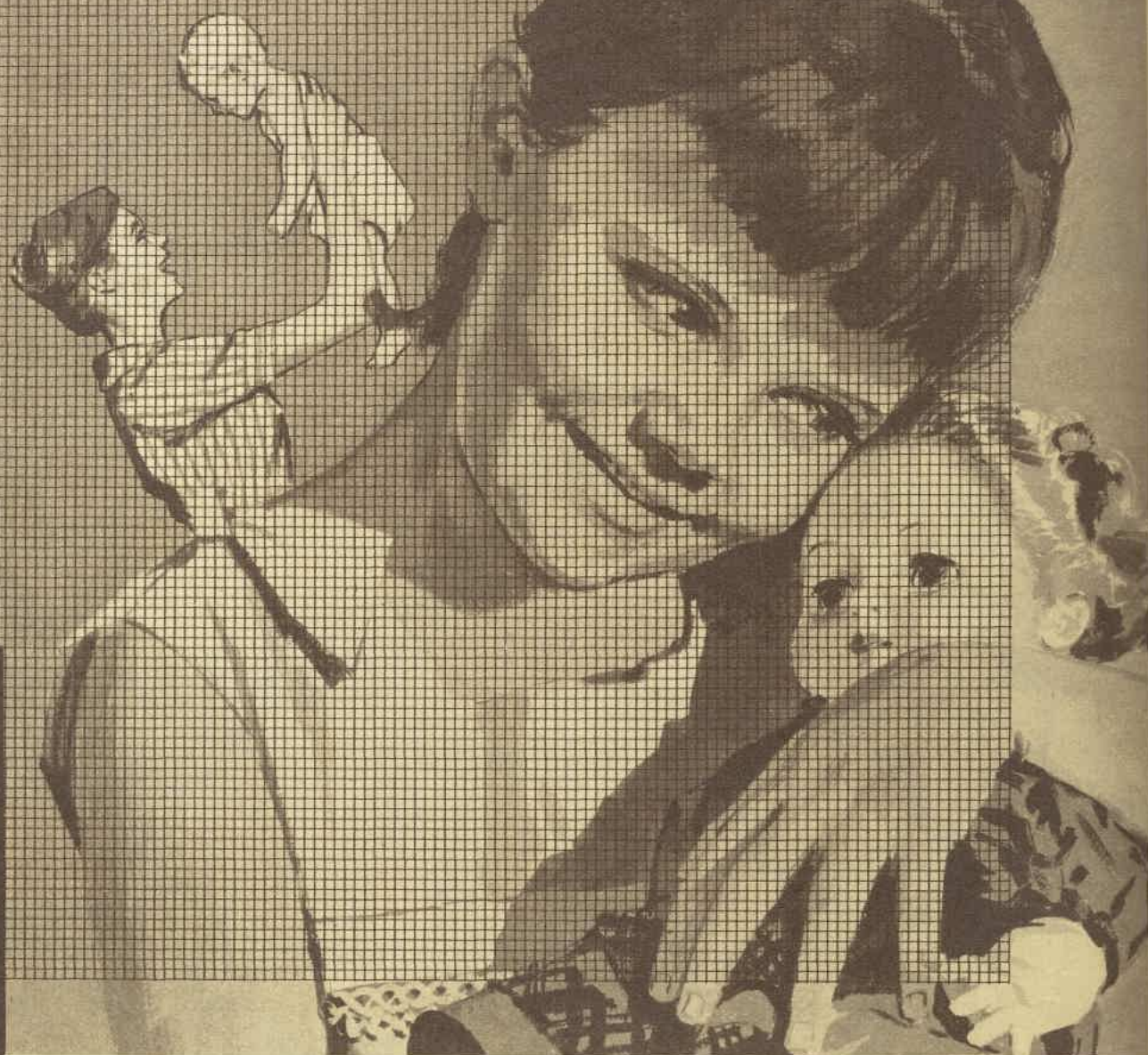
Cream the butter, icing sugar and essence. Sift in the two flours, cornflour and cinnamon. Crush the Corn Flakes and add them with the walnuts. Mix well to a stiff but pliable dough. Form into 'pencil' shapes about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ " long. Dip in milk or water, press into crushed Corn Flakes, bend into boomerangs and bake 10-12 minutes. Sift icing sugar and cinnamon over the boomerangs while still hot.

There'll be plenty of 'happy returns' for these round-the-clock favourites! You'll vote them the crunchiest, munchiest cookies you ever sampled. (And, speaking of voting, they could help you win £1,000 in the Hit Parade of Butter and Cheese Recipes Contest!) They're marvellously light and crisp with Kellogg's Corn Flakes, the world's favourite breakfast cereal . . . delicate and tender-textured with butter, the good cook's flavour secret. Make Corn Flake Boomerangs soon. Everyone who tastes them will come back for more.

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**HINGED DOORS**—illustrated is style D featuring an elegant full grille pattern. All hinged doors include closer, latch fittings and hinges in price. **NO EXTRAS.**  
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Choose from **ROLL-UP**—finished in smooth white enamel, for any window including casement and hopper windows. **FIXED**—for sash or sliding windows—fits inside or outside. **AUTOMATIC**—smooth white enamel finish—perfect for sash windows. **SLIDING**—slides smoothly and silently, single or double track styles. **HOME ASSEMBLY PACKS**—easy to fit, save you real money.  
**HINGED DOORS**—six distinctive patterns in full and half grille styles with attractive corrosion-resistant finish. **SLIDING DOORS**—the only sliding screen doors that effectively insect-proof terrace doors and french windows, cannot interfere with drapes and venetians. Go perfectly with sliding glass doors. All Luxaflex insect screens and doors feature aluminium frame, fibre glass wondermesh and slim line styling. Your Luxaflex retailer will show you how Luxaflex—quality is better economy. See him today or write to Luxaflex, Box 31, P.O., Rydalmere, N.S.W., for the colourfully illustrated free insect screens and doors brochure.

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## HIT PARADE OF BUTTER AND CHEESE RECIPES CONTEST



● Here is the third recipe in a £3000 cookery contest being conducted by the Australian Dairy Produce Board.

**THIS** exciting new contest features butter and cheese. The total of £3000 prizemoney includes first prize of £1000, second prize £500, third prize £300, fourth prize £200.

In addition there will be 100 consolation prizes consisting of grocery orders each of £10 value.

All details of the contest and an entry form appear in a color advertisement in a previous page in this issue.

A series of six recipes will be published in this contest. The first appeared in our issue of September 12, and the second in the issue of September 19.

Competitors are asked to make up the six recipes in the contest and to test them for themselves, then state their order of preference for the recipes and the reasons for their choice.

When you have completed your entry form in the advertisement, send it to "Hit Parade of Butter and Cheese Recipes Contest," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Closing date for entries is October 25. The results will be published in The Australian Women's Weekly on December 5.

### RECIPE No. 3

#### CORNFLAKE BOOMERANGS

Four ounces soft butter, 4oz. (½ cup measured after sifting) icing-sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2oz. (½ cup) self-raising flour, 1oz. (2 level tablespoons) plain flour, 1 rounded tablespoon cornflour, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 2 cups cornflakes, ½ cup finely chopped walnut pieces, extra cornflakes for coating.

Cream the butter, icing-sugar, and essence. Sift in the two flours, cornflour, and cinnamon. Crush the cornflakes and add them with the walnuts. Mix well to a stiff but pliable dough. Form into pencil shapes about 2½ in. long. Dip in milk or water, press into crushed cornflakes, bend into boomerangs, and bake 10-12 minutes. Sift icing-sugar and cinnamon over the boomerangs while still hot.

#### SWEDISH BISCUITS

Quarter cup candied orange peel, ½ cup candied lemon peel, 1½ cups whole almonds (not blanched), ½ cup honey, 1½ cups sugar, rind and juice of ½ lemon, 1½ tablespoons brandy or kirsch, 4 cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon baking-soda, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, pinch cloves, pinch nutmeg, 1 cup icing-sugar, 3 tablespoons water.

Put candied fruit through food-grinder, using fine blade and measure. Grind almonds also. Heat honey and sugar until sugar is dissolved. Add lemon rind (grated) and juice. Set aside to cool slightly. Stir in ground almonds, candied fruit, and brandy or kirsch. Sift flour, salt, soda, and all spices together on board, make well in centre, pour in honey mixture. Work all these ingredients with hands (using kneading motion) into stiff dough. Roll dough out thinly, cut into neat rectangles (2 in. x 1½ in.). Place on ungreased oven-slides, bake 10 to 15 minutes or until golden brown in moderately hot oven. While still warm, brush tops with glaze made by combining icing-sugar and water, colored, if desired, with food coloring. Keep in airtight jar.

Recipe makes about 8 dozen biscuits.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Firth, 65 Tooloon St., Coonamble, N.S.W.

Each week prizes are given for interesting and unusual recipes which use easily obtainable ingredients and are within the range of the average budget. Send entries to Readers' Recipes, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



**ORANGE GINGERBREAD** topped with cream makes an attractive orange dessert. See recipe.

## £5 FOR GINGERBREAD

**A** NEW ZEALAND reader wins the main prize of £5 for an orange gingerbread recipe. Consolation prizes of £1 each are given for a wholemeal health bread and a Swedish biscuit recipe.

Spoon measurements are level in all the recipes.

#### ORANGE GINGERBREAD

Four ounces butter or substitute, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup golden syrup, 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ground cloves, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup milk, ½ cup chopped seedless raisins.

Cream butter or substitute and brown sugar until soft, break egg into mixture, beat thoroughly. Add golden syrup and combine well. Sift flour, soda, cinnamon, cloves, ginger, salt. Add alternately with milk to creamed mixture. Fold in raisins. Spread mixture in 8 in. ring-tin, bake in moderate oven approximately 40 to 50 minutes. Allow to cool, top with orange cream.

To serve as a dessert: Bake gingerbread in greased shallow tin, cut into squares, and serve hot saturated with an orange syrup made by combining ½ cup sugar with ½ cup orange juice and stirring over heat until sugar dissolves. Pipe or spoon a little orange cream on top of each serving.

Orange Cream: Four ounces butter, 1 tablespoon milk, 2 cups icing-sugar, grated rind 2 oranges, 1 egg.

Cream butter, milk, and sugar until fluffy. Fold in orange rind, then egg. Add extra icing-sugar, if needed, to bring mixture to whipped-cream consistency.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. J. McAllister, c/o P.O., Meremere, via Mercer, N.Z.

#### WHOLEMEAL HEALTH BREAD

Three pounds stone-ground whole wheat flour, 2 pints lukewarm water, 2 teaspoons salt, 1oz. yeast, 2 or 3 teaspoons brown sugar.

Sift salt with flour into large basin, warm on top of stove or in preheated oven. (This takes the chill off flour and helps yeast, when added, to act faster.) Crumble yeast into small basin, add sugar and ½ pint of lukewarm water. Set aside 10 minutes to form "sponge." Grease and warm 3 2-pint bread tins. Add yeast to flour with remainder of lukewarm water; mix thoroughly (by hand to get best results) until flour is evenly wetted. (Dough should be wet enough to be slippery.) Divide dough into the 3 tins, put in warm place 20 minutes to rise, covered with cloth. Bake 45 minutes to 1 hour in moderate oven.

Note: Bread is better if kept 24 hours before eating.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Atkin, 1210 Howitt St., Wendouree, Ballarat, Vic.

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Fit or fashion? You get both when you buy Foot Rest shoes... the natural choice of wise women who want youthfully-styled shoes but will not compromise on comfort.

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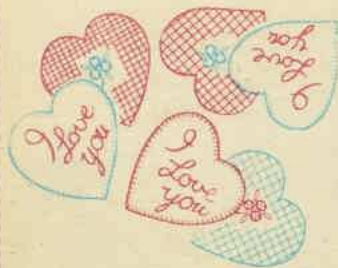
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Price of the transfer is 2/-.

The pattern for the girl's shortie pyjamas shown at right is available in sizes to fit girls aged 4, 6, 8 to 10 years. Price 2/6.

Order your transfer and the pattern from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.



## Household hints from readers

● If you can take a hint you'll find plenty to interest you among these sent in by readers. Each one wins a prize of £1/1/-.

**T**o keep cotton reels tidy in your sewing box, slip the reels on an old knitting needle. A cork on the pointed end will make sure they do not fall off. — Miss T. Gibson, 3 Herring St., South Launceston, Tas.

★ ★ ★  
A delightful preserve can be made from the skin of pineapple. Put well-washed skin and butt ends of pineapple in a saucepan and cover with cold water. Bring to boiling point. Simmer 1 hour. Strain, put liquid back in saucepan, adding 1 cup sugar to each cup liquid. Bring to boil again and keep boiling until it becomes the consistency of honey. It has a clear, golden color and will keep indefinitely.—Mrs. Doris A. Dodd, Bengalla St., Yelarbon, Qld.

★ ★ ★  
An inexpensive instant starch can be made by saving the water in which rice has been boiled and adding a dash of blue. Store in a cool place.—Miss M. Southey, 11 Sinclair Ave., Moonah, Hobart.

★ ★ ★  
To keep polished cotton looking fresh and crisp, wash as usual in warm soapy water, rinse, then dip into water to which gum arabic has been added. Allow about 1 teaspoon of gum arabic to a tub of water. Make sure the gum is dissolved before immersing garment. Do not wring out. Hang to dry and iron after dampening.—Mrs. V. Chapman, Red Rd., Blackwood, S.A.

★ ★ ★  
Orange juice added when cooking rhubarb gives a wonderful flavor.—Mrs. Elizabeth Paterson, P.O., Kempsey, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★  
When using two or more strands of wool to knit a garment, thread each strand through a four-hole button and thus prevent tangles.—Mrs. B. M. Corley, c/o P.O., Yallourn North, Vic.

★ ★ ★  
Place a lump of sugar on top of cheese that is stored in a covered dish and it will keep fresh for days.—Mrs. D. Scragg, 178 Flamborough St., Scarborough, W.A.

★ ★ ★  
Two tablespoons of kerosene added to the water in the copper greatly facilitates removal of dirt from clothes and helps to make them white.—Elsie May Lund, c/o P.O., Cairns, Nth. Qld.

★ ★ ★  
Wooden salad bowls and servers are best cleaned with a soft clean cloth dipped in olive oil. The oil adds lustre as well as cleaning the wood.—P. Grayson, 42 Kent St., Epping, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★  
I find a child's toy hairbrush excellent for reaching hard-to-get-at spider webs around windows and doors.—Mrs. S. McDonnell, School Residence, Piallmore, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★  
To remove chewing-gum from garments, rub over with an ice cube from the refrigerator. The gum will flake off and will not leave a stain.—Mrs. L. John, 47 Hall St., Northgate, Brisbane.

## This precious nylon finery needs special washing care-LUX care!



*Exquisite nylon suit—length nightgown, nylon bouffant slip, brushed nylon robe, all by Dotti; 5-piece bra by Hickory*

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*If it's safe in water, it's safe in Lux*



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## Continuing . . . THE LAST RENDEZVOUS

from page 29

permitted, in some way beyond our understanding, to anticipate time and to catch a glimpse into the uncharted future. To say more than this would be foolish, while, on the other hand, to say less would be to deny the power of love.

They had exchanged their railway station peck. Jane had opened the door of their small car, while Mark had turned his back and was walking through the station entrance when he stopped dead in his tracks, turned, and retraced his footsteps. There, in front of scores of hurrying people making for the train, Mark took Jane in his arms and, oblivious of the eyes upon them, kissed her lingeringly on the lips.

There are as many kinds of kisses as there are kinds of people, while their nuances are far more subtle than any spoken word. Jane, as she drove away from the station, and Mark, as he leaped on to the train while it was moving, tried in vain to analyse just what kind of kiss that had been and just what it had said.

That there had been some special meaning in the kiss neither of them doubted, but it did not occur to either that it had been their last. It was minutes before Mark, his newspaper unopened, wiped his lips clean of lipstick and folded the otherwise spotless handkerchief so that the smear was invisible.

Mark Willaston, who was twenty-seven years of age at this time, held a responsible position with a city firm of insurance brokers, whose principals were so well pleased with his work that they had held out the inducement of a junior partnership. Happily married and with material success already within reach, he seemed to be a man singled

out by the gods for special favor.

At twelve minutes after six that same evening Mark emerged from the railway station to look for Jane, who, in the absence of a phone call to say that he would be late, always met the same train. The shadow of disappointment crossed his eyes when he realised that she was not there. Perhaps the car had broken down. He blamed himself for not having cleaned the distributor, which might have been the cause of a slight hesitancy in the engine which he had noted the previous day.

At six-thirty, when Jane still had not reached the station, Mark put in a phone call to Rosemary Cottage. There was no reply, which suggested that she was on the way. At seven there was still no reply. A neighbor, seeing him apparently stranded and not knowing when he himself might be glad to be saved a six-mile taxi fare, offered Mark a lift, which he accepted.

There were still two hours left of the long summer evening when Mark entered the garden of Rosemary Cottage. The first thing that he saw was that the car was not in the garage. Within a few seconds of opening the front door with his key he went into every room and verified that Jane was not there. Although perplexed as to what was best to be done, he was not seriously worried.

Jane, he concluded, had had a breakdown somewhere, had telephoned, or would telephone shortly. The obvious thing to do was to stay where he was, which was where Jane would expect him to be. Needing some exer-

cise, Mark changed into shorts and an open shirt and mowed the small lawn. This done he opened a bottle of beer, showered, and changed again.

At nine o'clock, when pools of violet shadow were deepening in the valley and the owls were hooting in the copse which adjoined the isolated cottage, Mark made himself a sandwich of cold meat and lettuce. He had skipped lunch that day and he was conscious of the gnawing pains of hunger. But be-

abruptly by the ringing of the telephone.

"Mr. Willaston?" asked a gruff voice. "Just a moment, sir. This is the Amblesham Police Station. The sergeant would like a word with you."

Then another voice said, "I'm afraid, Mr. Willaston, you must prepare yourself for some bad news—very bad news. Mrs. Willaston has met with an accident. As you have no car, I'll come to fetch you. Expect me in six or seven minutes."

"A bad accident?" asked Mark thickly, for his mouth had gone dry. "You mean she's been killed?"

"I'm afraid that's just what

The sergeant was a kindly man, tactful, and made no small talk as they drove south and west for about an hour. At a sign which read Cottage Hospital they slackened speed, turning right into a laurel-bordered drive. Nothing about the place was familiar to Mark, who was led into an office-like room where a nondescript man with a stethoscope round his neck peered at him over thick-lensed glasses. "We did our best for her, Mr. Willaston, but there was never any hope. Would you like to see her?"

Jane was in a small room alone. There was a screen round the bed. They moved

prick of a needle before the curtain of oblivion dropped. It was three days before the doctor-in-charge deemed it wise to allow Mark to leave, and then only because his presence was required at the inquest.

There were no surviving eyewitnesses to the accident. Police witnesses established that Jane's car had been travelling along a minor road leading from the village of Wingfield toward its intersection of the London-to-Chichester road about five miles from the latter town. She had braked violently a few yards before the intersection. The tyre marks revealed this.

She then had skidded across the path of an oncoming sports car which, a few moments previously, had overtaken another car at, according to the driver, at least 75 m.p.h. The two people in the sports car—a man and a woman—were killed instantly, while Jane had reached hospital alive, dying about an hour after admission without recovering consciousness.

Although offered hospitality by several friends, Mark elected to return alone, in dry-eyed grief, to Rosemary Cottage, unable yet to endure the sympathy which was showered upon him. All he was able to grasp at this time was that the accident had occurred soon after five o'clock. By driving fast Jane could have been at Guildford station just in time to meet the 6.12 train on which he had arrived. Foolishly the realisation of this gave him a sense of guilt and responsibility.

As Mark discovered over the next days, hearts do not break. Scar tissue formed over his. People were kind,

To page 60

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



fore he ate he phoned a neighbor about some trivial matter. He wanted to be sure that the phone was working. When full darkness had fallen, Mark became seriously worried and determined to do something. But what? What was the intelligent thing to do? Action, any kind of action, seemed preferable to waiting and worrying. Mark's perplexities were ended

I do mean, sir." The line went dead.

The horrifying impact of the words had its own kind of mercy, for to Mark there was an unreality about them, as though they were intended for the cars of some other Mark Willaston. When the police car arrived and the sergeant urged him to put on clothes suitable for a long drive, he obeyed in a daze.

this and pulled back the sheet. Except that her eyes were closed and her lips bloodless, she had changed very little. "Be thankful that she did not suffer at all," said a middle-aged woman who might have been the matron.

Then they led him away and into just such another room where, minutes, hours, or aeons later, he felt the

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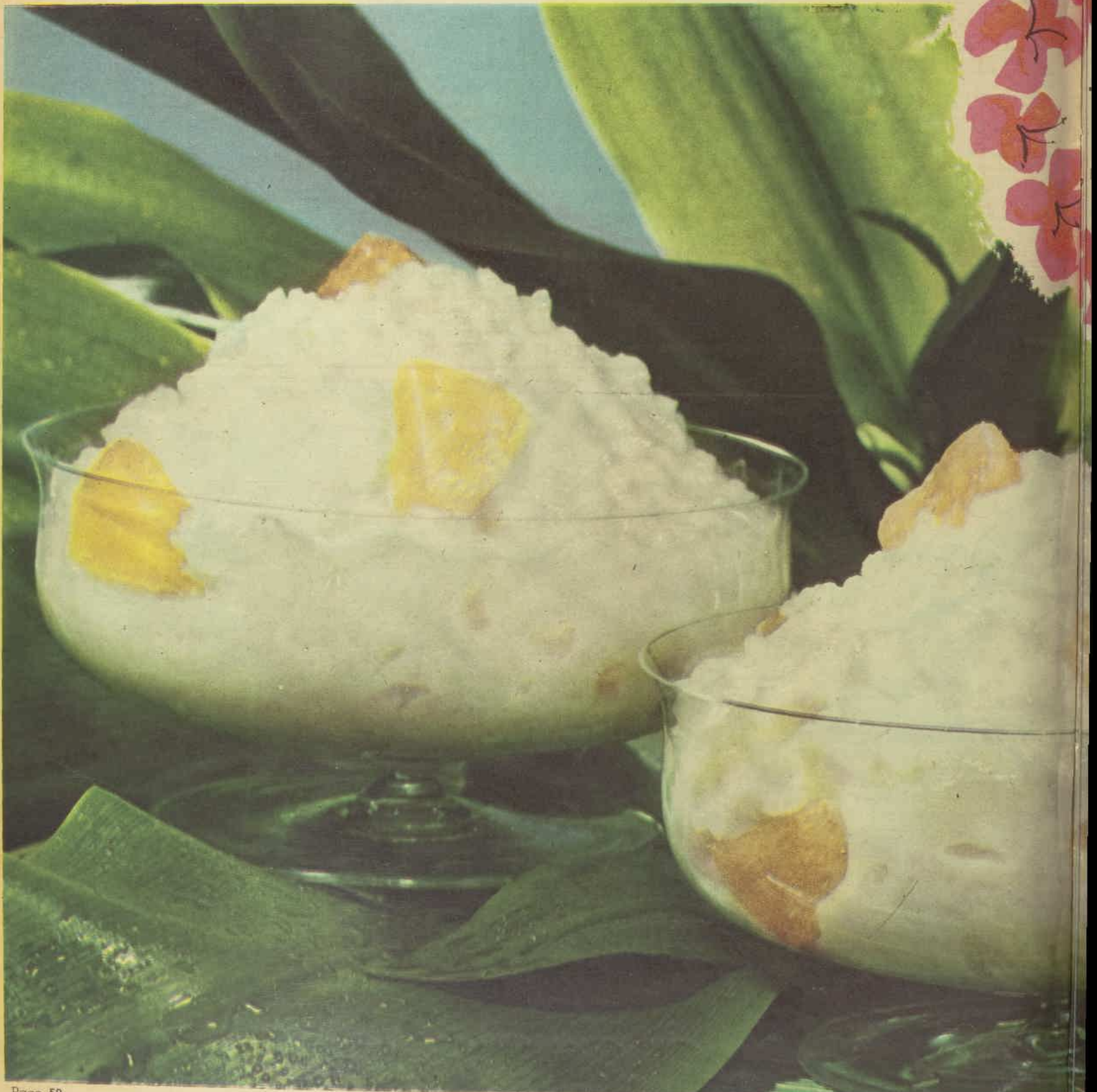
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# Pineapple & Ricecream

Try the exotic new summer sweet treat "Tropic Surprise" . . . so different, so delicious and so simple to serve. Mmmm-m-m, taste the wonderful goodness of rich, creamy Parsons Ricecream blended with juicy sweet Golden Circle Pineapple. Surprise your family, surprise your guests. Serve this new flavour sensation tonight. But be prepared for "seconds please."

Fast, fancy and fun . . . that's PINEAPPLE AND RICECREAM, delicious together in "Tropic Surprise."





are made for each other!



*fabulous new recipe!*

## *Tropic Surprise*

INGREDIENTS: 1 can Parsons Ricecream (vanilla or caramel); 1 15 oz. can Golden Circle Crushed Pineapple;  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint Cream. METHOD: Drain the liquid from the pineapple. Whip the cream. Fold the cream into the Ricecream and add the drained pineapple.

For dress-up occasions, garnish with pineapple pieces.  
Chill well before serving.





**5** delicious  
flavours  
(also plain)  
to tempt  
the whole family



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**INSTANT  
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Contains essential vitamins  
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**HANSEN'S  
JUNKET  
TABLETS**



Page 60

but there was no comfort in their kindness. Alone and surrounded by familiar things which were a link with Jane, he began almost methodically to adjust himself to the terrifying loss he had sustained, trying to understand why he had been singled out by fate for such a cruel blow. Grief is of its essence selfish.

Mark went for a long walk in the woods, while Margaret, Jane's sister, cleared the cottage of all Jane's clothes, her toilet articles, and other personal belongings. Then, having put Rosemary Cottage into the hands of an agent for sale, he went back to work. The daily journey to and from London helped him to regain some equilibrium.

He plunged into work with a furious intensity, hoping to find in it a way of shaking out of the mood of self-pity which, he was only too well aware, would solve no problems. Life was for the living, and he knew that Jane, who had loved life and laughter,

Continuing . . .

## THE LAST RENDEZVOUS

from page 57

"I may even buy you a present," she had said.

It suddenly became tremendously important to Mark to know what had taken Jane to the village of Wingfield that day. The first time he had ever heard the name of the village had been at the inquest. They had had no friends there or anywhere near. They had driven through Chichester a couple of times together, but they knew nobody there, either. An easy explanation might have been that Jane, having nothing particular to do, had gone for a drive.

Plenty of people went for aimless drives, especially in the summer when the countryside was so lovely. But not Jane. She did not enjoy driving a car for its own sake. To

be served, suggesting that Wingfield had once been a more important centre. There were three pubs and the usual village shops. Mark spent an hour in the post office thumbing through the telephone directory in the hope of seeing a familiar name which might have accounted for Jane's presence there on the last day of her life.

Only one name rang a bell. Listed with a number on the Calthorpe exchange was a man with the unusual name of Larbelastier, which, Mark knew, was a Channel Islands name. Jane, long before he had met her, had had a boyfriend of that name. Mark racked his brains to try to remember the man's first name, but it eluded him.

Among Jane's belongings had been an address book. Mark drove thoughtfully homeward, making a wide detour so as to call on Jane's sister, who lived with her husband about eight miles from Rosemary Cottage. Without asking why he wanted it, Margaret handed Mark the address book, urging him to stay on to an evening meal. He made his excuses and returned home to the lonely cottage.

In Jane's address book there was a Peter Larbelastier with an address in Devonshire. The entry was in schoolgirl handwriting, suggesting that it had been made before Jane's had become formed. The address had been deleted and no other substituted. Peter was the first name of the Larbelastier who lived at Calthorpe. Since he obviously could not inquire of Margaret or her mother without offering some explanation, Mark drove to Calthorpe early the next morning.

He was now obsessed by the need to resolve all the doubts which bubbled and fermented in him. A brief study of the road map showed him that the most direct route from Rosemary Cottage was by the road which passed through Wingfield. Why had Jane been on that road? He would know no peace until he had the answer to the question. Even if the answer were to destroy the picture of Jane which was enshrined in his heart, he must have it.

If this Peter Larbelastier, by coming back into Jane's life, had been, however indirectly, the cause of her death, Mark believed himself capable of killing the man, whatever the cost to himself.

Calthorpe was a larger village than Wingfield. In reply to Mark's inquiry, the owner of a filling station on the outskirts told him that the Larbelastiers ran a poultry farm about a mile on the other side. He volunteered the information that young Larbelastier was usually to be found before lunch on Sundays in the saloon bar of "The Wheatsheaf," where, he added for good measure, the beer was the best for miles around.

At noon, a pint of draught bitter beer beside him, trying to control and conceal his impatience, Mark was at the saloon bar of "The Wheatsheaf," listening to the broad Sussex vowels and studying the weathered, bucolic faces around him. Then just as he was beginning to believe his vigil hopeless, he heard the barmaid say, "Good morning, Mr. Larbelastier. The usual?"

The newcomer was a handsome man of about Mark's age, clad in rough corduroy trousers and a leather jacket. Had the circumstances been

otherwise, Mark would have been predisposed in his favor.

The ebb and flow of men at the bar brought Mark closer to the object of his interest, who seemed popular, for he was several times addressed by name by new arrivals. While Mark was turning over in his mind various methods of joining the conversation of which Larbelastier was the centre, he saw that the other was aware of his scrutiny.

This, he decided, was no time for subtlety, even if he could think of a way of being subtle. "Excuse me for staring at you," he began abruptly, "but didn't I see you a few weeks back with Jane Willaston?"

"No, you didn't," was the curt reply, "and even if you

did, what business is it of yours? Are you the chap who's been making inquiries about me at Bert Hatcher's filling station?"

Mark's brain was not functioning as quickly as it might these days, or he would have thought of a more adroit reply than, "Yes, I am. Any law against it?"

"Who and what are you? Don't make mysteries. Ask your questions and get out of my sight."

"Then you don't know Jane Willaston?" Mark persisted. "The question seems to embarrass you. I wonder why."

Other conversations at the bar died away. The edginess in the voices of these two and the mention of a woman's name suggested the excellent possibility of a fight to enliven a dull Sunday. "Seconds out of the ring!" a man's voice said from a table at the rear.

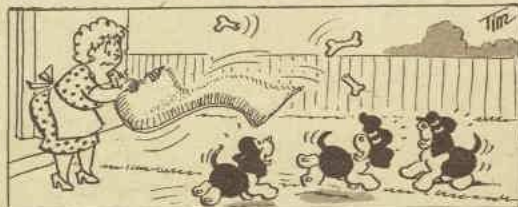
"If you want to fight, fight

To page 62

FOR THE CHILDREN

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



would not have wished him to mourn for her too long.

A few weeks after Jane's funeral, when Mark's critical faculties were beginning to function again, he asked himself a question to which there seemed to be no reasonable answer: Why had Jane been where she was when she was killed? On the morning of her death she had said that by the evening she might have some news for him. What news could that have been?

her a car was a means of transportation, not a pleasure vehicle. Some definite purpose had taken Jane to the neighborhood of Wingfield that day, and Mark was determined to find out what it was.

On the following Saturday he drove to Wingfield in a hired car. It was a pleasant enough village with no great character. It had an enormous church which must have dated from a time when a much larger population had

HAZEL . . .

. . . by Ted Key



"HURRY, HURRY, HURRY!"

(Hazel can be seen on Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Fridays; Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays; and Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Thursdays.)



## HEADLINES ON HAIR CARE

by Anne Bryant

HAIR BEAUTY ADVISOR

Each week I receive many letters from women who are undecided as to whether or not they should colour their hair. Perhaps, like them, you are unhappy about your hair because it is greying, fading and losing its youthful beauty. If so, these are some of the questions you would probably ask if we were chatting together:—

**What's wrong with grey hair?** Nothing at all—silver or pure white hair can look quite lovely. But it can never make a woman look younger, and that, if we admit it, is the secret desire of every one of us. If you're a career woman, a smart, youthful appearance will contribute to your success . . . if you're a housewife, your husband will preen himself when people pay you compliments . . . whatever you are, looking younger will make you happier and add to your poise, your confidence, your personality!

**Must I use a dye?** In these enlightened days, the word 'dye' has been replaced by the phrase 'hair colour cosmetic'. And this is absolutely right, because hair colouring does just as much—or more—for a woman's appearance as lipstick or eye shadow. And when greying hair is the problem, the hair colour cosmetic I recommend is L'Oreal of Paris Tintette, a gentle liquid creme which lastingly, lovingly, permanently transforms drab hair with radiant, natural colour beauty.

**What is different about Tintette?** Many things, but the most important is the wonderfully natural look of it. With Tintette you can be confident of truly natural colour—never too bright, never too dark, never artificial. The clear, shining colour penetrates deep into the hair shaft, just like natural pigment, restoring the sunny, lively loveliness your hair had when you were a young girl.

**How do I know which shade to use?** Your chemist—or the hair consultant in your favourite store—will gladly help you choose the right Tintette shade for your hair. Or, if you prefer, write to me for personal, individual advice. When selecting the Tintette

shade for your hair, remember that Tintette can do far more than any ordinary hair colouring. First and foremost, of course, it can restore natural colour to grey hair. But it can also lighten up to two shades (without bleaching), add deeper tone to fading hair, or give you a complete colour change. If your hair is greying and darkening, a Tintette shade just a little lighter than your natural colour will bring back its original colour loveliness.

**Will colour harm my hair?** Not if the colour you use is Tintette, which contains gentle vitalising and nourishing ingredients to pamper your hair, make it glossy, healthy and marvellously manageable. Tintette is not just a hair colouring—it is a complete hair beauty treatment.

**Is Tintette difficult to use?** Even if you have never used anything on your hair before but a shampoo, you can use Tintette happily and successfully, in the privacy of your own bathroom. And there's no need to worry if you are interrupted, because Tintette contains a completely automatic colour controlling agent which works like a stopwatch—and no matter how long Tintette is left on your hair, the colour cannot become darker, or brighter, or change in any way at all.

**What type of shampoo should I use?** It is absolutely vital, when using any type of hair colouring, to use a soapless shampoo. I always recommend L'Oreal Shampoo, which is made to the original French formula, and guaranteed absolutely soapless.

**I hope I've dispelled any doubts you may have about taking your first step towards fresh youth and glamour with hair colouring.** If you have any other queries—or any hair beauty problems at all—why not write me about them? And enclose a 2-inch snippit of hair for personal guidance on the Tintette shade you should use.

Anne Bryant

Marigny/L'Oreal Advisory Bureau, 4th Floor, 177 Collins Street, Melbourne.

MAT.



# COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about antique china, glass, and furniture.



● Victorian glass lamp.

My lamp is 2ft. high, has a very pretty blue glass base, and can be separated from the top and used as a vase. Could you please also identify a set of six small ivory tablets fastened together at one end? It has been in my family for 62 years.—Mrs. Olive McInnes, Oakley, Qld.

Your charming blue glass kerosene lamp (above) is Victorian and was made about 1890. The ivory tablets are part of a Victorian chatelaine and date about 1875.



● Fine old settee.

I brought this settee with me from England, and, as everybody here admires it, I would like to be able to tell them what period it belongs to.—Mrs. R. Grassi, Safety Bay, W.A.

Your settee (above) is an extremely fine example of a type fashionable in England during the 1890s. However, these settees were still being made during Edwardian times, from 1902 to 1911.

★ ★ ★

This clock was bought secondhand about 70 years ago. Markings on the back are 1282, Bte. S. GDG, P.D. PARIS. Could you tell me how old it is?—Mrs. E. A. Smith, Seaforth, N.S.W.

This delightful French clock (below) was made around 1860-65.



● Clock of French make.

I have recently acquired this blown-glass coach and horses ornament (shown below) is probably late 19th century. This type of novelty glass was made in Venice, but it is difficult to be certain about the place of origin because similar pieces have been produced by skilled artisans elsewhere on the Continent and also in England.



● Blown-glass ornament.

My mother has owned these three old vases for many years, and I would appreciate some information about them. The biggest one belongs to a pair, and stands 14in. high. It's royal-blue with a design of gold roses on the front and a scroll of gold leaves on the back. The centre vase stands 9in. high and the body of the vase is covered with a raised pattern of Coalport-type flowers. The smallest vase is pale pink, with a raised white pattern with gold paint spots and a raised convolvulus trail on it.—Mrs. J. E. Paterson, Barcaldine, Qld.



● Three 19th-century vases.

The fine pair of large vases (one shown above) are French Jacob Petit porcelain. They were made about 1840. The mirror-shaped panel decorated with flowers, the dark blue underglaze background, and the pierced scroll handles embellished with gold are characteristic of the Jacob Petit productions. The centre vase above is English Coalbrookdale porcelain and was made about 1825. This factory was conducted by John Rose, of Coalport. Both these vases are very good specimens. The smaller vase is also English, probably Moore porcelain, and dates from around 1875 to 1878. It is of no particular value to collectors.

★ ★ ★

I have a lustre jug banded in brown and yellow. The yellow band is patterned with gold leaves. Could you give me some idea of its age?—Mrs. G. B. Irvine, Narramine, N.S.W.

Your attractive copper lustre jug is English Staffordshire lustre pottery made about 1835.



## BUTTER CRACKERS

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TUBES 4/-  
**Veet O**  
QUICK, DAINTY, ODOURLESS

Regular Veet, still on sale, 3/6



outside," insisted the landlord. "Jane Willaston... Jane Willaston," a woman's voice said reflectively. "Where have I heard that name before?"

The situation was getting out of hand. Larbelastier turned angrily to Mark. "You've said too much, or not enough," he said loudly. "What's it all about? Let's have it. I don't want to have to spend the next week trying to explain who this Jane Whatsisname is to my wife. My name's George Larbelastier. What's yours?"

"George Larbelastier— not Peter?" asked Mark weakly. "I'm sorry," he added. "I've made a mistake. My name's Mark Willaston. Please excuse me."

"My father's name is Peter," said the other less aggressively, realising there was the possibility that an honest mistake had been made. "Maybe he can help you. I've a brother named Peter, too, but he's in New Zealand. Are you feeling all right?"

Mark felt his head swimming. He clutched the bar counter to stop himself from falling. Two men helped him out into the fresh air. As though from a great distance Mark heard the woman's voice again: "Jane Willaston... now I remember. That's the name of the girl who was killed down at the crossroads a few weeks back. That chap is probably her husband."

"Poor devil!" said a man. "Maybe the shock has sent him round the bend."

In a few minutes Mark felt well enough to drive himself home, with the words of the last speaker ringing in his ears. Were shock and grief driving him mad?

There was a car in the lane when Mark returned to Rosemary Cottage. A young couple sent by the local agent wanted to see inside. Sunday, they explained by way of apology, was their only free day. Before they left, after nearly an hour spent making notes, they said they liked the cottage and would make an offer next day.

It was as they drove away that Mark suffered the first twinge of conscience. The sale of the cottage, if it materialised, would be a symbolic act, cutting the last link which bound him to Jane. How would she regard this?

They had restored the cottage together, much of the work having been done with their own hands. They had bought the furniture piece by piece from antique dealers scattered all over the southern half of England. It had been a labor of love, the most important single thing in their lives—except love itself. Now, for a price, he was proposing to turn house and contents over to strangers. Was this hideous disloyalty?

A STRANGE but logical train of thought was set up by these reflections. Mark had just opened a can of soup. He was about to eat this and some fried eggs off a cleared space in the kitchen table when he realised how deeply Jane would have disapproved of this way of living. Sheepishly, as though under observation, he set a place for himself at the head of the old refectory table in the dining-room. There was a bowl of dead flowers in the centre of the table. He threw these away and brought in fresh flowers from the garden.

There was dust everywhere. The clock had stopped. Cigarette ends littered the inglenook fireplace. One had burned a hole in the rug, a Persian rug which they had bought together instead of a refrigerator, because at the time they could not afford both. He winced as he realised how unhappy this would have made Jane.

Continuing...

## THE LAST RENDEZVOUS

from page 60

Mark toiled for an hour, strangely conscious of Jane's approval, as he restored the dining-room to something approximating the cleanliness and order in which she had always kept it. Then he ate his simple meal. It was, he recalled, the first meal he had enjoyed for weeks. Was this, he wondered, the outcome of having earned Jane's unspoken approval?

Alone in the darkness of the garden after eating his meal, trying to piece together the fragments of the tragedy

know why Jane had been at the Wingfield crossroads at the time of the accident, did any single thing in his knowledge of her entitle him to suppose that her presence there had any other than an innocent explanation? These questions answered themselves as Mark felt himself go hot with shame.

Mark was still in the garden when the clock of a distant church chimed midnight.

twenty-seventh, the day before Jane's death.

Study of the diaries confirmed his belief that Jane was a scrupulously truthful person, for the diary entries of a score of little incidents tallied so exactly with the accounts he had heard in the past from her own lips. Occasional mean little things were set down as mean little things, without the smallest attempt to make them appear noble or even justified.

In one entry she admitted having taken advantage of an undercharge by the butcher.

"I wonder how often it has been the other way?" was her comment. This must have rankled in her mind, for, three weeks later, there was another entry: "Simpson got his four shillings back today and another eightpence. That makes us almost quits."

## Fashion FROCKS

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Postage 6/- extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 85. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

which had been enacted and to make a coherent whole of them, Mark began to laugh mirthlessly at his own inconsistency.

Out of some curious blend of deference to Jane's ideas and loyalty to her memory, he had just spent an hour setting the dining-room to rights, forgetful altogether of the larger, shameful disloyalty of which he had been guilty.

For days he had poisoned himself with ugly suspicions, assuming that just because he did not know why Jane had been in the neighborhood of Wingfield on that fatal day, her reasons for being there were unworthy.

Was this all he had to show for three years of happiness, devotion, and mutual trust? Merely because he did not

The air was redolent of the sweetness of night-scented stocks, which Jane had sown. She had loved the night, too. The chirrup of crickets, the croaking of bullfrogs, and the contented rumblings of cows on the other side of the hedge—these had been the background music of the happy years with Jane.

There was a locked drawer in Jane's small writing desk, the key to which he had not yet found. Would this yield some information? Using the claw of a hammer, Mark forced the lock. The first thing to meet his eye was a bundle of his own letters, written before they were married. No guilty secret there. Then there were diaries going back to schooldays, the last entry being for July

JANE'S honesty was the real kind, not the kind that is paraded as a showpiece. It was, as Mark well knew, altogether inconsistent with a young woman capable of the duplicity involved in leading a double life. The whole idea was absurd, but—his thoughts went full circle—what had she been doing at Wingfield that day?

It was the last entry in the diary, the entry for July twenty-seventh, which drove Mark back into the private hell he had allowed suspicion to create for him. It read: "G.H. McA. 9.30 tomorrow. I am sure M. suspects nothing."

The drawer yielded little else of interest. On the hall table Mark found a pile of letters, mostly bills, which he had not been interested enough to open. A few were addressed to Jane. One of these, a thick envelope marked PRIVATE in the left-hand corner, he opened. It contained Jane's bank passbook. Two years previously she had inherited six hundred pounds from her Aunt Edith. This sum had lain untouched until the very day of Jane's death, when she had withdrawn fifty pounds in cash.

No such sum had been in her handbag when it had been handed to Mark by the matron at the hospital. What had she done with it? Or had it been stolen by someone who arrived early on the scene of the accident. But, leaving that aside, why had Jane withdrawn the sum in the first place?

Was this withdrawal made to pay for the present she had said at the station she might give him? If so, where was it? Jane had always been so emphatic that she would not touch this nestegg except for some very special purpose, and it was not like her to change her mind in such a matter. Less than a year previously the purchase of a TV set had not been considered by her sufficiently "special" to weaken.

Who was the mysterious G.H.? What was Jane sure that Mark didn't suspect? How could that be construed innocently?

The pencilled words burned themselves into Mark's consciousness as though written with a hot branding-iron. Wave after wave of suspicion rolled over him. She was right, Mark, the poor dupe, had suspected nothing.

He remembered that last passionate kiss they had exchanged outside the railway station. What had that meant? Was it some kind of apology in advance for an act of deceit and disloyalty

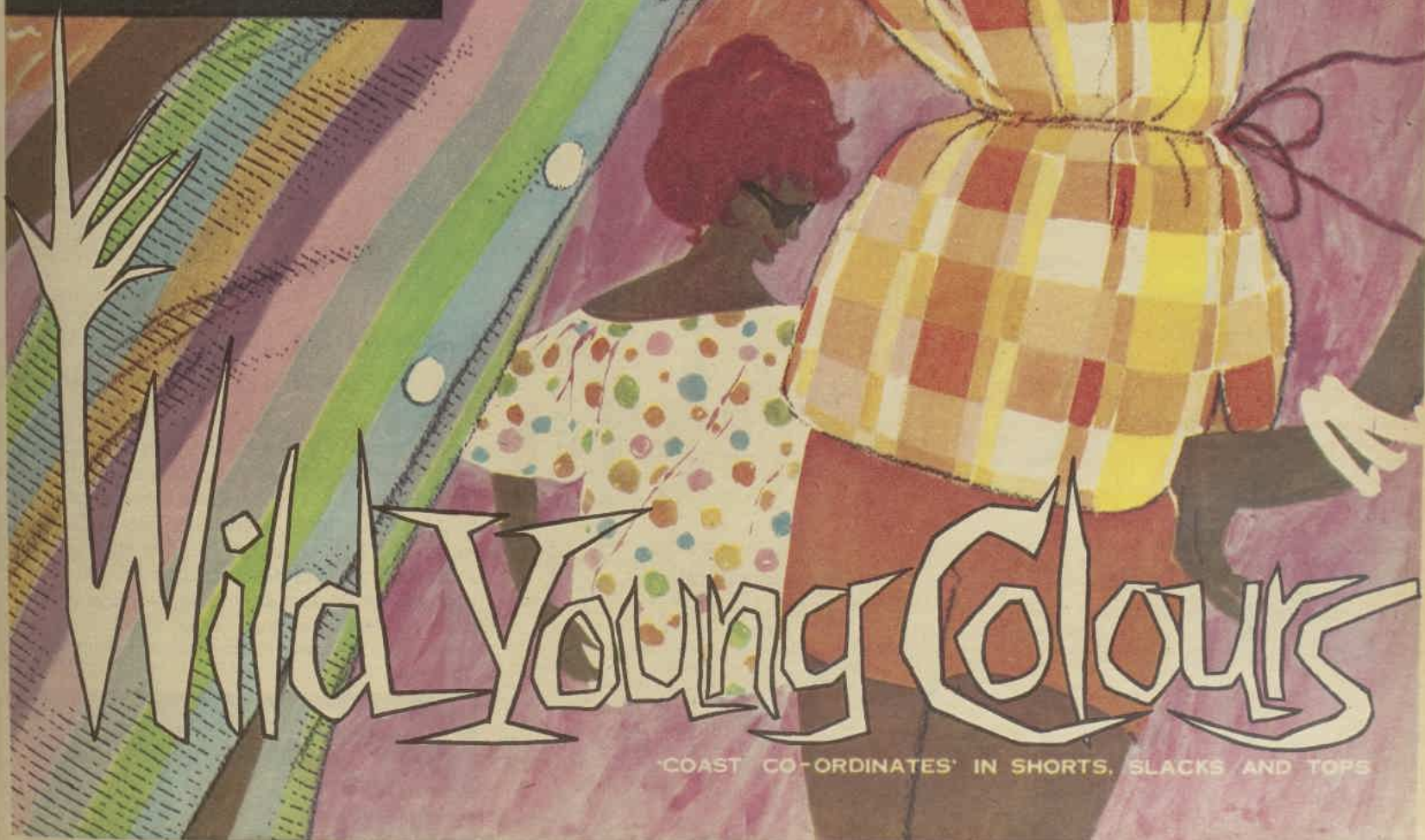
To page 66



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 26, 1962

Page 63





It's exciting to be a woman in a...

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● So many readers have written stories about the problems — and the rewards — of looking after people who are growing older that we simply cannot print them all. On this page are extracts from several of their articles, and also "A Happy Old Age," a wise, new viewpoint on the subject by a Queensland woman, who says: "In case I have older people after my scalp, I must explain that I am elderly myself, and truly trying to practise what I preach." Her plan appears below.

### "Follow your heart"

● *Why do I look after my aged mother-in-law — a task which has proved more difficult than anticipated? Because I love her as my own.*

SHE is a fine, generous person who has shown me nothing but kindness and sincerity.

Do I regret my decision? I must be honest and say for my own sake at times yes but for hers no.

I find it difficult to converse with her, she is so vague at times, she lacks interests.

Here are some tips I have learned:

- Don't expect too much of yourself — after all, we don't always succeed in doing our best.
- You'll need some help sometimes—one of my sisters-in-law gives me a break.
- Let your heart be your guide.

Mrs. D. Connolly, Asquith, N.S.W.

### "One of the family"

● *I once had the pleasure of hearing a fine Russian gentleman say: "Why, no family is complete without a grandma!"*

"She sits with baby, tells a little story, sings a little old song to the small ones, and watches over everyone while mother goes out to shop—bringing home a little present for Grandma, too."

His words made me, a widow then in my sixties, feel that life could still be useful among my grandchicks.

Gran's small fixed income precludes the idea of a paid companion, gardener, etc., and perhaps her health, too, prevents her from staying in her own little cottage. She has no choice about where she will live, so does all she can to help.

Often she has to learn to be like the three monkeys and hear, see, and say nothing!

"Gran," now aged 74, Sydney.

# "A HAPPY OLD AGE"

By "QUEENSLANDER"

● **I am growing old and I am seeking contentment.**  
In this changing world, with its ever-increasing numbers of old people, a definite plan is necessary to ensure that they will remain happy citizens.

WE have expert help and training for every part of our lives except this elderly period, and no other stage, including the teens, calls for greater adjustment, particularly for women.

We must not only look for measures to cope with sad, maladjusted elderly folk but attack the problem at its source—help younger people to develop and to prepare for a happy, wise, and contented old age.

The foundations of a happy middle and old age need to be laid quite early in adult life.

Perhaps one does so, whether consciously or not.

I believe it should be done under expert guidance.

Women particularly, who exert such an influence on home life, and whose life expectancy is now greater than men's, should face the fact that progress in medicine, plus woman's natural toughness, has given them the likelihood of many more years of life.

This is not a gift to be taken lightly.

The question is, are the extra years to be put to good account, or will they only mean so many more years of misery?

A geriatric education scheme would train our

population both for the happiness of the elderly, and, consequent upon this, the happiness of the younger folk.

Experts could travel the country forming old-age guidance councils, delivering lectures, and circulating literature. The younger married women could have facts such as these brought before them:

1. The husband-wife relationship should be the most important relationship of life.

Don't be so immersed in the mother-child relationship that you grow apart from your husband. If you lose contact with him somewhere along the road of life, and there are no shared interests, you will be lonely when the children leave the nest.

### "Temptation"

Then the temptation to live the lives of your children, and, later, your grandchildren, will be very great.

2. Every mother should face the fact, quite early, that children are only lent to them for a short time—and, on looking back, it will seem a very short time.

Don't be too busy to enjoy them thoroughly while they are still yours.

However, realise that these precious souls, whose world

now stands or falls by your smile or frown, are in a few years going to leave you willingly, even eagerly—a daughter for a lad you secretly feel, perhaps, is not quite worthy of her; a son for a little girl, whose attraction for him may never cease to amaze you.

### A hobby

3. While your children are young, they love and admire you. When they are older, they will still love you and will want to admire you.

Whether they do or not depends entirely on your attitude and behaviour under changing conditions.

Certainly children have a duty to parents, but what a cold hard word that is!

Do not rely on your age alone for love and respect. You have to earn these rewards in later life, just as you do at any other period of your life. (Actual senility is, of course, a different matter, a medical problem.)

A foundation of outside interests should be laid down by a woman as soon as her children go off to school.

Apart from sport and amusement, which have their place, she may like to become active in some church, community, or charity service, which can be continued into old age,

and give a valuable feeling of usefulness.

Mother-in-law guidance could then be given to mothers of teenagers.

So often there is one standard for one's own children and another for the in-laws.

If only all young in-laws were admitted lovingly into the family circle, and treated as much-valued new sons and daughters, it is amazing how charmingly they would flourish, in that atmosphere of loving approbation.

Also, at these guidance councils, there could be classes dealing with the problems of the over-forties. They could be asked searching questions on their adjustment to life's changing pattern.

The first question for every woman should be this:

"Are you a boss? Having lived your life fully, are you now ruthlessly living the lives of your children and grandchildren?"

It is very hard for a capable woman to let the reins go as she grows older, but let go she must, where her married children are concerned, unless asked by them for any particular help.

There could be a series of questions made into a quiz on this matter, as some of the most bossy ones never realise that they are dominating — the poor dears look upon themselves as living lives of service and self sacrifice.

Very expert and tactful guidance would be needed here to debunk this attitude of mind.

Another very pertinent

question would be, "Are you always talking about the 'Good Old Days' and comparing the present time most unfavorably with them?"

The over-forties could be shown, in a gentle way, that any person who has such an attitude has just been left behind by life.

They are expecting life to adjust itself to them, instead of adjusting themselves to life.

A very important quiz would be, "What is your opinion of the youth of today? Are such adjectives as brazen, painted-up, pleasure-mad, selfish, or useless used frequently by you, and do you decry the large wages of the young today?"

I admit that the lecturer is going to have a hard task convincing his elderly scholars that this attitude may be a mixture of jealousy and immaturity, but it will have to be done.

A truly mature woman feels a rush of emotion for the young, because she glimpses the eager, unsure soul behind the studied sophistication.

### "Sad 'martyrs'"

What a boon it would be to bring out into the open and discuss, and analyse, all the old catch-cries — "No one wants me," "No one bothers to visit me," "I've been a good mother, never spared myself, and my reward is ingratitude."

The melodramatic role of rejected martyr seems obscurely comforting to some older women, many of them merely unhappy and without guidance.

To these poor souls, the question could be put, "Why does no one want you?", and by kindly deduction, perhaps these older folk could be made to see that their own very attitude is the reason they believe themselves unwanted.

"The old need to be loved, useful, and wanted," we hear on all sides.

To this I say that guidance councils could show people how to be lovable, useful, and wanted, while they are young enough to plan ahead.

### All love her

We only get by giving; we only keep by letting go. All humans should be taught this rule of life.

To have contact with a well-adjusted older woman is one of the lovely experiences of this life.

She is a benediction.

All ages find comfort, inspiration, and happiness with her, and her warm humanity draws everyone to her.

As this education scheme operated through the years, training the young in the art of matching up to the problems of middle and old age, we should gradually reach the point where well-adjusted older folk were leading happy, useful lives. After it became common for people, both young and old, to study and understand the true problem of growing older, I am sure that no one would ever dare to utter one of those old catch-cries again — and even that would make life much easier for everyone.

### "A privilege"

● *It is our job to care for our aged parents. It is also a privilege.*

PERSONALLY I did not find my mother difficult.

Because a parent is aged it does not make her—or him—less interesting.

I nursed my mother. I liked her. I had her all my life. She had her place in my home as a matter of course. Why not?

I had a husband and family at home, and my mother's chief worry was that "it was too much for me."

So it was! But what else could be done? She could not help being ill and old. If my sympathy could have cured her, she'd have been better the next day.

"Mother's Girl," Queensland.

### "Nanna's hyacinths are in bloom"

● *A gold-plated sense of humor helps to carry one through the difficulties in looking after an old, but loved, Nanna.*

DEAR (?), kind (?) relatives say, "You'll get your reward in heaven," and you feel like wisecracking back, "Well, I could do with a small down-payment right now!"

My children loved Nanna and helped her.

Now she's gone, and we say, "Did you notice Nanna's hyacinths are out?" or, "Goodness, didn't Nanna love violets (and late transistors!)," knowing that although we did sometimes "wail" we were all the better for having had Nanna with us, too.

"No Saint," South Australia.

### "Never tell tales!"

● *Don't rush around discussing an elderly relative with every Tom, Dick, and Harry. Old people can often tell that outsiders know a lot about their ways.*

MY mother, aged 74, has been living with us. Mother has always been used to a full social life, and we realise our way of living is not to her taste, so we give her a say in running the home.

I never discuss her with her grandchildren or my husband. She is treated with the utmost respect.

The result is that instead of an unhappy household we have an interested old lady.

Grandma always looks nice and she enjoys being admired. Her days are full planning birthdays and pleasant surprises, and we know she feels that everyone appreciates and respects her.

Anonymous, Tasmania.



she was even then contemplating. Mark regretted now that he had allowed Jane's sister Margaret to take away all her personal effects, for these might have yielded the key to the mystery. By now Margaret had probably stumbled on something and destroyed it.

The first light of the false dawn was in the sky when Mark again went out into the garden to wrestle in solitude with the doubts and fears which would not be stilled. Somehow, if he were ever to become a normal man again, he knew he must resolve those doubts. If, blinded by love, he had built up in imagination an altogether false picture of Jane, the sooner he destroyed it the better.

To have spent three years worshipping a false image was idolatry in a vicious form. All he wanted

## Continuing . . . THE LAST RENDEZVOUS

from page 62

was the truth, that same truth to which he had always believed Jane was so devoted. If the truth revealed that Jane to the end had been what he had always believed her to be, surely her love for him would have been strong enough for her to forgive his doubts.

It was the kind of poisonous logic which could come only from the sick mind of a bewildered man. On the other hand, Mark found himself arguing, if it should transpire that the web of circumstances in which Jane's memory was caught was incapable of an innocent explanation—and this would surely justify his base suspicions—the truth became

even more vitally important to his own sanity.

What a fool he would be to go on mourning the loss of someone who had never existed—except as his own false concept of her!

It is easy for an onlooker, with no emotional involvement in Mark Willaston's perplexity, to view his doubts and heart-searchings through jaundiced eyes, forgetting that doubts, however unworthy, are uncontrollable. They come, they go, always unbidden. Doubts can be stifled. They can be side-tracked, put away in some remote corner

of the psyche to ferment in darkness, but there is no formula for destroying them except by resolution.

Ugly, disloyal as Mark's battle in the garden may seem to us, he had to taste the bitterness of remorse. It was his life, his loss. He had to free himself, cast off the chains which weighed him down, if he were to go on living, and he realised that only the truth could make him free.

The chill of the dawn mist was entering into Mark's bones. He shivered, less for this than for the chill which clutched his heart. A sound, muffled by the mist, recalled the description of a scene in another garden two thousand years ago:

"... this night, before the cock-crow, thou shalt deny me thrice . . . And immediately the cock crew."

While he stood there listening as a cock saluted the advent of another day, hot tears of shame ran down Mark's cheeks. He turned and went into the cottage. Kneeling beside the bed which he and Jane had shared since they returned from their wedding trip to Paris, his soul groped blindly out into the infinite to find her and beg her pardon for having allowed the cloud of suspicion to come between them.

It seemed as he knelt there, his cheek pillowed on the eiderdown which was still fragrant with the perfume she had used so sparingly, that a gentle hand lay across his shoulders and another smoothed his brow. It told him what he wanted to know above all else—that Jane from wherever she was had not withheld her forgiveness. Still kneeling there, Mark fell into a dreamless sleep.

Awakening to find the sun high in the sky, he felt descending upon him, like some healing balm, a tranquillity he had not known for weeks and with it a calm certainty that this would be a day of discovery which would end his perplexities.

The postman had left two letters in the box while Mark slept, one of them addressed to him and the other to Jane. The former contained a bill from Dr. James McAllister from the General Hospital, Guildford, for five guineas "for professional services rendered to Mrs. Mark Willaston."

On the bill was annotated the dates of two consultations, one on July first and the other on July twenty-eighth.

Jealousy and suspicion had magnified "G.H." into a clandestine lover, and Jane, by implication, into a faithless wife. Now, it seemed, she had been ill and, so as not to cause him undue worry, she had kept it from him.

Mark telephoned the hospital, asking to speak to Dr. McAllister, only to be told that he was

### Uniform, Beat

Last winter she said she'd rather freeze  
Than wear those black stockings to school.  
To parties she wears them this year, if you please—  
Her crowd thinks they're "Cool man, real cool!"

— IRENE D. GLASSON

on leave and would be returning two days hence. The earliest date for an appointment was a week ahead. Mark asked the secretary to book it.

His pulse quickened when he saw the Wingfield postmark on the letter addressed to Jane, and with self-discipline he did not immediately open it.

The bees were humming in the garden. The sweet scents of new-mown hay came from beyond. A lark was trilling in a blue sky, and the world was bathed in golden sunlight. The sense of tranquillity deepened as the memory of the cockcrow faded.

Mark's fingers trembled as he opened the letter, as though they knew how important it was. A pulse beat madly in his throat, threatening to choke him.

The letter, written in a spidery handwriting, belonged to another age, was from Joshua Meggeson, Antiquary, Church Place, Wingfield, Sussex. It read:

Dear Madam: Further to your esteemed order of July 28th, I beg to inform you that the satin canopy is now completed. I enclose my own certificate of authenticity which, you may believe me, would be endorsed by any reputable authority on Tudor furniture. I trust that the work of restoration will meet with your approval.

In addition to the £50 paid by you on July 28th, the cost will be £8. I trust you will not find this excessive. Yours faithfully,

JOSHUA MEGGESON.  
P.S. As I am frequently away from the shop, will you kindly advise me by letter when you intend to call for the cradle.

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# AT HOME *with*

## Margaret Sydney

● "Friday, being the birthday of our youthful Queen, was ushered in with the usual manifestations of joy, in the shape of crackers, fizgigs, and other combustible reports," reported the Sydney "Monitor" for May 27, 1839.

**T**HE customary complement of squib and cracker reporters assembled in all the main streets and amused themselves by throwing their fireworks at passers-by."

What interested me about this was to realise that things haven't changed much in the past 123 years — Cracker Night is always a worry to parents and to the authorities, and I guess it always will be. Every year there are demands that crackers should be banned.

Apparently plastic nose-cones for rockets (which have proved horribly dangerous) are to be banned, and surely everyone must agree that that's a good idea, but I can't really see any good reason why the time-honored fireworks should be banned just because the people who are old enough to make their protests heard are also old enough to have grown out of their delight in Cracker Night.

It's over for us this year in New South Wales, but still coming up in some other States where Guy Fawkes' Night is the big night.

Personally I think it's the parents, not the kids, who've let things get out of hand.

Crackers can be dangerous — so can bicycles and shanghais and cricket balls if they're not used properly — and surely it's up to the parents to keep an eye on things and see that they're used reasonably.

### Crackers, yes—but on Cracker Night only

**M**Y main objection to Cracker Nights is the way they're allowed to spread and spread so that for two or three weeks before the neighborhood is loud with chains of explosions, and many pounds' worth of crackers must have to be replaced if there's to be any sort of a show on the night itself.

Our local newsagent told me about one customer of his who this year sent his six-year-old down to the shop with 12/- to spend on crackers and then came down later himself and raised Cain because the newsagent had also sold the boy a 2d. box of matches.

"You ought to be reported to the police for selling matches to a six-year-old," the indignant father said.

I can't think of anything more illogical!

If Sonny was wandering round the streets with 12/- worth of crackers, he wouldn't have had any trouble getting a light from some other small boy, even if the newsagent had refused him the matches.

What I'd like to see is fireworks restricted to Cracker Night, and parents are the only people who could do this.

If children were allowed to spend just so much on crackers, and no more money was forthcoming to replace those that had been let off prematurely, then at least the din and danger would be restricted to a time when adults could be expected to be alert and on the watch for trouble.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 26, 1962

### Puss-in-a- knitted-coat

**D**IANA has been devoting her evenings to the design and manufacture of a coat. "It's the new dusk-to-dawn feline line," she says.

Kay's cat, Vanessa, has been feeling the cold very much this year and Di, having finished a jumper for herself and finding herself with two balls of 8-ply wool left over, decided that what Vanessa needed was a coat.

There was a good deal of trial and error about the design (cats are a very unaccommodating shape), but the final pattern went like this:

On number 12 needles, cast on 12 stitches and knit a strip in moss-stitch long enough to go over the cat's head and fit round its neck. Cast off. Stitch ends together, to form collar.

Using number 8 needles, pick up 48 stitches (this will cover back and shoulders, leaving about 2½-3in. free under the neck). Knit in stocking-stitch with 8-stitch band of moss-stitch at each end of needle until it's nearly long enough to cover the cat's back, finish with eight rows of moss-stitch. Cast off.

Catch cat again, measure its girth, and make belt five stitches wide in moss-stitch, ending with small buttonhole.

Stitch the other end of the belt firmly to one side edge of the coat and sew a button on to it so that the belt can be done up.

All that part of it is easy. Now all you've got to do is to persuade your cat to wear the coat.

By the time Di had finished it Vanessa had got fed up with fittings and disappeared.

Mike's cat, Bobo, was roped in to model it for the family, and just walked steadily backwards, convinced that that was the only way to get out of it.

Di tried Melisande next, and Melly had a totally different type of mannequin slink. She walked steadily forwards, crouched as flat as she could get, obviously convinced that if she got low enough she could walk out from underneath.

Plum had the next turn, and the coat literally put him in stitches.

He thought it was the joke of the year — rolled on his back, bit it, clawed it, managed to get it off, and then hunted it round and round the room, tossing it about like a dead mouse.

By the time Vanessa got it back it no longer looked like a new coat—it had so many pulled stitches it looked more like a fancy tea-cosy.

### She's just not wardrobe-minded

**V**ANESSA has now taken to wearing the coat, because she seems to have realised at last that it keeps her warm.

But she wears it with a complaining air — very much the way the children wear overcoats on freezing days when I have said they must.

And, like the children with their coats, she abandons it in most unlikely places.

You find it under bits of furniture or hung on twigs in the garden. One day last week it turned up in the letterbox.

I hardly think she could have put it there herself—it must have been the action of some kind passer-by who found it carelessly abandoned on the footpath.

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Mitchell Sheridan took the letter without glancing at it. "What I am primarily concerned with at the moment, Miss Lansing," he said, "is the question of residence for you. I have studied the rental picture in Manhattan—"

"And it is bleak," Caroline said.

For the first time he smiled. "Exactly," he said. "Which is why a possibility came to mind. I have a very trusted secretary, who rents a large apartment rather near here. She usually has several girls sharing it with her, but at present she's alone. Now, I've taken the liberty of mentioning your problem to her, and she is perfectly agreeable to talking over the possibilities of your working out an arrangement." He handed Caroline a slip of paper. "Her name is Anabel Petit. This is the address. And, Miss Lansing,

Continuing . . .

## THE DAYS OF THE HEROES

from page 31

I urge you to give it some serious thought."

Life is a path of stepping-stones. The apartment, Anabel Petit. And the parts of the past that lead to the present.

"Can you imagine," Caroline said that afternoon when Mitchell Sheridan had departed, "what this is going to be like? The trouble is," she said, "I don't have any choice." She was thoughtful for a moment. "Ellen," she said slowly, "why don't you move in, too? He said she has had several girls there."

At the time I lived with my fam-

ily in Jackson Heights, and, while there was nothing precisely wrong with Jackson Heights there was nothing precisely right about it, either. "I don't know," I said.

"Please," she said. "Think how easy it would be to meet lots of men, how convenient—" She bent forward and took my hand. "Look," she said, "at least come with me when I go to see her. I don't want to go alone." Caroline never lost the ability to make you remember that basically she was an orphan.

It is not fair, perhaps, to say that when I visited the apartment that first time with Caroline, I knew; it may only seem so now. But I left some of the realities behind that evening, and I can still walk in memory down the long corridor and into the old parlor. When I do, I can see it and feel it and smell it, precisely the way it was. And the first prescience of that night comes back to me.

It is all gone, so much that we knew. Even the building that contained the apartment was razed some time after the fire to make room for a modern glass-and-steel

structure. On that evening in autumn, however, along a sleepy, shady street at the rim of Greenwich Village, there it was.

It was tall, narrow, and deep-pink brick, and it had been converted into three giant, rambling apartments. The one on the second floor, with four bedrooms, two fireplaces, and a great old country kitchen, was the one rented by Anabel Petit.

There is no reason men should know the private moments of their secretaries, and Mitchell Sheridan, when he dispatched Caroline to visit Anabel, had in fact never visited her himself. It might have given him pause. She had had a series of girls staying with her in the five years she had been in New York, and had clung to the belief that anyone who lived there should stamp the place with her personality if she chose. As a result, the decor of the rooms was a melange.

The walls were adorned with some shattering examples of abstract art, all executed by a passionate young artist one of the room-mates had yearned for. Tables were low, formless, and rickety, slabs of this and that on odd pedestals, designed and executed by another young man, who had been fond of lecturing on ethnic forms. An upright piano, painted red, had come from the bankruptcy sale of a cocktail lounge across the street.

Anabel herself was faithful to eighteenth-century mahogany reproductions, with overtones of her native Charleston, South Carolina; but her free-wheeling way with the bank balance had prevented her from acquiring enough of them to be noticeable.

**S**HE came down the hall that night, a small, dainty figure, smiling, with her arms outstretched. "I've been waiting for you with every one of my fingers crossed," she said. "And Mr. Sheridan didn't say there were two. That's even better."

"Well, I don't know," I said. "You see—" But the mood wrapped the place then; I knew.

"Honey, don't be silly," Anabel said. "Why, I had seven girls here once. Come on, I'll show you." She led us through the parlor and into the rooms beyond, swinging the doors open with a flourish. "Now, can you imagine this and not sharing it?" she said.

Anabel had been born unable to imagine having anything and not sharing it; this we learned. New York is a transient city, and this was a transient time; a parade of room-mates had come and gone, and she had drawn them all beneath her wing (although she was often no older than they), cooked mounds of fried chicken and corn biscuits for them (she was a superb cook), opened her wardrobes, her bankbook, anything for them.

"And, honey," she said to Caroline that night, "I'm not any chaperon, you know. Don't think that because of Mr. Sheridan—" She brought out a decanter of sherry and poured us each a glass. "Besides," she said, "you want to get married, don't you? Men always marry the nice girls, so if you want to get married, you don't need a chaperon."

"I want to get married to somebody romantic and dashing and witty and wise," Caroline said. She threw back her head, as if she could see him far off. "Doesn't everybody?"

Anabel held her wineglass up to the light. "Well, remember," she said, "all the men are coming back. All the wonderful men are back!" Then she drank the sherry.

"You know," Caroline said later, "I'll bet she lost a sweetheart in the war."

"Why, for heaven's sake?" I said. "Well, she had a funny look when we were talking about marriage. And she came to New York when the war started. I'll bet he was stationed here, or he was going overseas from here. Then he was killed, and she just isn't interested any more."

Caroline's speculations persisted.

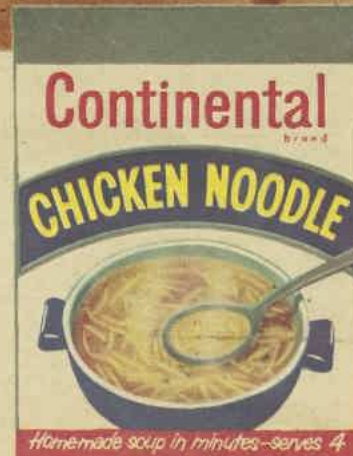
To page 69



## Taste that Chicken in Continental soup

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all the while we lived with Anabel. We were certain that she had been slender and lovely and beloved, and he had died; now her happiness came from wrapping everyone she met in her arms, giving and giving, because there was so much to give and nobody to take it any more. All these years later, I still can wish the story had been true instead of woven from whole cloth, a panacea for guilt at taking anything from her.

Anyone hearing what happened might think: Well, of course, three women simply cannot live together; it is the classic, impossible combination. Yet in the beginning, we were so extraordinarily amicable, so happy, that part of my nostalgia now is the yearning for lost friendship.

Anabel was Southern; hospitality was her heritage. The memory of white pillars and porticoes, old grace and ease, never was far away when she entertained, and she did it endlessly; she gave parties as easily as she breathed.

People came and went all the time—the old Englishman from the apartment upstairs, who sat at the kitchen table and taught cribbage to anyone who cared to learn; the young war widow, who was lost in the city and never would leave it, because her entire marriage, the twenty-eight days of it, had been spent there; the young men who went to the university on the G.I. Bill of Rights and lived in single rooms all about us. Everyone, somehow, was going some place in these days.

But mainly the men were back; they were everywhere. We made dates with them and broke them, laughed at them and lured them, confided our feelings to one another. On the rare evenings when we were alone, we fashioned our hair for them, and pressed our clothes, and took our perfumed baths.

Anabel's wardrobe, the largest by far, always was open to us. While her size precluded an exchange of dresses, she had a silver-fox jacket that went everywhere and a few pieces of authentic jewellery from her mother's estate which passed freely from one to another.

"No, don't you dare tell him that necklace isn't yours," she would say. "That's an antique. A piece like that shows you've got ancestors. When a man begins thinking about getting married he's thinking about a mother for his children, too. It doesn't do a girl a bit of harm to show him she's got ancestors."

ON the whole, the necklace never mattered, as none of the rest mattered, because the men we wore it for did not matter. You see, these were the days of heroes; we wanted a chance at one, too. And we waited. When you want something, when you wait for something—sometimes you make it happen.

The night was in no way special. It was a Saturday, and there was a party at the apartment, but not an extraordinary one. In a corner a group was playing gin-rummy; at the piano, a young man was repeating an odd, sad solo over and over again; two couples were discussing Harry Truman, who was President then.

It must have been after midnight when Caroline arrived. Caroline was trying the theatre then, too. That night there had been a dress rehearsal. As I saw her enter the parlor and wave to me, I thought that she had walked off in a pique, as she frequently did; it was early for her to be home.

A tall young man emerged from the shadows of the corridor behind her, but that was not unusual, either; tall young men frequently followed Caroline. The difference was that this time the young man was Jeremy Warren.

"We have a new neighbor," Caroline said. "Ellen Ainsley, Jeremy Warren. I found him all by myself on Tenth Street, but it's perfectly proper, because he does live across the street. You see," she said to him, "I was being honest with you. There is a party. We have parties all the time. We all contribute something, and tonight I'm contributing you."

He smiled. "If you think I'll ever

Continuing . . .

## THE DAYS OF THE HEROES

from page 68

be able to take the place of charades or good gin, I'm afraid you're going to be disappointed. I'm a very dull fellow. All I was doing when you ran me down was buying the Sunday 'Times'."

Jeremy had a bachelor apartment almost opposite ours and worked for a large publishing company in midtown Manhattan. He was thirty years old and had a slight limp, which Caroline supposed was a wartime injury and which added inestimably to his appeal.

Some accidental arrangement of his features had given him looks that were brooding, though there

was no evidence that he brooded or, indeed, that he had anything to brood about — and none of this describes him at all.

"I must admit," he said that night, "that you girls are a good deal more decorative than the 'Times.' I think I'm the one who's getting contributions."

"Ah," Caroline said, "but we've been waiting for you. You were off being a hero, and now you're back. I'm going to find Anabel. She'll be enchanted." She threaded

her way across the room, stopping to talk to someone, to pat someone else's arm; any small adventure made Caroline gleam like a jewel.

Jeremy Warren turned to me. "Tell me," he said, "are you a little bit crazy, too?" He looked about the room, then steered me to the long piano bench, which was momentarily empty. "Well?" he said.

"I suppose I'm the quiet one?" I said.

"How did you ever get here?"

"I'm a friend of Caroline's. We work together."

"You mean you do things with tax books, too?" he said. "You? Why?" He was smiling, but something in his voice made it seem he cared what the answer was. Jeremy had the gift of always seeming to care what answers were, and only when you knew him well did you find out it was true — he did care.

"I always think I'll leave," I said. "But do you know what happens?" I told him about the book-lined room and the way it felt to pass through it every day. "You see," I said, "It's foolish. I don't think I've ever mentioned it to anyone before."

"No, it isn't," he said. "I've been walking through rooms like that for years, wishing I could stay. And do you know something? It

To page 70



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## Continuing . . . THE DAYS OF THE HEROES

from page 69

doesn't matter whether you stay or not, so long as you go on wishing. I guess it's like a dream. If it came right down to it, you wouldn't want it to come true. You'd have nothing more to try for."

"Oh, wouldn't you? I looked at the shape of his hands when he lighted a cigarette and watched him as he stood up. "Were you — seriously injured?" I said.

"I was tackled in a football game in my sophomore year at college. I didn't lose the ball, but I found out I wasn't an athlete. Come on, if we sit here very long, they'll have us entertaining. I can't sing, can you?"

But Jeremy Warren, after that, sang a song for me.

**A** STONE in a pool casts its ripples. From that night on, the three of us were not so happy. There was nothing specific; it was simply that we watched one another now, checked up on one another, kept our own counsel, closed our doors at night.

"I'm going to make Mitchell Sheridan give me some money, and I'm going to buy all the most beautiful things I can find in New York, and I'm going to devastate Jeremy Warren," Caroline said. She was going through her wardrobe, tossing things in piles on the bed.

I sat watching her, begrudging her her elegance, her extravagant beauty. I was disliking myself for that feeling. It never had been there before, but it was there now.

"He's too old for you," Anabel said. "He's the same age as I am. He's thirty. You can take all your twenty-two-year-olds—"

"I have no intention of taking any of my twenty-two-year-olds," Caroline said. "They can't support themselves. Don't forget, I haven't anybody. I'm alone."

Anabel regarded her dispassionately. "Well, while making all these great plans, honey," she said at last, "I wish you would get around to dropping something in the kitty now and then."

That was what had happened to us; that was the air in the apartment.

Jeremy came and went. Caroline always had a flutter of social engagements and a choice of escorts for all of them; now, invariably, she chose him. He ate Anabel's chicken and brought her bottles of old sherry; Anabel adored him. She would have done all his errands for him, had he let her, and each time he entered the room she wrapped him with her eyes.

Sometimes he brought his guitar, and when, as happened now and then, all three of us were home, we would cluster around him, listening to him play the old, nostalgic songs. And sometimes we two were alone, and we just sat before the fireplace and talked the dreams out loud.

"How are the taxes coming?" he said to me. "Found any good plots buried in the books?"

"They don't vary. That's one nice thing about them," I said.

"Oh, I wouldn't be sure of that. Statistics are like appearances. Both of them are very deceiving."

Caroline came into the room in a black dress barely covering her kneecaps, short

as all the dresses were that year.

"Now just take this as an example," he said. "You would think; here's a woman of the world. And you'd be wrong. She's nothing but one of the kindergarten crowd."

Caroline gave a puzzled smile and regarded us. Each of us wondered what Jeremy might say privately to the other, if he said anything private at all. And the stillness of the blazing summer day when a storm is expected hung in the air all the time.

When it came it was not a storm; it was fire. I remembered the whole night and the pieces that are part of it. It was raining, a windy rain, and the parlor window was stuck, so cold air seeped through the room; the record-player was on, playing the same song over and over again; Anabel was home before I was, sitting in the shadows alone, and she was so seldom alone and she hated it so.

"Are you going to be home for dinner?" she said.

I nodded. It was a lonely, lonely night.

"There's a casserole," she said. "Is Caroline coming?"

"I don't know," I said. I never knew any more.

She looked at me and she was crying. "You ought to know," she said. "Ellen, I

### INJUSTICE

*By what peculiar quirk of fate  
Are houses full of din  
When parents are at home, but not  
When there's a sitter-in?*  
—Jan Healy.

wish I could give you the things you're going to find out yourself — before it is too late."

I walked to her and sat on the arm of her chair. "What's the matter?" I said.

"I found them out and it's too late. Too late to be young, too late to be married. A little of the rain blew in and she never noticed it."

"Don't say that," I said. "You're the one who talks about all the eligible males who are back."

"Yes," she said. "I am. But you forget. I was here when they went away." She didn't look at me; she talked to the night outside. "I was twenty-five and I came to New York because everything was here, all the excitement, all the promise. I went to the officers' dances and I kissed them goodbye, and I kissed them hello, and they just wanted some girl to kiss, that was all."

"I wrote all those little V-mail letters and sometimes they answered and sometimes they didn't. I cried over them, too, and they didn't know I was crying. If they had known they wouldn't have cared. They just didn't want me."

She took my hand. "You know something? Men don't want the girls who cry about them. They don't marry the girls they only take out or the girls they only kiss. They want you kind of — whole. They want you happy beforehand. They want you to need them, but not need them, too. They don't want you giving them things; they don't want you on a silver platter. Not if they're worth it, they don't."

"I'm thirty. When a woman is thirty, it's older than when a man is." She stood up. "So you see, if you could learn all those things fast and not take all the years it took me to find them out — I'm going to take a walk. Maybe I can find a Cary Grant movie somewhere."

"Please have dinner," I said.

She shook her head. She put on a raincoat. "Ellen," she said, "don't let him get away. Not if you want him. Don't. That's what I wish I could — give you."

For some time after she had left, I sat without moving. The record-player repeated: "All I did was wonder how your arms would be." At last I stood up and shut it off. I went into the kitchen, struggled with the old stove, lighted it, and put the casserole inside. I returned to the parlor, even though it was too large a room to be alone in. I wanted the parties back and the people. I wanted Jeremy Warren to sit on the piano bench and stretch out his legs and smile at me and have it be the first time again, the first time.

Afterward, I could never tell how long I had been sitting there, looking at the dark, wet street when I began to smell smoke. I became aware of it gradually, because of the wind from the window, and when I did I remembered the casserole.

The stove always smoked, so there seemed nothing extraordinary about the haze in the hall. I swung open the kitchen door carelessly. The room was filled with flames, spreading like a wave along the walls, licking toward the ceiling, rushing toward the door when the draught hit them. Smoke poured in layers, thick as cotton, blinding, suffocating.

I ran out. I ran without stopping or taking time to think or look behind. I ran through the parlor and down the corridor and out, ahead of the smoke that poured after me. I ran upstairs to the Englishman's apartment and banged on the door. He opened it, and I told him and pointed to the fire escape at the front. He called his wife, and I helped him lift her over the sill for the climb down.

**I** TURNED and ran down the two flights of stairs to the family on the main floor and told them, then across the street to a little Spanish restaurant, where I told the proprietor. He put in the alarm and then offered me a glass of wine, but I refused. I was very calm, and it was all very unreal.

I left the restaurant and, without any hesitation at all, walked down the block. I did the thing that was most natural: I went to Jeremy's apartment. I was searching for the name along the row of bells when the door opened and he walked out.

"Ellen," he said. He stared at me and then at the scene behind me. He put a hand on my hair, then grasped my shoulders and drew me close. "What happened?"

Standing there I let him hold me. "It's all right," I said. "At least no one was hurt. The building is on fire, but it's empty."

He was studying my face,

**A**LL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

rubbing a smudge of soot from my forehead, holding me firmly all the while. "You're not hurt?" he said. "You're sure you're not hurt?"

"I'm sure," I said. "In fact, I'm not even afraid." It was true; it seemed impossible just then that there could be anything anywhere to fear.

"Come on," he said. "Let's sit somewhere and recover."

We returned to the Spanish restaurant and took a table at the window. Outside the street was exploding with the noise and the congestion of a New York fire. Firemen tramped through the entrance of our building, pulling the heavy hoses and water sprayed everywhere. Because the structure was brick, it wasn't possible to tell how much was ruined inside.

"I wonder if it will all be lost," I said.

He looked at me. "It's only a building, you know. Tell me—tell me what you did."

I told him the story. "It was the stove," I said then. "That stove always had something wrong with it."

He put his hand on mine. "Never mind the stove. You're a heroine."

"Oh, don't be silly. I only did what anyone else would have done."

"Don't you know?" he said. "Heroism is largely a matter of timing." He ran his thumb along my fingers, tracing them. "Tell me something else," he said finally. "When it was all over, why did you come to me?"

Our eyes met across the table. What are the words you use? (Jeremy Warren, you are the one, the one we all were waiting for. Caroline said that, remember? You are the hero, back from the wars. You are the romantic—and we deserve a romantic, don't we? You are the one we practised our wiles for and dreamed our dreams about. All those and none of them. You are the one I love, and I would like to be the kind of girl you would love, too. I can be—strong and anything else if, at the end, you are there. That's all you learn when you learn how to fall in love.) How do you say it? I said nothing.

"Would it help," he said, "if I told you something first? If I told you that you are the girl I would walk through fire with? You get very little chance to walk through fire, but I'd do it with you if I could. Would that help at all?"

"Yes," I said to him. "Yes, I do think that would help."

Outside, the firemen began assembling their apparatus; the fire was under control. We looked at the building, and it looked the same. But then, to any passer-by observing us at the table, so did we.

"It isn't fair, it isn't fair, it isn't fair!" Caroline cried. She stood in the ravaged parlor, turning to look at the charred woodwork that led to the burned-out bedrooms.

The parlor had largely escaped damage; the fire had spread backward from the kitchen, to the closets and bedrooms.

"Why do I have to lose everything? Just when I have something, why do I lose it?"

"Oh, Caroline, come on," Jeremy said. "What have you lost?"

She glared at him. "Only everything I have," she said. "The only place I have to live, the only clothes I have—"

To page 71



Continuing . . .

## THE DAYS OF THE HEROES

"Caroline, Caroline," he said, "it that's all you have you haven't much. Come now."

"Don't quote to me from books," she said. "I don't want quotes. I want something I can hold on to."

Anabel sat huddled in the chair at the window, where so long ago I had sat. "I don't believe the insurance will cover it," she said. "I'm the one who signed the lease, and I think I'm the only one who's covered." Her voice was hollow and drained.

"It doesn't matter," she said. "I've been thinking of leaving, anyway. I have a cousin in Los Angeles. I can get a job there." She turned to the three of us with a terrible hope in her eyes. "Don't you all think — don't you really think that Hollywood is a whole lot more exciting than New York?" she said.

"But what about me?" Caroline said. She looked at me. "Ellen, what are you going to do?"

Jeremy sat on the arm of my chair. "Caroline," he said, "you let me worry about that. You just go on worrying about yourself."

"I'll get Mitchell Sheridan, that's what I'll do," she said. "He got me into this. Let him get me out of it."

"Oh, why don't you marry him?" Anabel said wearily. "He's single and he's rich as Croesus. He could solve all your problems."

**I** WALKED cross-town in the warm spring sunlight of Manhattan, and I thought of Caroline, a few days after the fire, sitting beside Mitchell Sheridan on the old couch in the parlor as he read the lease.

"There is no question about it," he said. "Your loss isn't covered. The whole matter is an oversight of mine, I regret to say." He looked at her bent golden head. "However, I'm sure that some arrangements can be made." He glanced warily about at the room. "Some improved arrangements covering everything. I hope you won't concern yourself too much, Miss Lansing."

She leaned toward him and smiled. "Please," she said, "please call me Caroline."

I remembered that, and I wondered, with all the years between, if it has been worth it for her. Her aunt and uncle died a few years before, and she has the money now.

"Mitch takes care of all the nasty little things, like bills and dividends, and keeping track of things," she had said at lunch. "Men are so handy for that." He is over fifty now, and she will never, never catch him, and she will never have to be, so long as she stays with him, very much more than twenty-one, I suppose that, for Caroline, it has been worth it.

Anabel is still in California. Whatever promises it held for her never were fulfilled; we had a note on a Christmas card saying she was thinking of requesting a transfer to an office opening in Rio de Janeiro.

The sun slanted on the water of the river ahead as I walked. There was a breeze, and I knew that, back at the apartment, the windows would be open to it, papers would flutter and fly off the desk, magazines would rustle, and the children would fashion paper aeroplanes and fly them above their father's head.

It was a Saturday, and he would be doing the accounts. He would total the figures in the savings column for the down payment on the house. The house had been going to contain a book-lined room, but now that would be a nursery. He would total all our inexorable expenses, and then he might abandon the figures and read a book from the piles there were everywhere, or tell the children a story, or play a game with them, while they climbed all about his chair, adoring him.

He had taken them to the park

from page 70

and undoubtedly had bandaged a knee in the course of the afternoon; later he was going to fix the wheel on a bicycle.

And, all the while, he was waiting for me, the way, every evening, I waited for him. He is the one we all waited for, back in the long ago. He is the one we dreamed our dreams about and practised feminine wiles for. He is Jeremy Warren, and I am the lucky one — he is married to me. When we meet now, the old dreams we

mortgaged don't matter; the silver star he won lies unpolished in a drawer; the long ago is unimportant.

I began to walk faster. If you saw me hurrying to him, you would think that I am in no way special, but you would be wrong. You see, I am the wife of a hero, and I have learned the thing we didn't know years back, when we thought all the heroes returned from the wars — heroes are around us every day. They have to be. A hero is simply the man you love.

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"After you put down the receiver—didn't you go out and see if your husband had been disturbed?"

"No, I didn't. I just took it for granted he'd have come in if he'd heard it."

"I see. Did you go straight back to bed, then?"

"Yes."

"Didn't McEvoy mention to you what he'd rung about?"

"No, he didn't."

"That's funny, now. Didn't you ask him? Getting a call like that well after midnight must've made you curious."

"Not at all," she said with a hardy stare. "I suppose it was some trivial thing. I knew Boris McEvoy was always up at all hours of the night—playing the gramophone, to Mr. Fry's annoyance—and expected other people to be the same."

"I see," Grogan said again, and decided not to waste his time any longer on this unprofitable vein.

Releasing her, he went on

## Continuing . . . MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

from page 35

up the hill, wondering as he went if Pritchard had been asleep in bed. Had McEvoy known that he was in the boatshed, and had he rung to rouse her suspicions to make her go and take a peek? Had he told her he had all the evidence he needed to divorce his wife and name Pritchard as co-respondent, and maybe, even, claim damages?

It can be informative sometimes to see people before they catch sight of you. This, in a minute, was what Grogan was able to do.

He was on the road at the top once more, just about to get into the police car, when Dal and Virginia turned the bend and came toward him. So animated was the talk between the two that they didn't look up or see the inspector standing there. Their faces were

turned each to the other's, and they were talking in low hurried voices.

As like as two peas they were, gold and sun-tanned, their faces handsomely modelled, with high cheekbones, full lips, and blue eyes. But Virginia was the sturdier of the two, and looked all the more seductively feminine for the likeness of her attire to his: black jeans, red checked shirt, and espadrilles. They were laden with parcels, and weary and hot.

Catching sight of Grogan, Virginia dropped her serious expression and lifted a hand. "Clocking off for the day?" she called.

"That's right, I'm just about off home."

"Home? I'm surprised you bother to have one."

"I got one, all right, and a wife that goes very crook if I don't give it a fair share of my attention. Just a trip into Fordham, and I'm on my way."

"That's where we've been. Poof! That bus-ride!"

"Bit stuffy on a day like this, eh?"

"And the dust. Why can't I travel in a luxurious car like yours?"

"Why not? Been shopping, have you?"

"Well," Dal drawled, "you've got to if you live here and occasionally want something more than corn-flakes and mousetrap cheese."

"I suppose you run into the town pretty often, Mrs. McEvoy?"

"Not very often. I'm not all that fond of food, and the sight of a shop makes me turn extravagant and spend all the money I haven't got." She gave a little laugh, showing her small, even, white teeth.

"I prodded her today," Dal said. "I got fed up with Vetch's chops and steaks."

"That all he keeps?"

Grogan asked.

"Absolutely. Varied by steaks and chops."

Big drops of rain suddenly spattered on to the

\*\*\*\*\*  
● To be rich is not the end but only a change of worries. —Epicurus  
\*\*\*\*\*

road, falling as straight as arrows into the dust.

Virginia said: "Here's the rain, we must run." She lifted a hand again and they turned down into the enveloping bush of the hillside.

After the swift run through the silent countryside, turning and twisting by the many bays, by the stretches of quiet water with lonely hills enclosing them, the police car reached the small town just as the shops were shutting.

The butcher nearest the Bishop's Bay bus stop was actually about to lock his door when Grogan came up to it. The man opened it and they stood just inside talking for a few minutes. Grogan was in luck. It was the first butcher's shop out of five that the township boasted.

"Definitely it might be a lead," he had said to Fred of the Pathology Department; and that was the way it seemed to be turning out.

Alison, crouching in the boatshed with the lessening patter of the rain on the roof, stayed still for some minutes turning over in her hand the packet she had unearthed from the hole under the floor. It was a stained newspaper parcel of about six or eight

inches square fastened with a rubber band.

Was this the thing that Boris had suspected? Was this the object of Mrs. Pritchard's warning?

She fingered the rubber band and turned the parcel over, looking for some indication of what could be in it. It burned in her hand like a letter addressed to somebody else which you guess holds a secret you long to know. She started to put it back, stopped, drew it out again. It was because she couldn't make even a guess at the contents that she couldn't let it go. Yet if she opened it what mightn't she be releasing?

So many problems had arisen in the past few days that she had arrived at that stage when it seemed almost impossible to make up her mind about anything, even the simplest thing. This find was just another headache, mixed up with the horridness of the shed, with its sickening smells of rusted oil-tins, of rotting rope and sails, and, distantly, of decaying fish and seaweed. An unreasonable repugnance to it all held her.

And yet as she sat there she knew she was going to open the parcel.

All this pretended indecision was just eyewash to salve an over-sensitive conscience about probing into someone else's affairs.

She slipped off the rubber band and unwrapped the paper.

Bundles of money were inside it, folded notes, thick wads of money . . . hundreds of pounds.

Amazement quickly gave place to relief in Alison. This, thank heaven, she thought, was no problem for her to grapple with. Who this money belonged to, and why it was there, and if it had any connection with Boris' death, were questions for the police to cope with.

She wrapped the parcel up again and dropped it back into the hole. Then she replaced the roll of rope over the rotted board, and hurried away from the shed and up the path to the house.

The rain had stopped, leaving a freshness in the air, and the moment the boatshed was behind her her spirits rose, releasing her to dwell on the thought of Stephen, and the words: Wait for me, I'll be back.

When she got in, Norah was in the sitting-room, not reading, not even pretending to. She was sitting with a drink in her hand, sipping absently, staring ahead of her at the opposite wall with a fixed gaze. She took no notice of Alison's entrance, and Alison went over and made herself a drink and brought it back and sat down on the arm of the sofa.

She said, in humorous despair: "Norah, can you get your mind for one moment off yourself and Toby?"

Reluctantly, Norah's eyes came round to Alison's face. "What?" she asked in a dead voice.

"Listen, I've just discovered something down there in the boatshed. I was sheltering from the rain just now and I broke my string of corals, and when I was searching for them I lifted a board and there—" She paused purposely, to intrigue the other, to try to jerk her out of her self-centred state.

But Norah had reached that obsessed condition when outside matters can't pene-

trate. Anything that didn't touch on the one subject didn't register with her, and after a minute Alison was forced to continue without the stimulus of the other's curiosity.

She told of her find, and of the likelihood that this was the explanation of Mrs. Pritchard's message, the object of Boris' suspicion. Money, a quite considerable sum of money hidden there. She didn't know how much because she hadn't counted it. She had put it back, of course, but the police would have to be told about it.

As Alison talked, Norah's face had come alive. She had no difficulty now, it appeared, in listening. She was sitting stiffly upright in her chair, and her eyes were on Alison's face with a look of rigid concentration. She looked as though every word

was opening a window . . . and another . . . and another, letting in a flood of light.

Seeing the effect her news was having, Alison broke off to say: "What's the matter? Why are you looking like that?"

Disregarding the question, Norah leant forward and asked: "Were they in envelopes, these notes? Was there any other paper as well? Anything to show whose they might be?"

"No, I told you, just old newspaper wrapping. I didn't count them and I didn't examine them: I pushed them back because I felt extremely uncomfortable at having dug them up."

"The date of the newspaper—did you look at that?"

"I tell you I didn't look at anything."

Norah made a gesture of impatience.

"Norah, you know something. What is it?"

To page 73



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"I—I don't say I know." Norah got up and moved about from chair to window, from fireplace to door, as though the room had suddenly become too small to contain her—and what she was confronting. "I don't say I know," she repeated, "but, my heavens, I'm beginning to see."

Feeling as though she were caught up in a high wind, Alison stared at her. It was her turn now to say: "What? What?" And then: "You're not going to get hysterical over this, too? I don't think I can stand a lot more of—of anything."

Norah made an effort and spoke more collectively. "Alison," she said, "you don't understand; you don't know the facts. I'll tell you. You may call me hysterical, but listen." Clearly trying to gather herself together, she picked up her glass and finished her drink and sat down again.

"You know how for months before his mother died," she said, "Toby used to come down here to see her?"

"Yes, I know. I remember." "Well, he said to me once that he thought her income wasn't big enough, that the price of everything had gone up so much, and that he didn't like to think that perhaps she was wanting anything. You know how generous he always is. I said, 'Of course, give her whatever you think you should.'"

"So every time he came down here he brought some money, stuffed a few notes into an envelope and put it in his pocket. He said he didn't give her cheques because ready cash would be easier for her to pay for the little things she might need. She'd practically given up going into Fordham to the bank." She stopped. "Now," she challenged: "Now does it strike you? Do you see?"

**S**LOWLY Alison shook her head, searched her mind, shook it again. "No . . . I don't . . . honestly, I don't."

"You don't? You don't see that he wasn't giving that money to his mother at all? That he was giving it to Virginia?"

Alison put down her glass and sat open-mouthed. Defiantly Norah gave her no help, but just stared back at her with smouldering gaze.

At last Alison stammered: "Giving this—this money to Virginia? Oh, Norah, really! What possible grounds have you got for suggesting such a thing?"

"Plenty, I assure you—plenty. Now I remember all sorts of signs. For instance, this idea of taking cash to an old woman as vague as his mother was. What an absurd notion! I wonder I could've been such a fool as not to see through it! She might've lost it, been robbed of it, anything. I remember thinking at the time that it was mad, but I didn't say anything. I always had such trust in him."

"And then—oh, it comes back to me now!—how often in the past two or three months he came down here alone. Alone, as that detective was so obliging as to underline last night. I remember now the way he used to discourage me from coming. That was his idea, not mine. I was always fond of her, as you know. She was never boring even if she was a bit fuddled toward the end."

"I'd've been only too glad to come down and do anything I

Continuing . . .

## MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

from page 72

could for her. But no, oh, no! He used to say it was a long, tiring drive for me. Always for my sake of course, it was! 'Don't you bother, darling, I'll be alone. I'll just run down and spend the afternoon with her.'"

"He was probably too polite to say that it was a trouble for his mother to have to get a meal for one extra person."

"Don't talk such rubbish!" "You heard him say it last night."

"Oh, yes, I heard him say it! She wasn't too tired to have the entire neighborhood in to drink

brandy with her. She wasn't too tired to—"

"Neighbors are different, you know they're quite different."

"Obviously," Norah sneered. "They just drop in and you don't make any difference for them."

"I tell you I was kept away for another reason." She leant forward and snatched up a cigarette, lit it, and flung the match for her.

It was hard to believe that in a few days Norah could look so changed, sallow, and almost plain, with dress and hair anyhow. One

foot turned and twisted, one finger tapped the cigarette, tapped and tapped at the ash that wasn't there.

"Coming down here without me," she brooded, "he was free to meet her, to see her, as well as his mother, and slip her these little 'presents'!"

Alison sprang up. "Well!" she burst out. "It's easy to see how a whole big case can be built up out of nothing. It makes you wonder how much the police are doing it all the time, and how many people go to gaol for crimes they never committed."

Norah turned on her. "Has he or has he not been having an affair with Virginia?" she demanded.

"Oh, he has been caught up for a while, I dare say, for a bit of fun that didn't really mean much to him. She's pretty, she's easy, she probably made heavy play for him. And, anyhow, — why I ask you — if he did give her this money — which I don't believe for a minute, but if he did — why in heaven's name would she be hiding it in the boatshed?"

"Why? I'll tell you why. Because she didn't dare bank it. She couldn't carry a savings bank book about in her stocking, could she? And she couldn't put it anywhere in the house where Boris might have found it. Anyhow, a bank will sometimes write to you, send

To page 82



...it's a family Milk Coffee biscuit break!

Any time is right . . . any drink is perfect . . . when the break is for Arnott's Milk Coffee biscuits. Taste's right, texture's right to make Milk Coffee biscuits the ideal family refreshment favourite.



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### RIVETS





# PREGNANCY

**You** may be like some women who claim to "know" they're pregnant even before they miss a period. More likely the missed period will be the first sign; by then the fertilised ovum has been growing for about 2 weeks, is about pin-head size. You're sleepy, may be dizzy, urinate frequently. Your breasts are enlarged, may be sore, and the nipples are darker in color. A few women have nausea; a few have more saliva than usual.

**1**

At implantation there may be slight bleeding which can fool you into thinking you've had a period. A missed period means it's time to decide on a doctor for next month at this time.

**Baby** was once an egg (ovum) the size of a grain of sand. At conception, the father's sperm decided its sex. Inherited characteristics, like hair and eye color, were settled then, too. Baby's housing until birth is called the amniotic sac. This oval sac, double-membraned, is filled with fluid to protect baby from temperature changes and bumps. It takes about 2 weeks for the egg to "implant" itself in the uterus. The uterus wall thickens and a meshlike placenta forms between it and the baby. This "network" is baby's nourishment. After 28 days the fertilised egg (embryo) could be seen without a microscope. It is about  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch in length.

● This month-by-month calendar is designed to help women understand the course of pregnancy. Ignorance can cause needless worry. The calendar should not be taken too literally, for there is no such thing as an "average" pregnancy, an "average" baby, or "average" woman. We reprint this guide in response to many requests from readers.

**You** see your doctor right after second missed period. After 2 missed periods, diagnosis is easier than after one. Doctor examines you internally, gives you Wasserman and Rh tests and blood count, takes pelvic measurements, weighs you, takes urine specimen. He may suggest diet, prescribe diet supplements. When he confirms pregnancy, immediately call dentist for tooth check-up. Your breasts are larger; you're sleepier. If nauseous in morning, sip juice or munch dry cracker before getting up; if nausea is bad, tell doctor. If discharge is heavy, get advice from doctor on treatment.

**2**

**Baby**

after 8 weeks is a sac of cells. His eyes, ears, and tiny "buds" for arms and legs are developing; the heart is beating (though undetectable, even with stethoscope); the blood is circulating; the backbone and muscles are forming. He's about an inch long; his head is very large for his body. The growing placenta transfers nourishment from your bloodstream to his, and waste from his to yours through the umbilical cord, which is lengthening. Sex can't be determined by naked eye, although organs are there. He begins to move, but you can't feel movements at this early stage of pregnancy.



**You** may have a "tummy," but it's visible only to you. The doctor detects pregnancy with accuracy at 10 weeks; your uterus is swollen, tissues in the vagina have turned from pink to blue, the mouth of the uterus (cervix) is softer than before pregnancy. This month you may feel temporarily depressed, weepy, out of sorts, due to glandular changes. If legs swell, your doctor may suggest cutting down on salt; don't unless he suggests it. You may have weird food cravings at this time. They're rare, but possible, and don't affect your baby.

**3**

**Baby**

at 12 weeks is about 3 inches, weighs 1 ounce; your uterus stretches as he grows. He has a big head, pot belly, but has lost tail. Eyes, nose, mouth, fingers, and toes have formed, and sex is defined. During first 3 months of pregnancy, miscarriages are more likely than later (doctors call them "spontaneous abortions" when they happen this early). That's why doctor cautions against strenuous lifting, straining. A miscarriage now probably means there was some sort of defect in the original cell; look on it as a mercy, discuss next pregnancy with your doctor.



**You** aren't as tired, depression is vanishing, and you have energy and a glow again. You'll gain weight now; follow doctor's diet. Pregnancy will soon be obvious. If you work, ask doctor how long may you continue. Doctor may prescribe exercises; he'll continue regular urinalyses (kidneys and liver have double burden); if Rh-negative, you'll have extra blood tests. In city, it is time to make hospital reservation. Shop now for maternity clothes to have when you need them. Ask doctor about girdle; he may recommend one now. And you may need a maternity bra to give your heavier breasts support from shoulders.

**4**

**Baby**

has teeth forming in his gums; nails are beginning to grow, and his nose has a bridge. He's about 8 inches long and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound, completely filling pelvic cavity. His rapid growth means your diet is important; he needs plenty of nourishment (not more food for you, just good food). Eyebrows and lashes start growing now, and the skin is covered with a fine down, lost later. Recent developments, not in general use, make possible the recording of heartbeats at 16 weeks as help in diagnosing twins. X-rays show bone structure, also confirm diagnosis of twins, but doctors caution about unnecessary X-rays during a woman's pregnancy.





# CALENDAR

**You** are really in stride now. You're wearing maternity clothes, and sensible shoes. Little pink lines (striae) may appear on your abdomen as skin stretches. Creaming with lotion doesn't remove them, but softens skin, gives it greater elasticity to prevent deep marks. You may have a vertical "dividing" line from umbilicus to vagina, where skin stretches. If constipation is a problem, consult doctor; don't take medication without his advice. Sleeping with pillow under knees or with feet elevated helps relieve strain on stretching muscles, skin.

## 5

**Baby** moves vigorously now; you feel flutters, twitches, and strange little movements that get progressively stronger. This exercising helps prepare baby for ordeal of birth. A protective buttery layer (vernix caseosa) is forming on its skin. When born, baby will still have this. Because it nourishes skin, some doctors let it wear off naturally. Baby's nails are still growing, teeth are hardening, and hair is developing. Doctor can now hear a faint heartbeat through his stethoscope.



**You** sleep more comfortably on your side now, sit better in a straight chair. Leg and foot cramps are common, not serious. Knead your leg where muscle is cramped. Striae on breasts and abdomen are more prominent; they will fade after baby's birth. You start getting the nursery ready now, shop for baby equipment. Older children (over 5) may be ready to hear about the new baby now. If this is your first baby, you may want to visit the hospital to familiarise yourself with the layout there, and atmosphere.

## 6

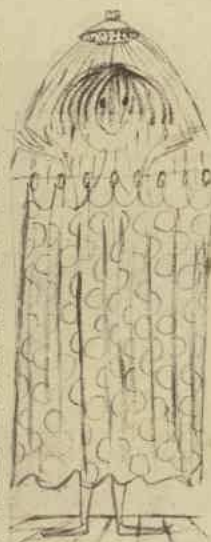
**Baby** is 12 inches long, weighs about 1½ pounds, and now is pushing farther into your abdomen. The buds for permanent teeth begin to show. More marvellous, by now it has fingerprints, the unique identification belonging just to this baby, and no other. About this time you'll begin creating a real personality for your baby, based mainly on the timing and strength of its movements, which can be startlingly strong. Baby turns often, also has quiet periods—but not always just at the time when you need yours.



**You** see the doctor every 2 weeks now. About this time he'll suggest switching from tub to shower-baths, may ask you to stop driving alone or at night. Your breasts may start to secrete a yellowish fluid (colostrum) now. You may have "hot flushes." If the baby has long periods of inactivity at this point, there is not necessarily cause for alarm. If your feet and legs swell, elevate them. Numbness and leg cramps are common now, but are not significant, so don't panic.

## 7

**Baby** is 14 inches, weighs 2 pounds. If it were born at this point, it might live, although it needs to gain weight, and is very wrinkled. In the last 3 months it adds layers of fat, so takes more nourishment from you. At this point the baby will usually take one position, head up or down, and remain that way until birth. As the baby gets bigger and bigger, the uterus pushes against your diaphragm, and you get breathy. Taking little short breaths instead of big gulps helps. Or lie down, hold hands over head to make room for deeper breathing.



**You** suddenly have lots to do. Pack 2 bags. One you take to the hospital (sanitary belt, toilet articles, robe, slippers, nightgowns, bedjacket, clock); the other your husband brings when it's time to take the baby home (diapers, pins, shirt, kimono, two blankets, bunting in cold weather, sterile jar for formula). Most doctors caution against travelling more than 50 miles from home. If you will nurse baby, ask doctor about breast care.

## 8

**Baby** is getting stronger every day, adding fat, and would have a good chance to live if born at this point, being about 18 inches long and weighing 5 pounds. Some time soon you will feel "lightening" or "quickening" — you'll be less breathy, because the baby won't be pushing against your diaphragm. The baby has turned in the womb in preparation for birth. The process makes the last days easier for you. If your baby is a boy, the eighth month marks the time when testes descend into the scrotum. Kicking lessens after baby turns; pressure causes you to urinate more often. If worried, consult doctor.



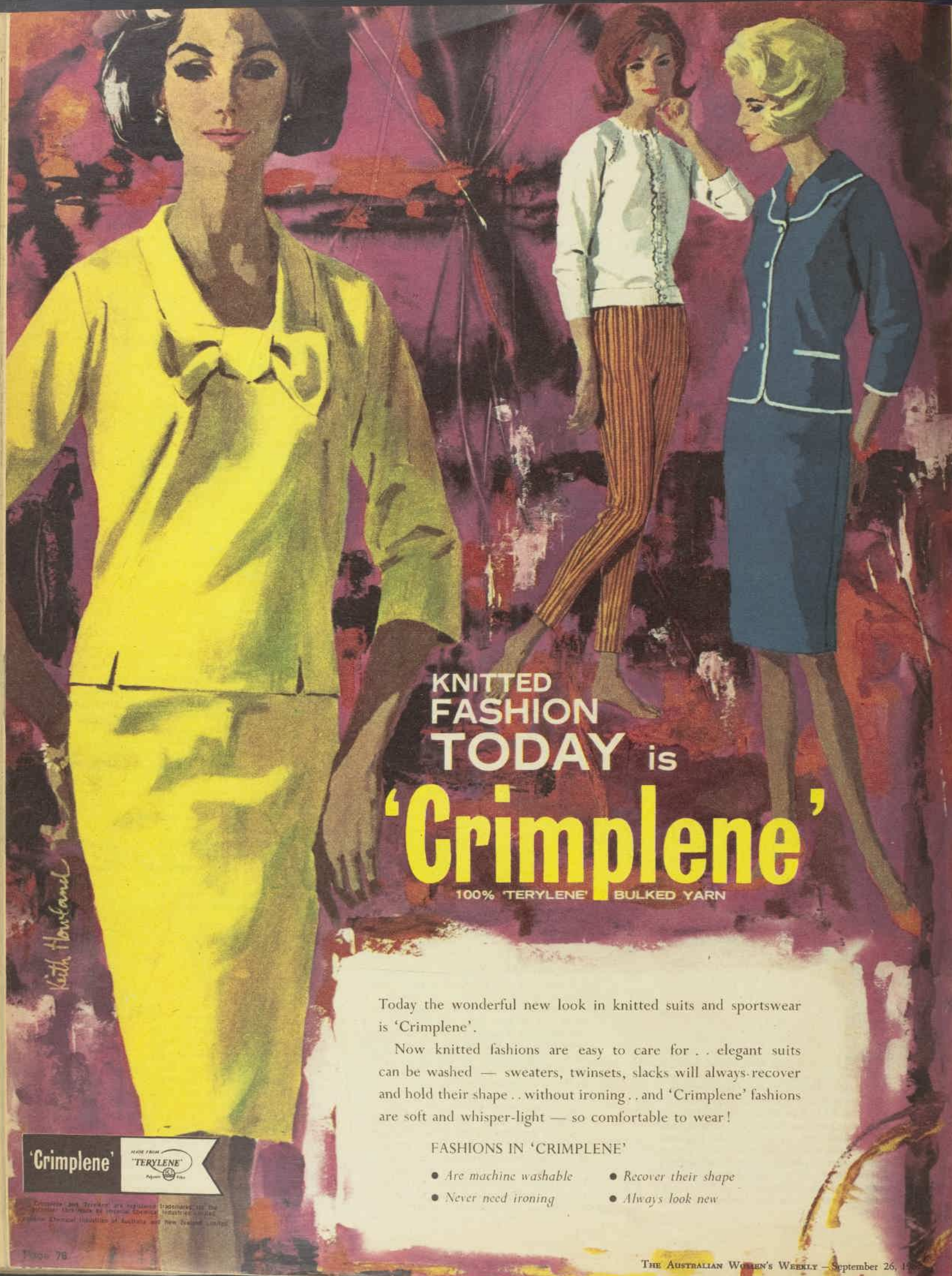
**You** can't believe it, but 280 (approximately) days have gone by and it's time for baby to be born. Keep saying to yourself that 70 per cent. of first births arrive after the scheduled date to keep fingernail biting to a minimum. You've kept gain to 20 pounds (25 maximum) for easier labor, quicker figure return. Baby weighs 7 pounds (average), placenta and membranes 1½, enlarged uterus 2, and enlarged breasts plus water retained in tissues makes the total. Stay calm: you get adequate warning. Call doctor when contractions are regularly 8-10 minutes apart.

## 9

**Baby** has a birthday some time this month, and if you think you're excited, imagine what the impact of birth must be like for your tiny youngster. The "lightening" process has turned the baby to birth position, engaged its head for passage out of your body. The "average" (to use an inexact term) baby is about 20 inches long, has dark slate-color eyes, is pink and chubby (or red and wrinkled in some cases). It started from one egg, one sperm, which made one cell. Now, 9 months later, it is a complex, complicated, individual being — and the baby you've waited for.







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## LIME

### —the wonder-worker

● Whether you are breaking in new ground or improving or simply maintaining the garden, don't overlook the importance of lime, the wonder-worker without which much of the world's fertile soil would become useless.

**T**HE action of lime is partly physical, affecting the texture of the soil, and partly chemical, setting free or "unlocking" the dormant reserves of plant food of all kinds.

It has been found that in soils that have been under intensive cultivation for many years an enormous reserve of plant food has been accumulated, which only requires the addition of lime to bring into action. This often occurs in home gardens where the ground is regularly manured but irregularly limed.

In such cases the ground becomes sour or acid, and a sound dressing of carbonate of lime (usually sold as garden lime) will bring about considerable improvement in soil structure as well as improvement in crops.

Lime also disinfects the soil, killing many insects and harmful mould growths.

It is best applied to the garden in autumn or during winter digging. Don't apply it to the ground at the

same time as it is manured — the nitrogen in the manure, which is one of its most precious contents, would be released and lost.

When autumn or winter applications of lime are impossible it can be applied in spring, provided the manure, compost, or what-have-you was applied at least six weeks earlier.

**BUT NEVER** put it near lime haters such as azaleas, rhododendrons, ericas, kalmias, and a few others.

Lime produces the greatest alteration in structure on clay soil. It gives the soil all the beneficial effects of coarser texture such as diminished capacity for retaining water, greater warmth, less shrinkage and tendency to crack and cake after drying.

It used to be thought that lime had some sort of binding effect on very light sandy soils, but this has not been proved. The addition of humus (rotted vegetable matter) to sandy soil is much more effective, as it improves its physical structure and changes the mineral content of sand into productive soil if the feeding is persisted with over the years.

Garden Book—page 21

## Common sense with fertilisers

**S**INCE lime sets in action the dormant plant foods already present in the soil, the forcing of crops by the aid of lime alone soon results in the exhaustion of the soil. Hence the old saw — *Lime, and lime without manure, Will make both land and farmer poor.*

Commercial fertilisers play a bigger part in home gardening today than ever before. They consist mainly of superphosphate (which is about 22 per cent. phosphoric acid), sulphate and muriate of potash, nitrate of soda, and sulphate of ammonia, or mixtures of these three staple fertilisers with varying amounts of blood and bone dust.

Trace elements — such as boron, molybdenum, zinc, iron, manganese, magnesium, copper, and cobalt — are often added, or may be present in very small quantities.

For instance, dolomitic lime contains magnesium, and as this chemical cannot be extracted they are sold together as "dolomite." It is a most valuable form of lime.

Few soils will continue to produce good crops unless well dug over, cultivated, and manured and composted regularly. These are musts in garden procedure. It is as well to bear in mind that poor soils will often be made poorer by the use of commercial fer-

tilisers alone. Ample humus must be added from time to time to make the soil texture suitable for plant life.

Once the soil has been built up to a good crumb or texture — and this should be moderately deep as well — the addition of commercial fertilisers will be found most valuable.

Of these sold today, blood and bone dust, or bone dust alone, has the longest residual effect, as it lasts for several years. Superphosphate probably comes next in its longevity in the soil — two to three years. The rest are exhausted the first season, or two at most.

Mixed or balanced fertilisers are much used by suburban home gardeners who find it next to impossible to obtain animal manure. They can be applied to the soil some weeks before setting out plants or sowing seeds.

Balanced fertilisers have an excellent effect when scattered around advanced seedlings and perennials that need a boost.

In recent years many foliate fertilisers have been introduced. These are sprayed on to the foliage of plants and are absorbed through the leaves and then taken down to the roots, benefiting the whole plant.

They consist very largely of urea (which may be up to 44 per cent. nitrogen).

**Turn to: DAHLIAS**

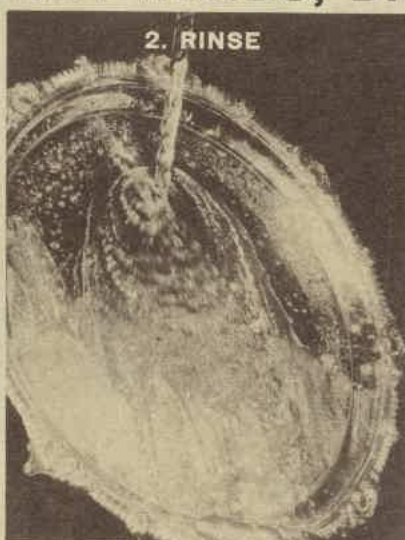
Garden Book—page 22

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**Q BUT IS STAINLESS STEEL RIGHT FOR 'GOOD' CUTLERY. I MEAN I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF IT AS BEING FOR RESTAURANTS?**

**A** Stainless Steel is rapidly becoming the first choice of young moderns — and older moderns, too — throughout the world.

**Q IS STAINLESS JUST A NAME, OR IS IT TRULY STAINLESS?**

**A** It is truly stainless. It literally does improve with use — never needs polishing. A wipe with a soapy cloth brings it to gleaming newness every time.

**Q BUT DOESN'T THE SURFACE PLATING WEAR OUT?**

**A** No! No! No! There is no surface plating. Stainless Steel is solid Stainless Steel right through.

**Q HOW CAN THAT BE?**

**A** Look at it this way, it isn't a perfect parallel, but it explains the principle.

Supposing you make two cakes, one chocolate iced and the other chocolate flavoured. One has just a surface layer that's like plated metal. In the other, the chocolate is actually part of the cake.

That's like Stainless Steel. You see Comsteel, who make Australian Stainless Steel, mix nickel and chromium with steel in the furnaces. It goes right through the steel and forms a new kind of metal called Stainless Steel.

**Q WHAT ABOUT WEIGHT. WOULDN'T STAINLESS STEEL SAUCEPANS, FOR EXAMPLE, BE VERY HEAVY?**

**A** They are heavier than some saucepans, lighter than others. But most cooks who use stainless steel cooking utensils prefer what they call the comfortable weight of stainless. They seem better balanced. They never fall over as some light metal saucepans do, when the handle is out of balance with the bowl of the saucepan.

**Q ONE LAST QUESTION. STAINLESS STEEL IS MORE EXPENSIVE THAN OTHER METALS, ISN'T IT?**

**A** It is slightly more expensive than many metals — but not as expensive as copper and silver for example. But against this slightly higher price you have to balance years of extra life, enduring beauty — and much easier cleaning.

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# DAHLIAS



The popular Winsome.



Jean Anita—prolific.



Show-winner Clara Carder.



Croydon Masterpiece.

Pictures from Mr. George Lane's garden, Mascot, N.S.W.

Gardening Book—page 23

● Dahlias were introduced into Europe from Mexico early in the sixteenth century. Now there are probably 15,000 to 20,000 named varieties.

WHEN last season's clumps of tubers show growth, they can be taken from their winter storage and covered with moist soil to develop new shoots for the summer and autumn.

Some gardeners plant tubers in September and get moderately good results during late December and January. Then they cut the plants down to about 2ft. from the ground, feed them well, and water regularly, getting a second crop that escapes the sun-bleaching.

Growers who wish to exhibit their blooms will set their plants out later—October and November—and get bigger and better-colored blooms. It is recognised here, as elsewhere, that dahlias are late summer and autumn croppers and hold their color best as the days get shorter and the sunshine weakens.

Dividing old clumps of tubers is the commonest method of propagation. Do this gently with a sharp knife or small-toothed saw, and make sure that each piece carries an eye or shoot.

Now drive a stake firmly into the ground and plant the tuber several inches deep near the base.

When the plants are ten or twelve inches above the soil pinch out the tops, leaving only two pairs of leaves. From the axils of these leaves other stems will arise, and these can be pinched back a month or six weeks later. This encourages strong stems.

Gardening Book—page 24

Sowing seed is a somewhat adventurous way to propagate dahlias. Seedlings rarely come true to the parent plant, and a dozen different-colored types are often obtained from a single seed-head. Many of them are not worth keeping. Types that produce flowers of a nice color and size may improve considerably the second year, and should be kept.

Cuttings may also be taken from growing plants during January and February. They should be taken from non-flowering branches. In this way some dozens of good varieties can be propagated in a single season. If such cuttings are taken during spring, the resultant plants will flower during March or early April. Dahlias are subject to several serious diseases. The worst are virus troubles such as stunt, spotted wilt, and mosaic, which are incurable. Spotted wilt carries over in the tubers from year to year, and thrips, aphids, and other insects may take the infection to clean plants. Those showing the yellowish spots on foliage should be dug out and destroyed. Mildew also attacks plants, usually late in the season, and should be checked by early sprayings of phaltan, Bordeaux mixture, colloidal sulphur, or lime sulphur solution. Leaf spot, which appears as brown spots at fairly regular areas on the leaves, can be sprayed with Bordeaux mixture.

In winter, when the plants have completely died down, lift the clumps and store them in sawdust or sand in boxes till spring.

Cut out and paste these pages in an exercise book

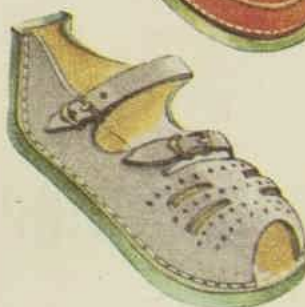
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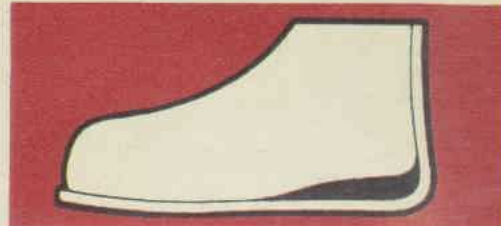


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# Home Plans Service

● In response to readers' requests, we present another family home which can be enlarged as required. It is Home Plan No. 993, which is 770 square feet in the first stage of its construction.

**T**HIS house, when completed, is 1180 square feet in brick and 1100 square feet in timber.

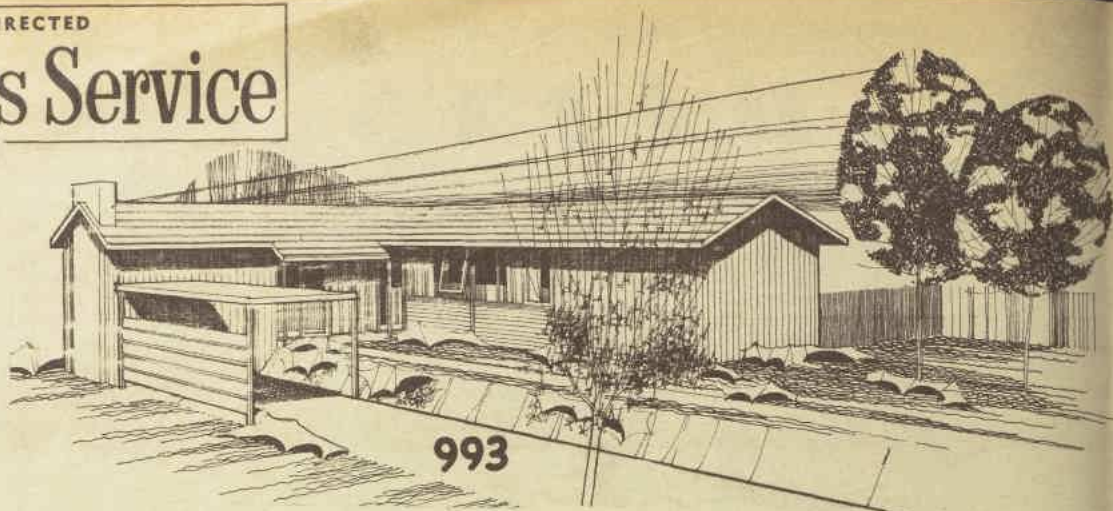
Although small in its initial stage it has the appearance of a large house because of the broad front and one projecting room at the front.

Built in timber with only one bedroom it would cost about £2500. When complete with three bedrooms it would cost approximately

£3500 in timber and £3900 in brick.

One wing of the L-shaped house contains all the living and service accommodation and the other wing contains the bedrooms. The three bedrooms are in line, enclosing one part of the courtyard, which is formed by the garage and living-room.

A room-divider separates the front door and entrance hall from the dining-room. Off the hall are the kitchen, laundry, and bathroom. Access to the toilet is through the laundry.

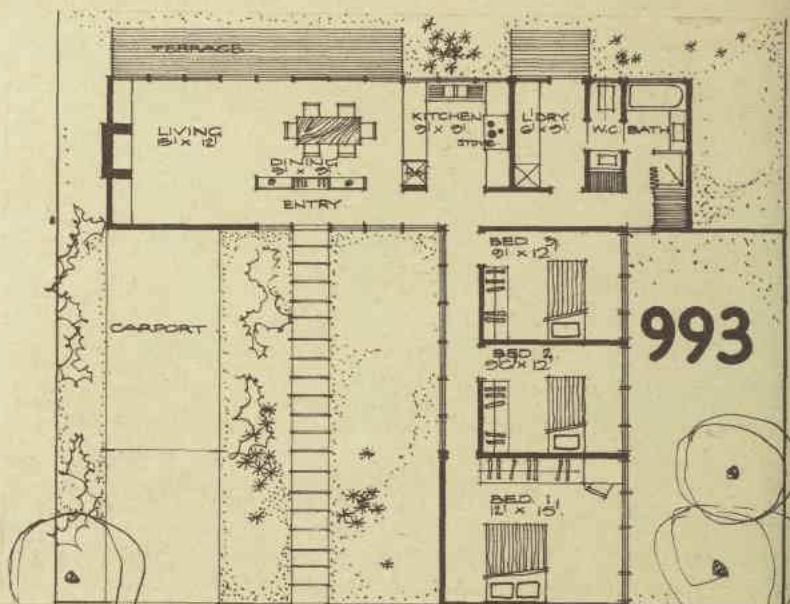


993

A terrace at the back of the house runs the full length of the living-dining areas and makes a perfect place for children to play or for informal entertaining.

The best aspect for this house is for a site facing north or south. If north is to the rear, the bedrooms obtain east light.

**EXTERIOR VIEW** of Home Plan No. 993 shows how extra bedrooms can be added when required. There is a courtyard in front.



993

**FLOOR PLAN** shows uncluttered layout of rooms and terrace at back of house. A long corridor leads from bedrooms to living areas.

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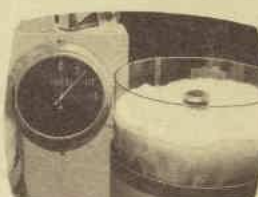
\* The absolute truth of the Fab tests being sworn to on affidavit before a Notary Public. The demonstrations were carried out in identical washing machines, each machine having identical washing loads and the same amount of water. Into one machine was placed 1½ cups of a well-known detergent washing powder — in the other an equal amount of fabulous Fab.



After a couple of minutes both machines had plenty of suds.



After only 3½ minutes the other suds had given up — yet fabulous Fab suds were still hard at work.



Even after 7 minutes fabulous Fab suds were still working as hard as ever.



THE CLEANEST CLEAN UNDER THE SUN IS **FAB** CLEAN





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"Snail fever"—another name for schistosomiasis, or bilharziasis—is one of the world's most urgent medical problems.

This disease is caused by parasites from three specific types of snails. These parasites penetrate the skin of humans and animals and invade the blood stream. Here they produce many eggs, which progressively damage vital organs.

An estimated 100 million people, most of them living in tropical climates, are now stricken by this debilitating disease. It spreads to new countries and afflicts more people every year.

For over 10 years, Parke-Davis scientists have been working intensively on methods to control

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family  
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you some communication, your bank sheet or something, which he might've opened. Down there it was safe."

"You're just letting your imagination run away with you."

But Norah swept on: "What would the old woman have done with all this money he was supposed to have given her? A woman who hardly ever crossed the door, who didn't buy clothes or have servants—you see what the place is like. It wasn't spent on keeping this up, that's quite clear. Yes, I know what you're going to say. She did have one extravagance. But she'd have had delirium tremens if she'd spent all that money on drink! Wouldn't she? Wouldn't she?" She shot the question at Alison.

"That's so—perhaps—that's so. But I can think of lots of ways she could've got rid of it. She was every bit as generous as Toby, and, as you've just pointed out, wanted very little for herself. But what about her friends round here? Why shouldn't she have been helping them?"

"Who? Who?"

"Don't ask me. I don't know, of course. I'm only putting up a suggestion that in my opinion is quite as feasible as yours. Her old friend Ethel Hocking, for instance, obviously living on the smell of an oil-rag and with that great big dog to keep. There's no doubt Mrs. Pritchard would have been only too delighted to give her frequent hand-outs. Dal—he was always here. I don't think we need to ask whether he would have been too proud to accept handsome cash presents. And the Frys—with a mortgage on their house, as Jane told me once."

"Virginia, kept so terribly short by Boris, old Cornwall, so fond of his comforts. And it's all very well for you to talk about delirium tremens, but if five or six people came in regularly to help you drink you'd have small difficulty in getting through a lot of money on good brandy and scotch. She was lonely, she must've often longed for company and affection, been ready to—well, practically buy it. A house is very attractive where there's always lots of good drink flowing."

Norah listened with mounting impatience, a scornful expression in her dark eyes, her mouth half-open, the words ready to spill out of it when the other stopped. Sitting there, dishevelled and ravaged, she'd forgotten the cigarette between her fingers; the ash fell unregarded into her lap.

As Alison paused, she said: "Oh, we've forgotten the money in the boatshed, have we? That's wiped out of the discussion. The money Toby brought down was drunk and squandered by his mother and her friends. And what about the sum you found?"

"We haven't forgotten it, not at all, but it may have nothing to do with what Boris suspected. I may have jumped to the wrong conclusion about that. That message might still have to do with something about Virginia, some carryings-on of hers,

some meetings she had with someone down there. The money may have been there for years."

"One's always reading in the papers about finds like this, and no one ever discovering who it belonged to. A workman dismantling a building, some children playing in an old shed, a man in the upholstery of an old car he's bought. In fact, it's so often not claimed that the finder keeps it. So things may be looking up for me!" she added, trying to introduce a lighter note into the affair.

THERE was nothing light, however, about Norah's face as she rose purposefully from her chair. She carried her glass over to the tray, stubbed out the cigarette, and made a pretence of tidying her hair at the mirror over the fireplace. Only a pretence. She didn't look at herself, but at the reflection of Alison perched on the sofa arm.

"However," she said shortly, "this discussion's not getting us anywhere. You're prepared to say practically anything to defend your wonderful boss. I'm going straight out to find him and ask him."

"That's a bit odd," Alison said, getting up, too. "You're raging all the time at his deceit, and the lies he must've told you about his visits down here—why then do you expect him to tell you the truth about this?"

"Oh, I'll get it out of him," Norah shrilled. "Don't worry, I'll get it out of him."

Alison thought, no doubt she would. It would take a stronger man than Toby to keep back anything under the third degree that Norah had subjected him to in these last days.

"Surely you'll wait till he comes home," she said, recalling how explosive Toby's mood had been before he left, his barely controlled fury in the kitchen as he cut his sandwich and stamped out of the house. For these two people, both so overwrought, to meet now—how could any good come of it?

"Wait?" Norah repeated. "Why should I wait?"

"Till you're a little calmer."

"Believe me, I'm not going to get any calmer by waiting. No, I know where he goes to fish—round there in that little bay."

"Well, at least let me get you something to eat before you go. You haven't had anything all day."

"Oh, Alison, leave me alone. As though I could eat now!"

When she had gone, Alison wondered if her denial of Norah's suggestion had been convincing, even to herself. Toby was generous, Virginia had been, maybe, in straits for money and wanting to leave Boris. What more probable than that he should have helped her out? Hadn't her own counter-suggestions been the result of her growing irritation with Norah's jealousy?

Slumped on the sofa with the untouched drink at her elbow, Alison sat on in the darkening room while the customary silence of the nights at Bishop's Bay closed in on her. The silence that had enfolded Mrs. Pritchard, night after night here in this room; that Miss Hocking had lived with, year in, year out, until Larry's magic presence had come to lighten it for one brief spell; that Jeffrey Cornwall shut his door against

each night, fiddling about with magazines and crossword puzzles to keep it at bay.

The silence that Jane Fry struggled to draw closer and closer round her tormented husband, a safe covering for him, a shroud for her. The silence that had blanketed Virginia and Dal as they had sat trying to fill the hours in the shadow of Boris' animosity.

She roused herself at last and turned on the light. The pressure of Norah's presence had lifted. For the first time for days Alison ceased to think about Boris' murder, and let her mind dwell on the thought of what had come into her life in the last hour down on the beach with Stephen.

She had been right from the start. She hadn't built her hope on fantasy. Both had known from the first glance what the other was going to mean to them. He had kissed her as though he knew he hardly needed to tell her that he loved her, taking it for granted that she knew already. Or perhaps because there was so much to tell her that no hurried moment would be enough.

She glanced at her watch. Seven o'clock. By nine, he had said he'd be back.

She went into her room and looked at herself afresh. It was strange, she reflected, how her new mood somehow managed to build herself up in her own estimation. Combining her almost black hair, painting her wide mouth, and

from page 73

seeing the olive-tinted skin that was better unpowdered, she forgave herself for the first time for not being rose and gold and plumply rounded.

Dropping the lipstick, she went out to the kitchen.

How was it that nothing ever got further in this house? There was the china still stacked on the table, the outsize soup tureen that she had been wrapping in newspaper this afternoon when Toby stormed in. Perhaps some day the chaos would be cleared up and this period of horror forgotten.

She peered into the refrigerator questingly, rejected the steak, the chops, and took out eggs and made herself an omelet. She made coffee, too, and ate her solitary meal with pensive enjoyment.

She was just finishing it when a tap came on the front door and the sound of a voice: "Anyone at home?"—Jeffrey Cornwall's timeworn announcement of his presence.

Not displeased at the thought of company to help while away the time till Stephen's return, Alison put down her fork and went out to greet him.

"Hullo, Mr. Cornwall, come in."

"Good evening, Alison." He opened the wire door and stepped inside.

"I'm in the kitchen. I'm all alone."

"Oh? Where are the young Pritchards?"

"Fishing. They went out this afternoon on some expedition." Instinctively, she sent Toby and Norah out together so as not to let people know what a battle was raging between them. It must be fairly common knowledge that Toby had been caught up with Virginia, but Norah's reactions so far, Alison hoped, were confined to this house, and, with a little discretion, might remain so. Not that it was going to make a vast difference what this small circle knew. Toby and Norah and she must be gone from here in a few days, leaving the mystery of who killed Boris, she found herself hoping, still unsolved.

CORNWALL said: "It's beautiful out after the storm. Very pleasant. But I'm afraid I'm interrupting you. Were you eating?"

"I was having a snack, but I'd just about finished. Have you had dinner yet, Mr. Cornwall?"

"No. Is it as late as that? I hadn't realised it was dinner-time. The hours are all pretty much one here. That's their charm, to my way of thinking. You need to've been a wage slave for forty years to appreciate that."

"It's enough to have been one for only four," Alison said, "to agree with you there. Come down and let me cook you something."

"No, no, I won't do that. I don't want to give you any trouble."

"No trouble at all, come along." She led the way back to the kitchen. "The only thing is, it's rather a messy place to bring you. We're packing."

"That's all right. You don't have to make any difference for me."

Fortunately no; just what she had said to Norah; neighbors could drop in at any hour without putting you out.

She brought a bottle of sherry and poured him a drink and cleared a space at the table.

Cornwall sat down and lifted his glass. "Thank you, Alison. This is very pleasant. Thank you, my dear. A change from my solitary meals."

Standing beside him, she said: "The menu's rather limited. Chops or steak or an omelet."

"What did you have?"

"I had an omelet."

"The very thing. That's exactly what I'd like. A good omelet's not easy to come by."

"That puts me on my mettle. I think it's just a matter of having the pan hot enough and knowing exactly when to call it cooked." She gave the pan a rub round and put a blob of butter in it and set it on the stove.

"Ah! That's a lovely smell," he exclaimed. "There are few things more appetising than the smell of sizzling butter." He cut some bread, poured another glass of sherry, and drew his chair a little closer to the table.

Sitting there in the strong light of the overhead bulb, Cornwall, though nearer seventy than sixty, looked as though he still merited the cliché, "the prime of life." His white shirt sleeves were rolled up above the elbow, a dark scarf—concession to

## AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Sept. 19

- ARIES**  
MAR. 21-APR. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thurs.
  - TAURUS**  
APR. 21-MAY 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 9.  
★ Gambling colors, pink, green.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thurs.
  - GEMINI**  
MAY 21-JUNE 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 4.  
★ Gambling colors, blue, red.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thurs.
  - CANCER**  
JUNE 21-JULY 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thurs.
  - LEO**  
JULY 21-AUG. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 8.  
★ Gambling colors, blk., mauve.  
★ Lucky days, Fri., Sat.
  - VIRGO**  
AUG. 21-SEPT. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Gambling colors, blk., mauve.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sat.
  - LIBRA**  
SEPT. 21-OCT. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Gambling colors, red, checks.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thurs.
  - SCORPIO**  
OCT. 21-NOV. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 8.  
★ Gambling colors, blk., pink.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sat.
  - SAGITTARIUS**  
NOV. 21-DEC. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 8.  
★ Gambling colors, blk., purple.  
★ Lucky days, Fri., Sat.
  - CAPRICORN**  
DEC. 21-JAN. 19  
★ Lucky number this week, 9.  
★ Gambling colors, grn., pink.  
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sat.
  - AQUARIUS**  
JAN. 20-FEB. 18  
★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sat.
  - PISCES**  
FEB. 19-MAR. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Gambling colors, blk., pink.  
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sat.
- [The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

### Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 3000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1200 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

To page 84





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**The Bulletin**

THE MAGAZINE FOR INTERESTING PEOPLE!  
ONE SHILLING EVERYWHERE

Page 84

visiting in evening hours — filled in its open neck. Pants of khaki drill and rope sandals completed the ensemble of a not unsmart elderly man. Against the background of untidy dresser and dusty china and straw and newspaper packing, he looked the personification of order and neatness.

Alison stood at the stove awaiting the critical moment. The strong light found gleams of bronze in her dark hair. Her pale skin never flushed, but animation brought a sparkle of almost gold to her flecked hazel eyes. She slid the omelet on to a plate and took it over to the table, poured herself some more coffee and sat down opposite him.

Cornwall disposed of the omelet in four capacious mouthfuls and finished the bread and butter. "Delicious," he said.

"Good. Let me make you another?"

"No, no, nothing more. I had a big lunch rather late, and at my age you can't afford to put on weight." He pushed his chair back and sat sideways at the table.

She brought him coffee, and he slowly sugared it — one lump, two — while gradually his expression grew more thoughtful, stiller.

Then he said: "Now that you've so kindly fed me, I'm going to say something to you."

"What's that?" She paused with the coffee pot above her own cup.

"You stumbled on a secret a little while ago — in the boatshed — under an old board."

Completely taken aback, she straightened up and stared over at him, the coffee pot still held suspended. "Well—good heavens! Yes, I did, but—"

"But you didn't think anyone saw you," he ended for her.

"No, I did not. How on earth—?"

"That's something else again," he murmured to the match he was holding to the tip of his cigarette. "Something quite other."

"It was the merest accident," she explained; "the purest chance. I was sheltering from the rain and broke a string of corals, and

they bounced all over the place, and looking for them I came upon this loose board and—"

"There was the little cache, eh?" he said with a short laugh. "You must've got a fine surprise?"

"I did. But I also felt sort of—uncomfortable at digging up somebody's secret."

"Yes, you would. And what did you make of it?"

"I didn't make anything of it. I thought, of course, that I'd have to tell the police."

"Lucky you didn't!"

"It is. I'm very glad I didn't. I don't know exactly what I pictured, but I'd no idea it was yours or—" She stopped.

HE was looking across at her in evident surprise, a mouthful of smoke puffing out his cheeks.

"Mine?" he said. "Dear me, no, it's not mine. That's not what I was going to tell you."

"Oh..." She stared at him stupidly. "Whose, then?"

"Well... that's rather a delicate matter, confidential. It doesn't want to go any farther."

"Oh, you can go ahead," she assured him, "I'm as safe as houses."

"I believe you are." He considered her with a speculative eye.

"Of all the girls I know—and that's not many now, but I used to know quite a few—I'd say a man could trust you with a secret."

"You can, you really can."

"Well, in actual fact, the money belongs to Ethel Hocking."

"To Miss Hocking?"

"That's so. A little nest-egg in case of illness, or if she's in desperate need of anything."

"Yes... I see." Yes, that was what she had suggested to Norah. Now it began to make sense.

Stirring his coffee, sipping it, Cornwall waited for her to digest the news. Putting down his cup, he said: "Poor old Ethel, she came to me a little while ago in a great

state. She and I've been down there so many years, living side by side, there's not much we don't know about each other. Though I can tell you I was pretty staggered at this. She said she'd seen you unearthing some money she's got hidden there, and didn't know what to do. She was absolutely knocked all of a heap."

"Seen me?"

"That's right, and she couldn't bring herself to walk right in and claim it."

"Oh, what a shame. I am so sorry."

"Well, you know how it is. Of course you understand why?"

"Yes, I suppose I do. You mean, she has a pension, and legally isn't allowed to have more than a certain amount in the bank?"

He gave a downward nod. "That, of course. But something else, too, something that makes her feel sensitive about admitting ownership — I mean, the way she came by this sum."

That, Alison could also guess at. She leant forward and took a cigarette from his packet on the table.

He struck a match and lit it for her. "Don't look so upset, Alison," he said. "No harm done. That's what I told her, too. I said I'd come up and have a word with you, since she was too embarrassed to do it herself. 'Alison Burdett'll understand, all right,' I said."

He finished his coffee and pushed his cup forward for more. "I don't suppose you're going to be shocked at the thought of Louie Pritchard holding out a helping hand to her with this money?"

"I should think not!"

"Not that Ethel ever asked for it, mind. It was entirely Louie's idea apparently. The two of them used to spend hours up here nattering away, and one day Louie said to her—so Ethel tells me—'Now look, Ethel, what's the sense of it? I don't need all this money that Toby's so anxious for me to have. He gives it to me freely to do what I like with. Well, what I like is for you to have something to fall back on when I'm gone. It's just between

from page 82

you and me. As you know,' she said, 'my small income reverts to Toby when I die, and this is all I can do for you.'"

"That's most understandable," Alison said. "Why not?"

"Oh, rather, why not indeed! Louie was always very hot over the injustice of a woman like Ethel not being able to have a comfortable little sum behind her without forfeiting her pension — in fact, if she was found with anything more than the measly amount allowed, probably being prosecuted."

"Ethel's father had been one of the leading physicians in Macquarie Street, had paid heavy taxes all his life, etc., etc. Why should his daughter go short in her old age? She said to Ethel, 'Nonsense!' she

said, 'Nonsense! Tuck this money away in the boatshed. All right, all right,' she said, 'it's not on your property, but it's virtually yours. Call it mine if it eases your conscience, but if I snuff out it's yours absolutely.'"

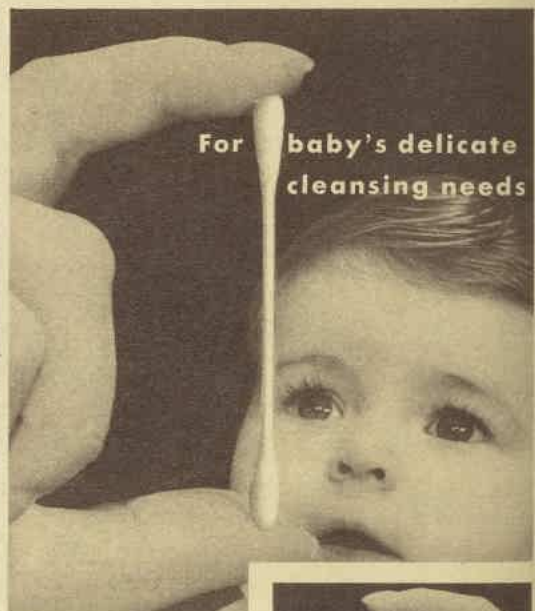
"There was nothing of the stickler for legality about Louie!"

Thoughtfully, Alison got up and turned off the steaming kettle that was adding its moisture to the warmth of the kitchen. Suddenly it seemed to her that the crooked pile of plates and saucers, the dust and disorder, were symbols of all that lay behind this untidy story. Understandable, she had said, but how devious and dangerous!

Sitting down again, she said: "I'm awfully sorry for

To page 87

**Johnson's cotton buds**



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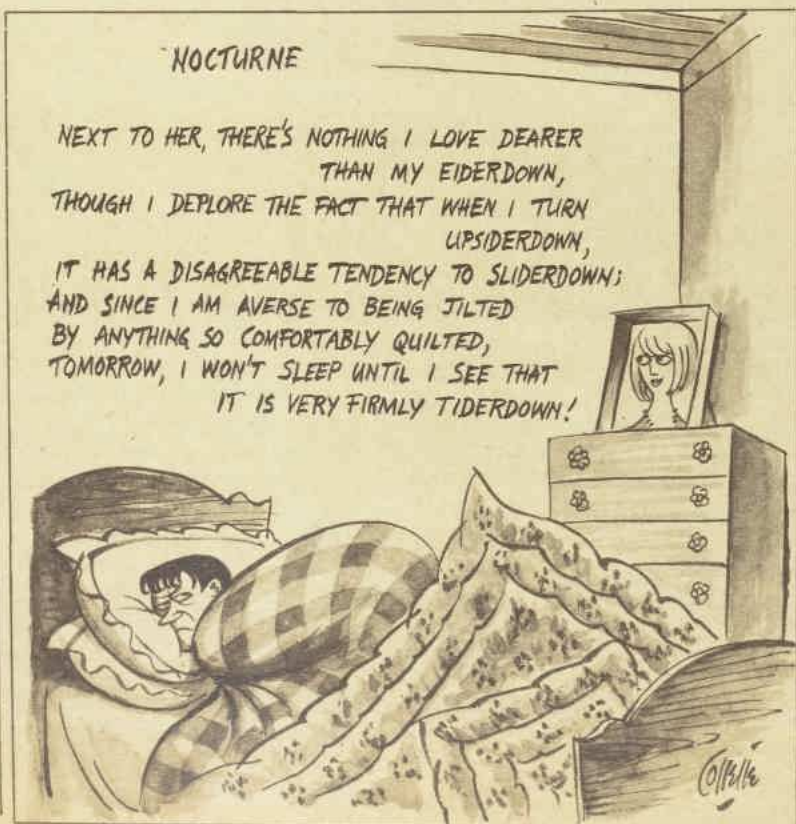


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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 26, 1962



**NOCTURNE**  
NEXT TO HER, THERE'S NOTHING I LOVE DEARER  
THAN MY EIDERDOWN,  
THOUGH I DEPLORE THE FACT THAT WHEN I TURN  
UPSIDEDOWN,  
IT HAS A DISAGREEABLE TENDENCY TO SLIDEDOWN;  
AND SINCE I AM AVERSE TO BEING JILTED  
BY ANYTHING SO COMFORTABLY QUILTED,  
TOMORROW, I WON'T SLEEP UNTIL I SEE THAT  
IT IS VERY FIRMLY TIDERDOWN!



# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE is held up late at night by a gunman. But he gestures hypnotically and scares off the man, who drops a water pistol. NOW READ ON . . .



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

1. Slighting commendation (5, 6).
9. Commencement in notes (5).
10. Indifferent to pleasure or pain (7).
11. Cattle farmer with her to end (7).
12. Town in Iraq on the Euphrates full of Arabs (5).
13. Distinctive emphasis on short account of small American coin (6).
15. Seek to attain a snake with anger (6).
18. Sea-eagles (5).
20. Trim pin (anagr., 7).
22. Pertaining to the Earth, the inside must err (7).
23. Monkey in a tap enclosure (3).
24. Try marriages for the Asbes (4, 7).



Solution of last week's crossword.

2. Dramatically connected with old lace (7).
3. Naturally! But it's vulgar (5).
4. Try sap (anagr., 6).
5. Microscopic animal organisms of the simplest structure (7).
6. Plunders within a steamer (5).
7. Contests of skill, our name appearing in them (11).

### DOWN

8. Insects follow an insect forming other insects (4-7).
14. Coming into being with a pleasant smell (7).
16. The 23 across may mean the same (7).
17. Pictures, the centre of which is mine, even if it is broken (6).
19. Run back for a start for a woman who attends the sick (5).
21. Unreasoning sudden fear in cap (5).

Solution will be published next week.

# Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Patterns, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 5341, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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my part in it. I hate to think I gave Miss Hocking any more worry. She's had enough these last few days without this."

"Quite true — poor old Ethel — she's had her fill and then some."

"But how did she see me? The place seemed absolutely deserted when I ran in out of the rain."

"It would," Cornwall gave a chuckle. "That has to do with one of Boris' little ways."

"Boris?"

"Yes. She saw you through a peep-hole he had in the back of the boatshed."

Alison's eyes opened wide. "Well — that's very nasty."

"Not too nice, is it? Of course, in Ethel's case she was just taking a bit of a walk herself, and as she got close to the back of the boatshed she heard someone inside and peeped through, and there you were, lifting out the dough."

"But what did Boris want a peep-hole for?"

"Oh, he had an odd nature had Boris. Though not so very odd, come to think of it. In common with a lot of people, he was a great snooper. Shut away here, you might've thought he didn't give a damn what anyone else did, but he got a lot of sardonic pleasure ferreting out other people's secrets."

"He certainly does seem to have made himself unpopular," she said dryly.

"I guess you're right. Actually, he bored this spy-hole to see what young Dal was up to. The lad used to invite down some pretty

## Continuing . . . MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

rackety types when he first came to stay with his sister. Boris forbade them the house, but he'd no control over the boatshed. And then — well — so Ethel worked it out — he must've seen her going in a couple of times, and watched and seen her lift that board, and Louise, on the day she died, must have seen him snooping, and got nervous for Ethel's situation, and tried to warn her on that last night."

"Yes, of course . . . yes . . . yes," Alison murmured; and thought, "Not the boatshed, Boris suspects — you've money hidden there." She was able to finish that interrupted sentence now.

AND yet, perhaps it hadn't been interrupted. Perhaps that last conscious moment, that whoever it might be that found her, her friend Ethel would hear of the mysterious warning and it would make sense to her.

"Do tell Miss Hocking," she said, "that it'll go absolutely no farther." Alison knew she could promise that, could swear Norah and Toby to secrecy. "It's as safe with me as it is with you."

"I will. I will. I'm sure of that. I told her so. I said, 'I'll go up there and get the money from Alison, and that'll be the end of it.'"

"It will be, too. But I haven't got the money. I found it, but I put it back, I left it there."

"You put it back?"

"Yes."

There was an infinitesimal pause.

Cornwall said: "Oh. Perhaps you'll come down with me, then, and we'll get it."

"Well, I won't, if you don't mind, Mr. Cornwall. I've got some clearing up to do here. You get it and give it to her and tell her what I said."

The pause was a moment longer.

Then: "I'm afraid I'm not too sure where to look. I may need you to show me."

"It's quite easily found—I mean, when you know where. It's in the corner on the left as you go in. There's a big coil of rope there, and if you push that aside you'll see the splintered board. You can lift it up, and it's in a hole in the sand right beneath."

Now he was looking at her with no ready words in answer; and standing up at the other end of the table, looking down at his still face, all at once, Alison thought that he was doubting her.

And all at once, she knew that she was doubting him!

It was the oblique flash of unbelief in Jeffrey Cornwall's eyes, his insistence on her going with him, and his prolonged silence when she had finished speaking, that flooded Alison with this chilling doubt. It came to her with a sense of shock that he didn't believe her. He thought she was lying, he thought she had the money in the house. And why should he doubt her, unless he had a guilty conscience himself!

Without question she had accepted his story that the money was Miss Hocking's

from page 84

and he himself only a messenger from her. But if that was a lie and the money was his, the very fact of that lie could mean that the ownership of the money was linked with the killing of Boris, and it was therefore dangerous to claim it!

Perhaps he was aware that the police knew something that would link it with the

### FROM THE BIBLE

● "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."  
—Ecclesiastes II.1.

crime, and that in the newspaper packet there was proof that it was his. Perhaps it wasn't that the money itself was now important to him; the important thing might be that no one must see it or know of its existence.

And once she had handed it over to him?

There need be no one. He must force her to go down with him, and when the money was in his hands —

Her heart gave a leap, and then began to race uncomfortably. But she forced her face to remain cool and unconcerned, as though there was no issue afoot except the trivial one of whether she

should leave the washing-up and go to the boatshed with him.

It was like taking one step too many at the end of a jetty, and finding yourself sinking down — down into deep water. Worse than that, because there you could struggle and scream for help, but here the merest flicker of an eyelid, showing you knew and were afraid, might add to your peril.

Suddenly she turned on her fear and tried to fight it back. The whole of this monstrous build-up—hadn't she simply gone mad and conjured it up out of nothing?

No, no. For all at once it came to her that it wasn't only the look in Cornwall's eyes that had set her suspicion aflame. It was the expression she had seen on Stephen's face down there on the beach when they had been discussing who might have killed Boris. It came back to her now—and his words—she heard them again; their meaning broke in on her for the first time.

With each one of the others passed under review, Stephen had reasoned why any one of them might have done it and had acquitted him or her with a "but—"; when he considered Cornwall, though, he had said that reasonably it seemed unlikely he was the guilty one, "but—"

Oh, that inverted damning "but!" Why, taken in conjunction with the mistrustful look on Stephen's face, hadn't she read his deep suspicion of Cornwall? Stephen's face, that she had boasted to herself that she could read so well! She read it now, but too late.

All these thoughts raced through Alison's mind in the time it took Cornwall to stand up and mash out his cigarette.

Yet they weren't truly thoughts. The sense of her possible danger and the reasons for it came to her in one simultaneous flash of awareness.

Then speedily came the desperate hope that she was safe while he thought she had the money hidden in the house where someone would find it later if she came to harm.

Gain time—how could she gain time, seem willing to go with him and yet somehow hold off the moment of going?

She took up their plates and carried them over to the bench by the sink, saying as she did so, and she was amazed at the casual sound of her own voice: "Well, if you don't mind waiting a minute, Mr. Cornwall, I'll go down and show you where it is."

"Thank you, Alison. Ethel will be in a fine taking till I get back and tell her that everything's all right."

"Naturally, of course." She turned on the tap and put the egg plates under it.

Perhaps at any minute Norah and Toby would walk in?

No, it wasn't much more than an hour since Norah had left the house, and an hour was no time at all for that embattled pair to debate and accuse and deny. They might not be home for ages.

Stephen, then?

Not he, not yet; he had said nine o'clock.

Out of the corner of her eye she could see Cornwall standing in the middle of the kitchen, settling the scarf at his neck, smoothing back his longish mop of hair, waiting.

To page 92

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## TWO MODERN FAMILY HOMES

# JAPANESE IN LINE AND DECORATION

● In this four-page feature are two modern homes showing the wealth of materials now available for home-building and decorating.

Both are family homes, designed for comfort and easy management. The Japanese-type home on the first three pages was built for Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Pond at Longueville, N.S.W.

ENTRANCE to Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Ponds' house at Longueville, N.S.W., shows the strong Japanese influence in its design. Architect was Eric Towell.



AN AIR OF SERENITY surrounds the wide-spreading house (below) in its tranquil setting overlooking water. Fence is concrete.







**ORIENT-INSPIRED** dining-room has black lacquered table, chairs, and buffet. Upholstery is Thai silk. Buffet extends along whole wall of room and forms cocktail cabinet at one end with built-in refrigerator and sink. The papered feature wall has a Japanese design of delicate flowers and butterflies. The screen is made of fibreglass.



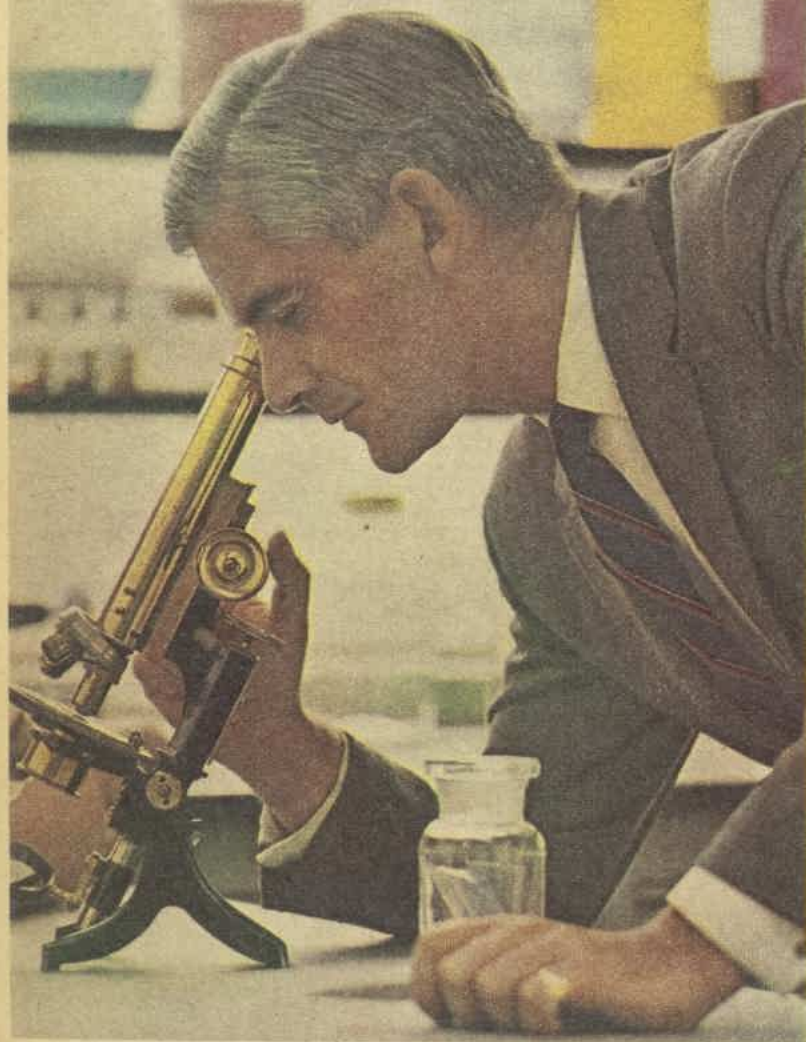
**MASTER BEDROOM** has unusual padded panel across back of bed and built-in tables. Bedcover is embossed brocade and acts as a foil for the brilliant colors of the Thai silk upholstery on the panel.

Continued overleaf

**LOBBY** has one wall of timber, one of exposed concrete blocks. Metal screens at top of stairs and on glass panels beside front door have oriental look. Suspended staircase has a hand-shaped timber rail.







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Page 90

## MODERN FAMILY HOMES . . . continued



**COLONIAL-STYLE DEN** in the Ponds' home at Longueville, N.S.W., has a storage fitment along one wall. Aluminium curtains pull across the glass doors.



**LIVING-ROOM** is formal and spacious, with furniture designed by Ady Lammerts. Unusual light fitting is made of filigree brass.

**CORRIDOR kitchen** is separated from den by a breakfast-bench with laminated plastic top. Tiles extend to formal dining-room.



Pictures by staff  
photographer DON  
CAMERON

Continued on page 93





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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 26, 1962



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Waiting for her, showing as plainly as words that he had no intention of going without her.

Such an open refusal on his part could mean only one thing: that he knew that if he went down alone and found the money wasn't there he needn't expect to find her—or it—here when he returned.

Oh, why had she told him Norah had gone out early with Toby, leaving her, Alison, the only one in possession of this secret!

A wild notion flitted through her mind of taking it back, of telling him the truth, saying that Norah knew it, too. But that would be madness. He wouldn't believe her, and would see it as a panic measure. She would only be showing her hand, which above all she mustn't do.

Yet panic it was that was beginning to rise in her.

Continuing . . .

## MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

from page 87

Their coffee cups were piled on top of the plates. She turned off the tap, neatly hung the dish-rag over it, and dried her hands on the towel behind the door.

Rubbing vigorously, she looked up at him and said with an attempt at a smile: "Never let yourself get too clean and tidy, Mr. Cornwall. It's a habit that can grow on you till you end up with a Lady Macbeth complex!"

"You might have something there," he said absently, miles away, it seemed, from what they were saying. And then: "Ready?"

"Yes, just ready. I think I'll

change my shoes before we go down. These high heels on that stony path are a menace."

"They must be. They look very charming, but I often wonder how you girls get around in them."

"I'll slip on some sandals."

She left the kitchen and went up the hall and into her bedroom.

He followed, was coming along the hall behind her.

But why not? What more natural than that he should stroll about here while he waited for her?

Once again she tried to stifle her choking fear. She was unbalanced, that was what it was, she told herself. Her own unbalance had called up a nightmare out of nothing. Or even if that wasn't so, and the money was his, and he was all she feared, when they got down there and he found it, just as she had said, he would think his story had fooled her, and then, surely, he would let her go.

But would he, would he, when perhaps his whole life depended on her for-evermore secrecy?

Oh, yes, he would, he would! The back and forth argument went

on. Why, he was humming out there . . . one of his three tunes . . . she couldn't tell which, but the sound brought her a moment's comfort.

But only a moment's. As she threw open the wardrobe door and took out a pair of sandals, the shoes and dresses swam in front of her eyes in an unfocused jumble, while stark fear and its frantic dismissal jostled each other in her mind like two jungle animals fighting over their prey.

For a moment, for one fleeting moment, while fear was the winner, she thought to climb out of her window and run, only to reject the idea instantly. She had shut the window earlier against the coming rain and he would hear her. For certain he'd hear her lifting the old-fashioned sash. He was speaking right outside her half-open door. He was talking about Louie Pritchard and how she had meant to have that path fixed up years ago; and whether the people who bought the house when sold would make improvements or drift along the way most of them did here.

Alison managed to sustain her share of these trivial conjectures.

But the shoes were on, and it was impossible to linger any longer without exciting the suspicion she was anxious to allay. She went out into the hall.

CORNWALL was standing gazing at a picture. He stood aside to let her pass and lead the way to the front door.

The door was open, the wire door shut.

Alison pulled up in front of it. She just could not step out of that door. It was as though her feet, rooted to the ground of themselves, refused to go forward.

"I think Toby's got a torch in here," she heard herself say, and swerved aside into the sitting-room.

He was still with her, and stood while she rummaged in the drawers of the desk . . . the desk in which all that was happening now had started—that book, and her pulling it out, and forcing Norah's hand.

While she still groped, pretending to search, she heard a step on the verandah. Norah! Norah!

She slammed shut the drawer and swung round.

"Norah," she called, her voice shrill with the pure joy of the moment, the pure ecstasy of relief.

But it wasn't Norah; it was Miss Hocking.

Miss Hocking called back: "It's only me, dear. May I come in?" and, pulling open the wire door, she marched in.

There she was in the doorway! Her own small upright, composed, resolute self! She stood blinking slightly at the light after the darkness outside, stringy and dried up in her red-and-navy dress, with her boyish shoes and boyish hair, and on top of it, of course, the eternal red beret!

Alison went toward her. Miss Hocking following on Cornwall's heels like this, anxious, apparently about his mission, could only mean one thing, surely: that his explanation of the ownership of the money had been the truth, and all the rest—these last few minutes of panic—her own hysteria. The money was just poor old Ethel Hocking's nest-egg that legally she had no right to have, but that had nothing whatever to do with Boris' death.

Alison said, the words tumbling out of her mouth breathlessly: "Oh, Miss Hocking, I am so sorry I discovered that money of yours in the boatshed this afternoon. I'd no idea it was yours till Mr. Cornwall told me, and, of course, I won't ever tell another soul about it. I didn't bring it up here, as you thought. It's still there and we were on the point of going down to get it."

Yes, it was said! But the minute after Alison wondered whether her openness wasn't a bad gaffe; because Miss Hocking was looking distinctly embarrassed at the bringing out into the open of this not very creditable secret of hers. She put up a hand, and brushed back a wisp of hair, and nodded and blinked. However, she spoke presently in quite an off-hand tone, for no one could non-plus Miss Hocking for long.

To page 94



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Page 92

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 26, 1962





STARK modern decor (left) in living and dining areas is given warmth with brightly colored posters. Grey floor bricks are waxed, walls are common bricks lightly covered with cement, and there are two open fireplaces with separate chimneys and an open woodbox.

MODERN FAMILY HOMES . . . concluded

## L-shaped design in bushland setting

● Surrounded by trees and shrubs in the Sydney suburb of Wahroonga is the delightful home of architect Mr. Ian Mackay and his family. The house is L-shaped and built in glass, timber, and brick. Its design is functional and blends with its surroundings. Low roofline ties it to its background.

(Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow)



SPACIOUS kitchen (above) has built-in oven, hot-plate units, cupboards, and a double sink. Small covered balcony opens off the dining area, right.



STUDY (above) is well lit by windows at left. It contains two desks and generous working space. Old paintings of original early Sydney scenes are displayed in glass cases, right.

EXTERIOR view (below) shows interesting raised roof and attractive design. Long glass doors open out on to patio. Ceilings are beamed throughout interior of house.





"That's all right, Alison. Thank you very much. It was silly of me to put it there in the first place." Cornwall said tolerantly: "Well, Ethel, we can all be silly at times."

"That's quite true, Jeffrey; that's quite true, we can. But no harm's done, thank goodness. Let's go and get it." She turned and marched out again with Cornwall after her, and Alison following them both on to the verandah.

There, to Alison's surprise, Miss Hocking turned and linked her arm firmly in hers, saying again: "Let's go, then; let's all go." The other arm she slipped through Cornwall's, and they stepped off the verandah on to the path below. "Treasure hunt by moonlight," she said gaily; and then, with a little cackle of laughter: "Only there's no moon and there's no hunt because we all know where the treasure is."

Continuing . . .

## MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

from page 92

Down the path and out of the gate. The track was too narrow for three abreast, but three abreast they went. Alison and Cornwall stumbled once or twice, but Miss Hocking, between them, was like some powerful force holding them up, bearing them along. Her bony arm in Alison's gripped with an irresistible pressure.

The spiky bushes caught at Alison's skirt, and with her free hand she jerked it out of their clutch, tugging at it; because Miss Hocking was hurrying them forward at such a pace; and that arm in hers was like a vice; and the

sound of her high-pitched chatter suddenly had an unreal note, was filling the silence with words that the speaker didn't seem to know she was speaking and the listeners didn't seem to hear.

The back of the boatshed loomed up ahead of them.

Alison's fear that had subsided just now in the house rushed on her again. She couldn't say why. She couldn't make any sense of the moment. Only she knew that she was in the dark. Stumbling for-

ward in the darkness of her own blinkered understanding.

They skirted the boatshed. In front of them was the water, the dark, sighing bay; and the jetty, dimly seen, running out into it; and beneath their feet the slippery sand.

Still talking — on a wilder note now — Miss Hocking pulled wide the rotting doors and hurried them in.

"Get it, Alison," Cornwall spoke behind her. Miss Hocking, ahead of them in the darkness, echoed sharply:

"Yes, dear, get it, get it!"

Alison went quickly to the corner

and leant down. She could feel rather than see. She felt the harshness of the rope-coil and pushed it aside, pulled up the board, and, thrusting her hand down into the sand, lifted out the packet.

Before she could rise, Cornwall's hand, over her shoulder, had snatched it.

And then—

Even, sorted out later, Alison couldn't tell what happened first and what happened later. Everything seemed to come together like a too quickly run-off film, events and her responses to them telescoping dizzily.

But first — for certain — Cornwall stooping to the half of a broken oar and picking it up. And Miss Hocking calling aloud, making a rush for the door, trying to drag Alison with her. Cornwall barring their way, the half-oar lifted, his back to the doorway. Then Cornwall suddenly, unaccountably, crumbling — crumbling — crumbling backwards, his arms pinioned stiffly to his sides . . . down, down, so that he was lying full-length in the doorway, and above him, behind him, a cluster of figures . . .

**I**N the drawing-room at the Pritchards' a little later, Grogan was sitting with Toby and Norah and Alison.

Alison came back to the present to hear Grogan saying: "It's my belief Cornwall never meant the evening to go the way it did. I mean, I guess he came up here with that yarn about the money being Miss Hocking's, hoping you'd believe it, Miss Burdett, and out of sympathy with her give your promise to keep quiet about it."

"In that story he substituted Miss Hocking for himself in every particular. It was he that couldn't own the money he'd got off his old friend Mrs. Pritchard and with her co-operation hidden in the boatshed."

"It was he that saw you run in there, out of the rain, and spied on you and saw you lift the money out and—as he thought—take it. Then, I guess, he must've gone home and done a bit of hard thinking before he came up here to scout around and—as his luck would have it—find you alone."

"He may not have meant to harm you at first. But when Miss Hocking walked in, and you faced her with her supposed secret, and she said yes to it—well, you can see, the old man didn't know which way to jump."

"Staggered as Miss Hocking was, she didn't dare give him the lie, guessing at his state of mind. She knew we had a guard on the boatshed—a couple of men hiding in that old boat tied up at the jetty since dusk—so the only thing she could do was to get him down there, much as she hated to be the one to lead her old neighbor into the trap."

"I guess his bewilderment at her up and saying, yes, the money was hers began to stampede him, and when the three of you got inside the place down there he sort of cracked, all his fears of discovery rushed in, and like a wild animal he laid about him to kill in a last mad attempt to save the day."

"But what led you to put a guard on the boatshed?" Toby asked.

"Well, you see, searching there this morning we found the money, too, and put it snugly back in its nest. We had a pretty shrewd suspicion that the owner would slip in tonight and recover it."

Norah asked: "Did you expect it to be Cornwall?"

"As to that, I think I can say yes. Not sure, mind you, but—well, yes. Because quite a few things had come along to make us level our sights on him. For instance. It was pretty clear that your mother, Mrs. Pritchard, was waiting for someone when she felt that attack coming on, and scribbled those words of warning. Now Miss Hocking happened to mention that when Cornwall made his weekly trip to Fordham, he always brought your mother back some little delicacy, a lobster, or strawberries, or that."

To page 95



# BOTH!

## New Formula Persil is made specially to give "boiling whiteness" in all washing machines

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## New Formula Persil washes whiter in all washing machines



I learnt your mother died about seven o'clock on a Tuesday evening—exactly four weeks earlier than the day before McEvoy's death—and we found that Tuesday was Cornwall's regular day for going in and buying the little extra things that Vetch's store doesn't stock. So it looked very like he was the visitor she was waiting for and scribbled the warning to."

Toby said: "My poor dear old mother . . . How little idea she could have had when she gave him that money that she was helping to weave such a tangled web!" Soberly chastened, Toby rubbed out his cigarette and glanced across at Norah.

She nodded agreement. She, too, looked more rather than war-like. Toby's proved innocence of the money charge that she had rushed out to assail him with had somehow helped to wipe clean the whole slate for him.

Grogan went on: "Cornwall drowned Larry, you hardly need to be told, after he'd shot McEvoy. Now, the dog's stomach contained undigested liver eaten immediately before it met its death by drowning, the liver that lured it down to the jetty. Well, this Tuesday—the day before McEvoy died—Cornwall bought a bit of liver in Fordham—so I discovered on inquiry at the butcher's—for his breakfast in the morning. But Larry enjoyed it for his."

"Why do you think he drowned Larry instead of shooting him?" Toby asked.

"Well, don't you think he might not have thought of killing the dog at all till he got down home and began to think over what he'd done and decided to frame Miss Hocking? He may've seen her going up the hill to the bus earlier, but he wouldn't want to go back to McEvoy's place for the gun, would he?"

**T**OBY nodded as Grogan continued. "Another thing that in our minds linked that hidden money with the killing was the fact that McEvoy paid for his new gramophone last week in ten-pound notes. See? You can guess where they came from!"

"You've got to reconstruct it this way: Cornwall, though agreeing with your mother that it wasn't safe to hide the money at his own place, was always uneasy at the separation from his treasure, and aroused McEvoy's curiosity by growing too fond of the vicinity of the boatshed. So what does McEvoy do? Borrows the old man's brace and bit, so help me, to spy on him! Adding insult to injury, eh? And your mother must've spotted him at it on the day she died."

"I see . . . I see," Toby said. "And we can only conclude, too, that on the morning Boris was killed he and Cornwall mixed it. Cornwall, roaming about early, must've dropped in—to get back his gun, perhaps. He wouldn't want the gun to be on permanent loan to Boris—and words must have flown between them."

"Perhaps Boris rashly twitted Cornwall with his illegal hoard, and told him he'd 'borrowed' some of it and that he'd like the 'loan' of it for a while. It would have been clear to Cornwall that he'd never be able to press for that debt without running the risk of exposure."

"I'll say! Yes, no doubt there'd be few things more calculated to make you reach for your gun than to find an unscrupulous sort o' guy knew your secret, had tapped your hoard, and would maybe come back to you for more," Toby said.

"One last thing," Alison said. "How did Miss Hocking know that you had men down there on the watch?"

"Oh, that? I rang her from Fordham this evening to question her again about Larry's breakfast, about him having liver in his stomach, and the little I asked her—my word, did she jump like lightning to pretty near all the rest! So I told her we'd have some men down there. I knew I was safe to tell that to Larry's mistress without fear she'd let it out. In her mind the killing of Larry put Cornwall beyond the pale."

Continuing . . .

## MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

from page 94

At the door, smooth and affable as ever, the inspector included the three in a departing nod that managed to be confidential, benign, and gallant, all in one.

A little later, at nine o'clock precisely, with that punctuality which he deplored in himself, Stephen came down the track from the road that skirted the Pritchards' garden, and stopped at the gate to call to Alison, who was on the verandah.

She hurried down the path to him.

"I'm back," he said, and his tone sounded unmistakably pleased with himself. He was carrying a bag, a

suitcase, or something — she couldn't quite see what.

"You're a nice pressman," she said severely.

"How so? What? Why?"

She told him of the happenings of the last hour.

"I thought," she ended, "that you were staying here to be on the inside of this story for your paper."

"If you thought that, darling, it's time you woke up. And don't ever tell me one can't fall madly in love between one breath and the next."

"I won't. I won't ever tell you that!" she murmured.

He leant over and kissed her swiftly. "But wait a jiffy. I've got one thing to do first." He plunged on down the track. "Stay there," he called over his shoulder. "I'll be back in a minute."

And in a little more than a minute he was.

Miss Hocking, in her bedroom, heard Stephen come in, heard him go into the sitting-room, and quickly leave it and run out of the house again.

Then she thought she heard an-

other sound from the sitting-room, and went in to investigate.

On the sofa was an open suitcase, and sitting up in it was a small black puppy. On his collar was a disc, filched from Larry's collar, which identified him as E. Hocking's property; and, as she leant over him, the speaking, almost more-than-humanly-intelligent eyes identified him as a French poodle.

Miss Hocking picked him up. "Well!" she said: "Well! What next! . . . What a poor shivering little thing! Nothing but a scrap of black wool . . . poor little fellow! Some food, that's what you want. There's only condensed milk for tonight, though. What's that? . . . You'd rather have fresh, would you? Never mind, you'll like it all right with a bit of sugar in it, and tomorrow I'll get you some fresh."

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